Israel Bonaparte
916.108
65597

THE
ASIATIC SOCIETY OF BOMBAY
TOWN HALL, BOMBAY-1.

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 07 April, 2016

List of the Writings

OF

WILLIAM HAZLITT

AND

LEIGH HUNT,

CHRONOLOGICALLY ARRANGED;

WITH NOTES, DESCRIPTIVE, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY;
AND A SELECTION OF OPINIONS REGARDING
THEIR GENIUS AND CHARACTERISTICS,
BY DISTINGUISHED CONTEMPORARIES AND FRIENDS,
AS WELL AS BY SUBSEQUENT CRITICS;

Preceded by

A REVIEW OF, AND EXTRACTS FROM, BARRY CORNWALL'S "MEMORIALS OF CHARLES LAMB;" WITH A FEW WORDS ON WILLIAM HAZLITT AND HIS WRITINGS,
AND A CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WORKS OF

Charles Lamb.

C 5597
ae.

BY

ALEXANDER IRELAND.

H
F.
15

LONDON:
JOHN RUSSELL SMITH, 36, SOHO SQUARE.
1868.

TWO HUNDRED COPIES PRINTED.

801.716
820.9 Haz/Ire/Lis.
65597.

00065597

TO

CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE,

THE INTIMATE COMPANION OF KEATS,

ONE OF THE FEW SURVIVING FRIENDS OF LAMB, HAZLITT, AND HUNT:

A DISCRIMINATING AND GENIAL CRITIC

OF OUR GREAT POETS, DRAMATISTS, AND PROSE-WRITERS,

(ESPECIALLY OF CHAUCER AND SHAKESPERE);

AS WELL AS AN ABLE EXPOSITOR OF THE GENIUS OF MOLIÈRE:

AND WHO,

IN HIS HALE AND CHEERFUL OLD AGE, PRESERVES

ALL THE FRESHNESS, ENTHUSIASM, AND GENEROUS SYMPATHIES OF YOUTH:

AND TO HIS WIFE,

MARY COWDEN CLARKE,

WHOSE ADMIRABLE AND INDISPENSABLE "CONCORDANCE TO SHAKESPERE"

(THE RESULT OF SIXTEEN YEARS' LABOUR OF LOVE),

WILL EVER HOLD AN HONOURABLE PLACE IN ENGLISH LITERATURE,

AS A MONUMENT OF

UNEXAMPLED INDUSTRY AND FAITHFUL ACCURACY,

THIS VOLUME IS DEDICATED

BY THEIR OLD AND ATTACHED FRIEND,

THE COMPI

CONTENTS.

PAGE.

INTRODUCTION vii

BRIEF TRIBUTES TO THE GENIUS, CHARACTER, AND MEMORY OF WILLIAM HAZLITT AND LEIGH HUNT xiv

SONNETS ON WILLIAM HAZLITT AND LEIGH HUNT, BY MRS. BRYAN AND MRS. CHARLES COWDEN CLARKE xxiv

RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLES LAMB—REVIEW OF AND EXTRACTS FROM BARRY CORNWALL'S "MEMOIR OF CHARLES LAMB;" WITH A FEW WORDS ON WILLIAM HAZLITT AND HIS WRITINGS 3

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF CHARLES LAMB 25

TO "ELIA," AND "THE SISTER OF ELIA." BY WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR 26

OPINIONS REGARDING WILLIAM HAZLITT'S CHARACTER, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS 27

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT; WITH NOTES, DESCRIPTIVE, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY 47

PAGE.

SPECIMENS OF CRITICISMS ON WILLIAM HAZLITT'S WRITINGS; FROM THE EARLY VOLUMES OF "THE QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" 77

OPINIONS REGARDING LEIGH HUNT'S CHARACTER, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS 79

CHRONOLOGICAL LIST OF THE WRITINGS OF LEIGH HUNT; WITH NOTES, DESCRIPTIVE, CRITICAL, AND EXPLANATORY 106

THOMAS CARLYLE ON LEIGH HUNT 224

SPECIMENS OF CRITICISMS ON LEIGH HUNT AND HIS WRITINGS; FROM THE EARLY VOLUMES OF "THE QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE" 227

INTRODUCTION.

WHEN I first became acquainted with the writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt—now above thirty years ago—I was at once forcibly struck with the tone of their criticism on books and authors; not to speak of their merits as theatrical and art-critics, and essayists on life and manners. Their literary criticism appeared to me to be more appreciative, more original and suggestive—and to show more insight into, and sympathy with, the spirit of the writers reviewed, than any that I had previously read. It was distinguished from that of the recognised authorities in this department of literature by its greater warmth, geniality, and acuteness, and by a discrimination and heartiness of treatment not to be found in the pages of previous critics. It had also an additional charm for me, in the personal recollections and associations with which it was often interwoven. I could not be blind to the faults of temper and offences against good taste which occasionally mar the beauties of these two critics; but their cordiality, or what may be called "*heart*-recognition," as distinguished from mere intellectual or "*head*-appreciation," of the beauties of our great writers, amply atoned for any blemishes and defects. The perusal and re-perusal of their volumes brought benefits for which I have never ceased to be grateful. It stimulated in me an ardent desire to become acquainted with the authors about whose works they discoursed with so much sympathy and loving

enthusiasm—Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespere, and the Elizabethan dramatists; the great prose writers who succeeded them; the poets, wits, and play-writers of the latter half of the seventeenth century; the essayists and novelists of the days of Anne and the first two Georges; and the new school of poetry and thought which followed upon the first French Revolution. The leisure at my command in those days was but scanty, and did not enable me to profit so much as I could have wished by the valuable guidance afforded me in the works of these critics. But spare hours were economised and made the most of. *Nulla dies sine linea.* In this way, new and unexpected sources of enjoyment were opened to me as, year by year, I became more intimate with the authors criticised. I also read with avidity everything which was published relating to the genius and characteristics of these two writers and their works. Gradually I became possessor of all the writings of Hazlitt and Hunt, and was in the habit of lending them to friends with tastes similar to my own. As their entire works comprise more than eighty volumes (Hazlitt's numbering between thirty and forty, and Hunt's above fifty)—some of them long out of print, and difficult to be met with—it often occurred to me to make a chronological list of them, indicating the contents of each, with the view of printing it for my own use and that of my friends.

The appearance, last year, of Mr. Procter's (Barry Cornwall) pleasing "Memoir of Charles Lamb" again brought before the public the names of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, as two of the intimate friends and companions of "Elia." My long-cherished desire to print a list of their works was revived; but now it included not merely the contents of each work, but also a selection of contemporary opinions regarding their authors. In thinking of the numerous sources from which these opinions might be gathered, I recalled many beautiful tributes to their memory and genius by distinguished contemporaries and friends. Some of these were so remarkable for their just appreciation, acuteness, and generous feeling, that I considered it would be doing a service to exhume them from the news-

papers and magazines in which most of them lay buried. There were also scattered about through scores of volumes, scarcely ever opened by the most adventurous reader, many special contemporary notices of the various works themselves, which were worthy of being rescued from oblivion. In bringing these materials together, I found them to be more abundant than I expected. When I made known my project to one or two literary friends, they were pleased to say, that to readers and admirers of Hazlitt and Hunt, my proposed list of their works might be found very useful. I was advised not to limit my design to a few copies struck off for private circulation, but to print a small edition which might at least be procurable by those who wished to possess it. This suggestion has been acted upon.

The writings of William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt deserve to be much better known than they are by the present generation. Many readers are entirely ignorant of their existence; or, if they have perchance heard of the names of these authors, they imagine them to have been merely ephemeral *litterateurs*, whose works did not possess sufficient merit to preserve them from oblivion. Had Hazlitt and Hunt been literary critics and essayists *only*, and not also political writers with earnest convictions, there can be little doubt that their merits would have long since been widely recognised and acknowledged, and their position in the field of letters much more established and conspicuous than it now is. Owing to their strenuous advocacy of political views totally opposed to those of the dominant party of the day—their resolute independence, and uncompromising out-spokenness—they were assailed by the two leading organs of the Tory press with a ferocity and unscrupulous malignity almost incredible to the present generation. As they had wilfully placed themselves "in collision from the first with all the interests that were in the sunshine of this world, and with all the persons that were then powerful in England," the intrinsic merits of their literary productions were entirely ignored—or, rather, the appearance of these productions furnished occasion to the editors of the organs

in question to pour out upon their authors the vilest abuse, and to hold up them and their works to public odium and disgust. The object and effect of this "literary ruffianism" were undoubtedly to disparage these writers, and prevent the public from reading their works, and judging for itself. The critical verdicts of the periodicals referred to had great weight in those days, and were accepted by the great majority of the reading public as infallible. These unworthy and shameless attacks limited the circulation of the works against which they were directed to a comparatively small circle, and are quite sufficient to account for the tardy recognition of their merits by the public. Such were the lengths to which party feeling was allowed to go in those days (1815 to 1830), and such the degradation to which men of culture and ability could stoop in order to carry out the objects of political animosity! In order to bear me out in what has been said on this subject, and to justify the strong expressions used, a few pages have been devoted to a selection of passages from these malignant attacks, so that the reader can judge for himself whether, in my characterization of them, I am chargeable with exaggeration. They stand, I believe, unparalleled in the annals of criticism, for their gross violation of the laws and decencies of literary warfare. These passages ought to be preserved, were it only as literary curiosities, and as showing the kind of weapons which were at one time resorted to in this country against political antagonists by writers calling themselves gentlemen. They will be found at pp. 77 and 227.

Before taking leave of this subject, I cannot refrain from reprinting the following passages from an admirable article on "Leigh Hunt," which appeared, several years ago, in the *North British Review*, from the pen, it is understood, of Mr. Gerald Massey,—an article which does honour to the writer's head and heart :—

"We have no wish to rake up forgotten quarrels. But, since we believe that Leigh Hunt's admirable genius is far less generally appreciated than that of any other writer of his own age and of equal mark, we are bound to say that we trace his

exclusion from his rightful place in the estimation of his contemporaries, mainly to the implacable pertinacity of abuse with which his political opponents assailed him; nor does it seem to us at all unlikely that the same cause should continue to operate, though in a different way, even in the minds of the present generation. . . .

"Leigh Hunt was so long and so shamefully misrepresented, that people came almost of necessity to share in the antipathy, who had no share whatever in the original dissensions which gave rise to it. To the great body of the public his name was made familiar only in connection with accents of contempt, and indignation, and reproach. And even when, under the gentle influence of time, people who had heard nothing of him but slander, came to think somewhat better of the man, it would have been strange if the old prejudice had not retained vitality enough to make them undervalue the writings. . . .

"It was nothing to revile his opinions, his writings, his public conduct. Every weapon of controversy was directed against these,—the bitterest sarcasm—the broadest ridicule—the fiercest abuse—the most reckless misrepresentation. But his assailants never dreamed of restricting themselves within such limits as these. No ground was too sacred: his private life, his dearest relationships, his very person and habits, were made subjects of attack; and under the wildest misconception with regard to them all. This beautiful poet, the exquisite critic and essayist, this most amiable, accomplished, and high-minded man, was denounced to our fathers in the most influential publications of their day, not merely as an ignorant democrat, who was for pulling down everything that other men revered—not merely as an irreligious and bad writer—but as the most hateful, contemptible, nay, loathsome of men."

Happily the style of criticism thus referred to is gone by, let us hope never to return. Party spirit does not now prevent the genius and literary merits of political antagonists from being fairly discussed and justly appreciated. Impartial criticism now takes the place of scurrility and abuse. While these sheets were passing through the press, the *Quarterly Review*, in an excellent article on "Charles Lamb and some of his Companions," has given utterance to many just and beautiful remarks on the merits of the two writers whom it formerly

reviled, and these it gives me sincere pleasure to record. A few passages from the article are given at the end of this Introduction, page xxiii. *Blackwood's Magazine*, too, in later days, has said kindly words about Leigh Hunt, which deserve recognition and thanks. I am informed that Professor Wilson, long after the attacks in the early numbers of *Blackwood*, wrote to Leigh Hunt expressing his regret for the injustice that had been done to him, inviting him at the same time to write in the *Magazine*. This Mr. Hunt declined; but Wilson's apology gave him great satisfaction. This information comes from an old and valued friend of Leigh Hunt.

It is to be hoped that some enterprising publisher will try the experiment of issuing half-a-dozen handy and inexpensive volumes, devoted to a selection of the choicest pieces from the voluminous works of these two authors. No more delightful and improving reading about our great writers, from Chaucer and Spenser downwards, could be placed in the hands of students of English literature. Such a selection ought to include some of their best critical papers, with select passages from the works of the writers reviewed; as well as a goodly number of their essays on men and manners, many of which deserve to stand side by side with those of Addison, Steele, and Lamb. "The Round Table," "Table Talk," "Plain Speaker," "Spirit of the Age," "Characteristics," &c., by Hazlitt; and the "Indicator," "Companion," "Tatler," "London Journal," and other works by Leigh Hunt, would furnish at least a volume or two of essays and sketches, which, for originality, acuteness, epigrammatic brilliancy, grace, delicacy of treatment, and felicity of illustration, are not to be surpassed in the whole range of our literature.

I shall be amply rewarded for the pains bestowed on this compilation—truly a labour of love—should it be the means of stimulating even a very few readers to become well acquainted with the works of Hazlitt and Hunt. They will find "infinite riches" scattered throughout their volumes, and will be able to estimate at their just value the services rendered to literature and humanity by these two writers.

To William Carew Hazlitt, Esq., grandson of William Hazlitt, author of "The History of Venice," "A Hand-Book of Early English Literature," &c., and editor of the "Shakespeare Jest-Books," "Lovelace's Poems," &c., my best thanks are due for information kindly given me during the compilation of this volume.

With the following pages of brief tributes to the genius, character, and memory of WILLIAM HAZLITT and LEIGH HUNT I may not inappropriately conclude this Introduction.

ALEXANDER IRELAND.

ALDER BANK,
BOWDON, NEAR MANCHESTER,
November 20th, 1867.

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

CHARLES LAMB.—"I should belie my own conscience, if I said less, than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire, and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion."

LEIGH HUNT.—"He was one of the profoundest writers of the day, an admirable reasoner (no one got better or sooner at the heart of a question than he did), the best general critic, the greatest critic on art that ever appeared (his writings on that subject cast a light like a painted window), exquisite in his relish of poetry, an untarnished lover of liberty, and with all his humour and irritability (of which no man had more) a sincere friend and a generous enemy. . . . Posterity will do justice to the man that wrote for truth and mankind."

BARRY CORNWALL (W. B. Procter).—"Without the imagination and extreme facility of Coleridge, he had almost as much subtlety, and far more steadfastness of mind."

LORD LYTTON.—"He had a keen sense of the Beautiful and the Subtle; and what is more, he was deeply imbued with sympathy for the humane. He ranks high amongst the social writers—his intuitive feeling was in favour of the multitude; yet had he nothing of the demagogue or *litterateur;* he did not pander to a single vulgar passion. . . . To the next age, he will stand among the foremost of the *thinkers* of the present; and late and tardy retribution will assuredly be his—a retribution which, long after the envy he provoked is dumb, and the errors he committed are forgotten—will invest with interest anything associated with his name—making it an honour even to have been his contemporary."

JUDGE TALFOURD.—"He was always best pleased when he could detect some talent which was unregarded by the world, and give, alike to the celebrated and the unknown, due honour. . . . The excellence of his essays on characters and books differ not so much in degree as in kind from that of all others of their class. There is a weight and substance about them, which makes us feel that, amidst this nice and dexterous analysis, they are, in no small measure, creations. The quantity of thought which is accumulated upon his favourite subjects, the variety and richness of the illustrations, and the strong sense of beauty and pleasure which pervades and animates the composition, give them a place, if not above, yet apart from the writings of all other essayists."

HARRIET MARTINEAU.—"In Hazlitt, we lost the prince of critics; and after he was gone, there were many who could never look at a fiction, or see a tragedy, or ponder a point of morals, or take a survey of any public character, without a melancholy sense of loss in Hazlitt's absence and silence. There can scarcely be a stronger gratification of the critical faculties than in reading Hazlitt's essays. . . . As an essayist, he had rivals; as a critical essayist, he had none"

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.—"In critical disquisitions on the leading characters and works of the drama, he is not surpassed in the whole range of English literature."

"EDINBURGH REVIEW."—"He possesses one noble quality at least for the office which he has chosen, in the intense admiration and love which he feels for the great authors on whose excellences he chiefly dwells. His relish for their beauties is so keen that while he describes them, the pleasures which they impart become almost palpable to the sense. . . He introduces us almost corporeally into the divine presence of the Great of old time. . . . His intense admiration of intellectual beauty seems always to sharpen his critical faculties. He perceives it by a kind of intuitive fervour, how deeply soever it may be buried in rubbish; and separates it in a moment from all that would encumber or deface it. . . . In a word, he at once analyses and describes—so that our enjoyments of loveliness are not chilled, but brightened, by our acquaintance with their inward sources. The knowledge communicated in his lectures, breaks no sweet enchantment, nor chills one feeling of youthful joy. His criticisms, while they extend our insight into the causes of poetical excellence, teach us, at the same time, more keenly to enjoy, and more fondly to revere it."

"SCOTSMAN."—"His knowledge of the drama, the fine arts, works of fancy and fiction, and other departments of polite literature, taken severally, may not equal that of some other persons; but, taken altogether, is certainly unrivalled. His writings are full of spirit and vivacity, and there is, at the same time, an intensity in his conception which embodies ideas that are so volatile and fugitive as to escape the grasp of a slower but profounder intellect. He professes to throw aside the formality and prudery of authorship, and to give his best thoughts to the world with the freedom and frankness of old Montaigne, without submitting to assume the mask of current opinions or conventional morality. . . .

"He has sensibility, imagination, great acuteness of intellect, and singular powers of expression. His beauties are procured by a great expenditure of thinking; and some of his single strokes or flashes reveal more to the reader's understanding than whole pages of an ordinary writer."

GEORGE GILFILLAN.—"Hazlitt, as a man, had errors of no little magnitude; but he was as sincere and honest a being as ever breathed. . . . His works abound in gems, as sparkling as they are precious, and ever and anon a 'mountain of light' lifts up its shining head. Not only are they full of profound critical *dicta*, but of the sharpest observations upon life and manners, upon history, and the metaphysics of the human mind. Descriptions of nature, too, are there, cool, clear, and refreshing as summer leaves. And then how fine are his panegyrics on the old masters and the old poets! And ever and anon he floats away into long glorious passages, such as that on Wordsworth and that on Coleridge, in the 'Spirit of the Age'—such as his description of the effects of the Reformation—such as his panegyric on poetry—his character of Sir Thomas Browne—and his picture of the Reign of Terror! Few things in the language are greater than these. They resemble

'The long-resounding march and energy divine'

of the ancient lords of English prose—the Drydens, the Brownes, the Jeremy Taylors, and the Miltons. . . .

"A subtle thinker, an eloquent writer, a lover of beauty and poetry, and man, and truth, one of the best of critics, and not the worst of men, expired in William Hazlitt."

"LONDON MAGAZINE" (edited by John Scott).—"His manner of commenting on the great writers is precisely that

which Gibbon described as the best of all others—most worthy of the memory of departed genius, and giving the most undoubted testimony to the sincerity with which it is adorned. He catches the mantles of those whose celestial flights he regards with devout but undazzled eye. He lives in their time, becomes animated with their feelings, and conveys to us their spirit, in its unrivalled freshness and unquenched fire. Nothing that is common-place or unmeaning—none of the expletives of criticism—enter into his discourses; he never 'bandies idle words;' the source of true beauty, the soul of poetical life, the hidden charm, the essential principle of power and efficacy, the original feature, the distinguishing property—to these his sagacity and taste are drawn, as it were by instinct, and with these only he meddles in his expositions."

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN (an accomplished American critic).—"Such was the native appetite for truth, such the intense love of beauty, such the fine combination of the sensuous, the imaginative, and the purely intellectual, in the character of this remarkable man, that we know of no critic who so thoroughly imparted to others the sense of his own enjoyment of genius, and made known the process of it, with such marvellous success. . . . We recognise the mystery of that vital genius that can make a mind partake of its own emotions; we awake to a great conception of the glory of mental triumphs, and the blessedness of those higher sources of gratification which are overlaid by material life. We are conscious of the unity between 'to know and to love'—that the one illustrates the other, and that both are indispensable to the noblest criticism—that which inhales the very atmosphere, seizes on the eliminating principles, and discerns the most distant relations of genius in art, and literature, and action."

LEIGH HUNT.

THOMAS CARLYLE.—"Well seen into, he *has* done much for the world; as every man possessed of such qualities, and freely speaking them forth in the abundance of his heart, for thirty years long, must needs do; how much, they that could judge best would perhaps estimate highest. . . . Well, I call this, (the 'Autobiography') an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have seen in the English language; and, indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as in these three volumes. A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book; imaging, with graceful honesty and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, buffeting its way through the billows of time, and will not drown, though often in danger; cannot be drowned, but conquers, and leaves a track of radiance behind it. . . .

"In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men. And believe, along with me, that this book will be welcome to other generations as well as ours. And long may you live to write more books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!"

LORD MACAULAY.—"We really think that there is hardly a man whose merits have been so grudgingly allowed, and whose faults have been so cruelly expiated. . . . We do not always agree with his literary judgments; but we find in him, what is very rare in our time, the power of justly appreciating and heartily enjoying good things of very different kinds. . . . He has paid particular attention to the history of the English drama, from the age of Elizabeth down to the present time, and has every right to be heard with respect on that subject."

LORD LYTTON.—"His kindly and cheerful sympathy with nature—his perception of the minuter and more latent sources of the beautiful—spread an irresistible charm over his compositions. . . . . In criticism, indeed, few living writers have equalled those subtle and delicate compositions which have appeared in the *Indicator*, the *Tatler*, and the earlier pages of the *Examiner*—and, above all, none have excelled the poet now before our own critical bar in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities, and resisted the caprices, common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the depreciation which have burdened his own career; he has kept, undiminished and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."

JUDGE TALFOURD.—"His beauty and pathos will live when all topics of temporary irritation have expired; one who has been 'true as steel' to the best hopes of human nature; a poet, a wit, and an honest man."

W. M. THACKERAY.—"Few essayists have equalled, or approached, Leigh Hunt in the combined versatility, invention, and finish of his miscellaneous prose writings; and few, indeed, have brought such varied sympathies to call forth the sympathies of the reader—and always to good purpose,—in favour of kindness, of reflection, of natural pleasures, of culture, and of using the available resources of life."

CHARLES DICKENS.—"His was an essentially human nature, rich and inclusive, . . . sometimes overclouded with the shadow of affliction, but more often bright and hopeful, and at all times sympathetic; taking a keen delight in all beautiful things—in the exhaustless world of books and art, in the rising genius of young authors, in the immortal language of music, in trees, and flowers, . . . in the sunlight which came, as he used to say, like a visitor out of heaven, glorifying humble places; in the genial intercourse of mind with mind; in the most trifling incidents of daily life that spoke of truth and nature, . . . in the domesticities of family life, and in the general progress of the world. . . . Who, in

the midst of the sorest temptations, maintained his honesty unblemished by a single stain—who, in all public and private transactions, was the very soul of truth and honour."

DOUGLAS JERROLD.—"If Goldsmith could touch nothing but what he adorned, it may be said of Leigh Hunt that he touches nothing without extracting beauty from it, and without imparting a sense of it to his readers."

W. J. FOX.—"Companionship is the constant sensation that we have in Leigh Hunt's writings. . . . He walks with us, talks with us, sits with us, eats with us, drinks with us, and reads with us. There is a feeling of companionship in whatever he does, made perfectly familiar by his frequent allusion to homely things, giving us an abiding sense of it. . . . There is at all times a geniality that charms, like that of one who is bodily present, and present in smiles and good humour, and sure to say something that is refreshing and agreeable."

R. H. HORNE.—"The motto to his *London Journal*, is highly characteristic of him—'To assist the enquiring, animate the struggling, and sympathise with *all*.' The very philosophy of cheerfulness and the good humour of genius imbue all his prose papers from end to end; and if the best dreamer of us all should dream of a poet at leisure, and a scholar 'in idleness,' neither scholar nor poet would speak, in that air of dreamland, more graceful, wise, and scholar-like fancies, than are written in his books."

JAMES HANNAY.—"He was, take him all in all, the finest *belles-lettrist* of his day. . . . He did much good by helping to make the great men of his generation known to many who would not otherwise have appreciated them so soon; and by reviving a love of the older writers whom the eighteenth century had allowed to fall into oblivion. . . . He died at peace with all the world, in what was an *euthanasia* for a man of his long warfare with the course of life—a true lover of letters and mankind,—friendly, genial, and essentially honourable in nature,—Leigh Hunt has left a good and pleasant memory behind him; and his books will long be remembered among the gayest and gracefullest contributions to the *belles-lettres* of England."

CHARLES KNIGHT.—"His essays are full of fancies rich and rare, of glances into the heart of things, of pictures, of poetry, of thoughts new and deep, of tenderness, of humour often most quaint and original; and the moral spirit of the whole is as beautiful as ever breathed from prose or verse. . . He charms us with his toleration and universal charity; the

cheerfulness and hope, unconquered by many sorrows, with which he looks upon all things; the warmth of his domestic and social affections; his love of nature; and, let us add, his love of books."

WILLIAM HOWITT.—"There is a charm cast by him over every-day life that makes us congratulate ourselves that we live. All that is beautiful and graceful in nature, and love-inspiring in our fellow-men, is brought out and made part of our daily walk and pleasure."

"NORTH BRITISH REVIEW."—"He is neither equalled nor approached in his own peculiar excellences—in exuberant fancy; in the imagination which invests with poetry the most trivial common-places; in the delicate sensibility with which he feels, and teaches his readers also to understand the inner spirit and beauty of every object of his contemplation. If, indeed, the 'mission' of the poet be to feel and express the beauty of the universe, many of the essays are poems, in every sense of that word which does not involve the idea of metrical rhythm."

"EXAMINER."—"There is none of the race of critics, present or past, who selects with such unerring and delicate tact, or recommends his selections to the relish of others in such fitting, home-going, easy, and elegant words. We know of no poetical criticism to compare with Mr. Hunt's, not simply for that quality of exquisite taste, but for its sense of continuity and sustained enjoyment."

"SPECTATOR."—"The sweetness of temper, the indomitable love and forgiveness, the pious hilarity, and the faith in the ultimate triumph of good, revealed in his pages, show the humane and noble qualities of the writer."

"FOREIGN QUARTERLY REVIEW."—"Leigh Hunt is a critic of very uncommon excellence. He knows poetry, and he feels it. He can not only relish a beautiful poem, but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations. The mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him."

"ATHENÆUM."—"No one draws out the exquisite passages of a favourite author with such conscious relish—no one is happier or finer in the distinction of beauties—no one more engaging in taking the reader's sympathy for granted. . . . He is the prince of parlour-window writers; whether

it be of the winter parlour with its 'sea-coal fire' and its warmly-cushioned seat in the oriel, to hear the wind pining outside which is so luxurious an enhancement of comfort—or the summer parlour, with its open window, mantled, curtained, by woodbine draperies or veiled with jessamine flowers."

"MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE."—"A refined, if not a very vigorous imagination, an exquisite sensibility and susceptibility, a certain southern warmth and colour, a brilliant, beautiful, harmonious nature, strangely united with the manly energy, the 'passionate diligence' which, in his case, ennobled the life which presents most temptation to effeminate idleness, the trying and difficult career of literature; this is the character we see manifested in the writings of Leigh Hunt. Some of these qualities are charmingly displayed in his poetry. The highest and noblest can be seen nowhere but in the 'Autobiography.'"

CHARLES OLLIER.—"God bless you for ever, for all the great good you have done your fellow creatures."

THORNTON HUNT thus concludes the introduction to his father's "Autobiography:"

"To promote the happiness of his kind, to minister to the more educated appreciation of order and beauty, to open more widely the door of the library, and more widely the window of the library looking out upon nature—these were the purposes that guided his studies and animated his labour to the very last."

FROM THE "QUARTERLY REVIEW" FOR JANUARY, 1867: ARTICLE—"CHARLES LAMB AND SOME OF HIS COMPANIONS:"

(Referred to at page xii.)

o

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

"But amidst all these intolerant prejudices and this wild extravagance of apparent hate, there are in Hazlitt from time to time—those times not unfrequent—outbursts of sentiment scarcely surpassed among the writers of our century for tender sweetness, rapid perceptions of truth and beauty in regions of criticism then but sparingly cultured—nay, scarcely discovered—and massive fragments of such composition as no hand of ordinary strength could hew out of the unransacked mines of our native language. . . .

"It is not as a guide that Hazlitt can be useful to any man. His merit is that of a companion in districts little trodden—a companion strong and hardy, who keeps our sinews in healthful strain; rough and irascible, whose temper will constantly offend us if we do not steadily preserve our own; but always animated, vivacious, brilliant in his talk; suggestive of truths, even where insisting on paradoxes; and of whom when we part company we retain impressions stamped with the crown-mark of indisputable genius. . . .

"But gladly would we welcome among the choicer prose works of our age and land some three or four volumes devoted to the more felicitous specimens of Hazlitt's genius. He needs but an abstract of his title-deeds to secure a fair allotment in the ground, already overcrowded, which has been quaintly described by a Scandinavian poet as the garden-land lying south between Walhalla and the sea."

LEIGH HUNT.

"In one of his most delightful essays, entitled 'My Books,' Hunt, speaking of the great writers who were book-lovers like himself, exclaims, 'How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have themselves become books.' And after pursuing that thought through 'links of sweetness long drawn out,' concludes with a modest pathos, 'May I hope to become the meanest of these existences?' . . . I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing, as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more.'

"We think few can read this very lovely passage and not sympathise cordially in the wish so nobly conceived and so tenderly expressed. Something not to be replaced would be struck out of the gentler literature of our century, could the mind of Leigh Hunt cease to speak to us in a book."

TO THE MEMORY OF WILLIAM HAZLITT.

THROUGH good and ill report, honour and blame,
Steadfast he kept his faith—firmly adhered
To his first creed, nor slight nor censure feared.
The cause hath triumphed—Hazlitt's but a name!
What matters it, since Hazlitt's name shall stand,
Despite detraction's venom, tyrants' rage,—
The Patriot, Philosopher, and Sage,
High in the annals of his native land!
Oh! say not then that Hazlitt died too soon,
Since he had fought and conquered—though the strife
Cost him his health—his happiness—his life.
Freely he yielded up the noble boon:
He saw the mists of error roll away,
And closed his eyes—but on the rising day.

MRS. BRYAN, 1836.

ON HEARING OF LEIGH HUNT'S DEATH.

THE world grows empty; fadingly and fast
The dear ones and the great ones of my life
Melt forth, and leave me but the shadows rife
Of those who blissful made my peopled past;
Shadows that in their numerousness cast
A sense of desolation sharp as knife
Upon the soul, perplexing it with strife
Against the vacancy, the void, the vast
Unfruitful desert which the earth becomes
To one who loses thus the cherished friends
Of youth. The loss of each beloved sends
An aching want of consciousness that dumbs
The voice to silence,—akin to the dead blank
All things became, when down the sad heart sank.

And yet not so would'st thou thyself have viewed
Affliction: thy true poet soul knew how
The sorest thwartings patiently to bow
To wisest teachings; that they still renewed
In thee strong hope, firm trust, a faith imbued
With cheerful spirit,—constant to avow
The good of e'en things evil, and allow
All ills to pass with courage unsubdued.
Philosophy like thine turns to pure gold
Earth's dross: imprisonment assumed a grace,
A dignity, as borne by thee, in bold
Defence of Liberty and Right; thy face
Reflected thy heart's sun 'mid sickness, pain,
And grief; nay, loss itself thou mad'st a gain.

MARY COWDEN CLARKE.

Nice,
September 3. 1859.

Recollections of Charles Lamb.[*]

THE admirers and lovers of Charles Lamb (and in his case, more perhaps than in that of any other name in the world of literature, are these terms synonymous) will, no doubt, hail with peculiar satisfaction and gratitude this fresh contribution to a further knowledge of his life and genius—emanating, as it does, from a gifted friend, who, at the venerable age of seventy-seven, records his thoughts and recollections of "Elia." Mr. Procter is the only person now surviving, who knew Lamb intimately. His acquaintance with him extended over the last seventeen or eighteen years of his life—namely, from 1817 to 1834. He mingled on equal terms with most of the rare spirits who were Lamb's friends and contemporaries, and was himself not the least distinguished of that memorable circle, which included Coleridge, Wordsworth, Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, Southey, Godwin, Cary, Talfourd, and many others. Mr. Procter is himself an accomplished author. Many years ago (under the *nom de plume* of Barry Cornwall), he enriched the literature of the present century with some exquisite verses. His critical prose compositions—including a "Memoir and Essay on the Genius of Shakespeare," on "English Tragedy," on "English Poetry," "A Defence of Poetry," &c.—are also characterised by singular delicacy and elegance, and have been reprinted in America. His "Songs and Minor Poems," and "Dramatic Scenes," particularly the former, contain poetic gems not to be surpassed.

* Charles Lamb: a Memoir. By Barry Cornwall. London: Edward Moxon and Co., Dover-street, 1866.

Those well acquainted with "Talfourd's Life and Letters of Lamb," and "Final Memorials of Lamb," and with the numerous articles, essays, and notices of his life and genius which have appeared during the last thirty years, will not find in this volume much new information; but it is welcome, from the earnest, genial, and loving spirit in which it is written, and the singularly modest and unaffected tone of the author. The first chapter is devoted to general remarks on the characteristics of Lamb, the qualities of his mind and heart, his early tendency to literature, his tastes and sympathies, his likings and dislikings, the sad blight that fell upon his youth, and the noble self-sacrifice with which he devoted himself to his sister. Nothing better has been said on these subjects than will be found in this volume. Mr. Procter does not indulge in long disquisitions or elaborate criticisms, but tells us his opinions of Lamb and his genius with a simplicity and homely truthfulness which well befit a venerable man of letters recording, for the benefit of a new generation, his recollections and impressions of a dear friend with whom he was on close terms of intimacy nearly half a century ago. The six succeeding chapters contain the history of Lamb's life and writings, briefly told; reminiscences of his friends and associates, employments and habits, with specimens of his wit and humour. There is an appendix, giving the opinions of Hazlitt, Leigh Hunt, John Forster, Talfourd, and Mr. Procter himself, on the subject of Lamb's genius and character, for the most part written not long after his death, showing a remarkable unanimity of opinion regarding their friend on the part of writers differing so much from each other. Here are

MR. PROCTER'S RECOLLECTIONS OF LAMB ON HIS FIRST ACQUAINTANCE WITH HIM.

Persons who had been in the habit of traversing Covent Garden at that time (seven-and-forty years ago), might by extending their walk a few yards into Russell-street, have noted a small spare man, clothed in black, who went out every morning, and returned every afternoon, as regularly as the hands of the the clock moved towards certain hours. You could not mistake him. He was somewhat stiff in his manner, and almost clerical in dress, which indicated much wear. He had a long, melancholy face, with keen penetrating eyes; and he walked with a short, resolute step, citywards. He looked no one in the face for more than a moment, yet contrived to see everything as he went on. No one who ever studied the human features could pass by without recollecting his countenance; it was

full of sensibility, and it came upon you like a new thought, which you could not help dwelling upon afterwards; it gave rise to meditation and did you good. This small half-clerical man was—Charles Lamb. . . . Charles Lamb was about forty years of age when I saw him; and I knew him intimately for the greater part of twenty years. Small and spare in person, and with small legs ("immaterial legs," Hood called them), he had a dark complexion, dark, curling hair, almost black, and a grave look, lightening up occasionally, and capable of sudden merriment. His laugh was seldom excited by jokes merely ludicrous; it was never spiteful; and his quiet smile was sometimes inexpressibly sweet: perhaps it had a touch of sadness in it. His mouth was well shaped; his lips tremulous with expression; his brown eyes were quick, restless, and glittering; and he had a grand head, full of thought. Leigh Hunt said that "he had a head worthy of Aristotle." Hazlitt calls it "a fine Titian head, full of dead eloquence." I knew that, before he had attained the age of twenty years, he had to make his way in the world; and that his lines had not been cast in pleasant places. I had heard, indeed, that his family had at one time consisted of a father and mother and an insane sister, all helpless and poor, and all huddled together in a small lodging, scarcely large enough to admit of their moving about without restraint. It is difficult to imagine a more disheartening youth. Nevertheles, out of this desert, in which no hope was visible, he rose up eventually a cheerful man (cheerful when his days were not clouded by his sister's illness); a charming companion, full of pleasant and gentle fancies, and the finest humourist of his age. Although sometimes strange in manner, he was thoroughly unaffected; in serious matters thoroughly sincere. He was, indeed (as he confesses), terribly shy; diffident, not awkward in manner, with occasionally nervous twitching motions that betrayed this infirmity. . . . His speech was brief and pithy; not too often humorous; never sententious nor didactic. Although he sometimes talked whilst walking up and down the room (at which time he seldom looked at the person with whom he was talking), he very often spoke as if impelled by the necessity of speaking—suddenly, precipitately. If he could have spoken very easily, he might possibly have uttered long sentences, expositions, or orations, such as some of his friends indulged in, to the utter confusion of their hearers. But he knew the value of silence; and he knew that even truth may be damaged by too many words. When he did speak, his words had a flavour in them beyond any that I have heard elsewhere. His conversation dwelt upon persons or things within his own recollection, or it opened (with a startling doubt, or a question, or a piece of quaint humour) the great circle of thought. In temper he was quick, but easily appeased. He never affected that exemption from sensibility which has sometimes been mistaken for philosophy, and has conferred reputation upon little men. In a word, he exhibited his emotions in a fine, simple, natural manner. Contrary to the usual habits of wits, no retort or reply by Lamb, however smart in character, ever gave pain. It is clear that ill-nature is not wit; and that there may be sparkling flowers which are not surrounded by thorns. Lamb's dissent was very intelligible, but never superfluously demonstrative; often, indeed, expressed by his countenance only; sometimes merely by silence.

To those who regard Lamb's life as a truly heroic one, teaching to all succeeding generations a beautiful lesson of brotherly love and devotion, called forth by one of the saddest events ever recorded in family history, this volume is full of deep and touching interest.

They have here again presented to them by a loving pen, overflowing with tenderness and reverential sympathy, the secret of that terrible affliction which suddenly overshadowed his youthful days, and gave a new colouring and aim to all his future existence. A more striking example of noble self-devotion can nowhere be pointed out. Under a calamity that might have crushed many a stronger man to the earth, do we see Lamb, a youth of fragile health, and possessing all the exquisite sensibilities belonging to a genius in which the quaintest humour and the most tender pathos were united, rise at once to the highest requirements of duty, and for ever renouncing love, and whatever else might be an impediment to his self-devotedness, consecrate his whole existence to the alleviation of a sister's sorrows. And how faithfully he fulfilled his self-imposed vow—how tenderly, and with what unshaken steadfastness, he cleaved to this beloved sister throughout a period of nearly forty years, amid sad perplexities and depressions—now "snatching a fearful joy" from his books and the society of his chosen friends, while she was well and by his side; and, anon, bearing up, as best he could, when, "alone and very miserable," he sat, during the long evenings, in nervous unrest, by that fireside which her frequently recurring malady too often left vacant and cheerless;—all this, and much else that throws light on his character, is again told us by Mr. Procter, in grave, tender, and simple language.

Lamb had his "exceeding great reward" for the renunciation of his own hopes, and for all his anxious care of his sister, in her unbounded love and devotion to himself. Wordsworth thus alludes to their life-long attachment in a beautiful tribute to the memory of his friend:—

> Our days glide on;
> And let him grieve who cannot choose but grieve
> That he hath been an Elm without his Vine,
> And her bright dower of clustering charities,
> That, round his trunk and branches, might have clung,
> Enriching and adorning. Unto him
> Not so enriched, not so adorned, to him
> Was given a sister, ...
> In whom his reason and intelligent heart
> Found—for all interests, hopes, and tender cares,
> All softening, humanising, hallowing powers,
> Whether withheld, or for her sake unsought—
> More than sufficient recompense!

Her love
Was as the love of mothers; and when years,
Lifting the boy to man's estate, had called
The long protected to assume the part
Of a protector, the first filial tie
Was undissolved; and, in or out of sight,
Remained imperishably interwoven
With life itself. Thus, 'mid a shifting world,
Did they together testify of time
And seasons' difference—a double tree,
With two collateral stems sprung from one root;
Such were they—such through life they *might* have been
In union, in partition only such;
Otherwise wrought the will of the Most High;
Yet, through all visitations and all trials,
Still they were faithful, like two vessels launched
From the same beach one ocean to explore
With mutual help. . . . . .
Oh, gift divine of quiet sequestration!
The hermit, exercised in prayer and praise,
And feeding daily on the hope of heaven,
Is happy in his vow, and fondly cleaves
To life-long singleness; but, happier far,
Was, to your souls, and, to the thoughts of others—
A thousand times more beautiful, appeared
Your *dual* loneliness.

The following passage, taken from Talfourd's "Final Memorials of Lamb," will give the reader some additional insight into the characters of brother and sister, showing the peculiar relation in which they stood to each other, and the patience and tenderness with which Charles fulfilled the duty he had taken upon himself:

Except to the few who were acquainted with the tragical occurrences of Lamb's early life, some of his peculiarities seem strange—to be forgiven, indeed, to the excellences of his nature and the delicacy of his genius, but still in themselves as much to be wondered at as deplored. The sweetness of his character, breathed through his writings, was felt even by strangers; but its heroic aspect was unguessed, even by many of his friends. Let them now consider it, and ask if the annals of self-sacrifice can show anything in human action and endurance more lovely than its self-devotion exhibits. It was not merely that he saw (which his elder brother cannot be blamed for not immediately perceiving), through the ensanguined cloud of misfortune which had fallen upon his family, the unstained excellence of his sister, whose madness had caused it; that he was ready to take her to his own home with reverential affection, and cherish her through life; that he gave up for her sake all meaner and more selfish love, and all the hopes which youth blends with the passion which disturbs and ennobles it; not even that he did all this cheerfully, and without pluming himself upon his brotherly nobleness as a virtue, or seeking to repay himself (as some uneasy martyrs do) by small instalments of long repining; but that he carried the spirit of the hour in which he first knew and took his course to his last. So far from thinking that his sacrifice of youth and love to his sister

gave him a licence to follow his own caprice at the expense of her feelings, even in the lightest matters, he always wrote and spoke of her as his wiser self—his generous benefactress, of whose protecting care he was scarcely worthy. . . . Let it also be remembered that this devotion of the entire nature was not exercised merely in the consciousness of a past tragedy, but during the frequent recurrences of the calamity which caused it, and the constant apprehension of its terrors; and this for a large portion of life, in poor lodgings, where the brother and sister were, or fancied themselves, "marked people;" where, from an income incapable of meeting the expense of the sorrow without sedulous privations, he contrived to hoard, not for holiday enjoyment or future solace, but to provide for expected distress. . . . The constant impendency of this giant sorrow saddened to "the Lambs" even their holidays; as the journey which they both regarded as the relief and charm of the year was frequently followed by a seizure; and when they ventured to take it, a strait waistcoat, carefully packed by Miss Lamb herself, was their constant companion. Sad experience at last induced the abandonment of the annual excursion; and Lamb was contented with walks in and near London during the interval of labour. Miss Lamb experienced, and full well understood, premonitory symptoms of the attack, in restlessness, low fever, and the inability to sleep; and, as gently as possible, prepared her brother for the duty he must soon perform; and thus, unless he could stave off the terrible separation till Sunday, obliged him to ask leave of absence from the office as if for a day's pleasure—a bitter mockery. On one occasion Mr. Charles Lloyd met them, slowly pacing together a little footpath in Hoxton fields, both weeping bitterly; and found, on joining them, that they were taking their solemn way to the accustomed asylum!

No one who did not know the family history would have guessed that Miss Lamb was subject to fits of insanity. A friend is reported to have said of her that "she was the last woman in the world whom you could have suspected, under any circumstances, of becoming insane; so calm, so judicious, so rational was she." Hazlitt used to say of her that she was "the only truly sensible woman he ever met with." Talfourd spoke of her as "in all her thoughts and feelings most womanly—keeping under even undue subordination to her notions of a woman's province, intellect of rare excellence, which flashed out when the restraints of gentle habit and humble manner were withdrawn by the terrible force of disease." In a letter to Wordsworth, Lamb exclaims, "she is older, wiser, and better than I, and all my wretched imperfections I cover to myself by resolutely thinking of her goodness. She would share life and death, heaven and hell, with me." In a grave in the churchyard of Edmonton, in a spot which, about a fortnight before his death, he had pointed out to his sister, on an afternoon wintry walk, as the place where he wished to be buried, all that is mortal of him

quietly reposes. For nearly thirteen years his sister survived him, and her remains were, as was befitting, conveyed to the same tomb. Surely, so long as the love between brother and sister shall be a beautiful and holy thing on the earth, will the memory of those two gentle beings, whose lives were so strangely, yet so closely linked together, survive, and "smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

The following touching sonnet is from the pen of the late Mr. Edward Moxon, Lamb's near and dear friend, and publisher. It was addressed to Mary Lamb, not long after her brother's death. When well, she was in the habit of strolling out in the evening to the churchyard where he was buried:—

Here sleeps beneath this bank, where daisies grow,
The kindliest sprite earth holds within her breast;
In such a spot I would this frame should rest,
When I to join my friend far hence shall go.
His only mate is now the minstrel lark,
Who chants her morning music o'er his bed,
Save she who comes each evening, ere the bark
Of watch-dog gathers drowsy folds, to shed
A sister's tears. Kind heaven, upon her head
Do thou in dove-like guise thy spirit pour,
And in her aged path some flowerets spread
Of earthly joy, should Time for her in store
Have weary days and nights, ere she shall greet
Him whom she longs in Paradise to meet.

Mr. Procter, in his first chapter, gives the following mental portraiture of him:

CHARACTERISTICS OF LAMB—THE QUALITIES OF HIS MIND AND HEART.

The fact that distinguished Charles Lamb from other men was his entire devotion to one grand and tender purpose. There is probably a romance involved in every life. In his life it exceeded that of others. In gravity, in acuteness, in his noble battle with a great calamity, it was beyond the rest. Neither pleasure nor toil ever distracted him from his holy purpose. Everything was made subservient to it. He had an insane sister, who, in a moment of uncontrollable madness, had unconsciously destroyed her own mother; and to protect and save this sister—a gentlewoman, who had watched like a mother over his own infancy—the whole length of his life was devoted. What he endured through the space of nearly forty years, from the incessant fear and frequent recurrence of his sister's insanity, can now only be conjectured. In the constant and uncomplaining endurance, and in his steady adherence to a great principle of conduct, his life was heroic. We read of men giving up all their days to a single object: to religion, to vengeance, to some overpowering selfish wish; of daring acts done to avert death, or disgrace, or some oppressing misfortune. We read

mythical tales of friendship; but we do not recollect any instance in which a great object has been so unremittingly carried out throughout a whole life, in defiance of a thousand difficulties, and of numberless temptations, straining the good resolution to its utmost, except in the case of our poor clerk of the India House. This was, substantially, his life. His actions, thoughts, and sufferings were all concentred on this one important end. It was what he had to do; it was in his reach; and he did it, therefore, manfully, religiously. He did not waste his mind on too many things; for whatever too much expands the mind weakens it; nor on vague or multitudinous thoughts and speculations, nor on dreams or things distant or unattainable. However interesting, they did not absorb him, body and soul, like the safety and welfare of his sister. Subject to this primary unflinching purpose, the tendency of Lamb's mind pointed strongly towards literature. He did not seek literature, however; and he gained from it nothing except fame. He worked laboriously at the India House from boyhood to manhood, for many years without repining; although he must have been conscious of an intellect qualified to shine in other ways than in entering up a trader's books. None of those coveted offices which bring money and comfort in their train, ever reached Charles Lamb. He was never under that bounteous shower which government leaders and persons of influence direct towards the heads of their adherents. No Dives ever selected him for his golden bounty. No potent critic ever shouldered him up the hill of fame. In the absence of these old-fashioned helps, he was content that his own unassisted efforts should gain for him a certificate of capability to the world; and that the choice reputation which he thus earned should with his own qualities, bring round him the unenvying love of a host of friends. . . . Apart from his humour and other excellences, Charles Lamb combined qualities such as are seldom united in one person; which indeed seem not easily reconcilable with each other: namely, much prudence, with much generosity; great tenderness of heart, with a firm will. To these was superadded that racy humour which has served to distinguish him from other men. There is no other writer that I know of, in whom tenderness and good sense and humour are so intimately and happily blended; no one whose view of men and things is so invariably generous, and true, and independent. These qualities made their way slowly and fairly. They were not taken up as a matter of favour or fancy, and then abandoned. They struggled through many years of neglect, and some of contumely, before they took their stand triumphantly, and as things not to be ignored by any one. Lamb pitied all objects which had been neglected or despised. Nevertheless the lens through which he viewed the objects of his pity—beggars, and chimney-sweepers, and convicts—was always clear: it served him even when the shortcomings were to be contemplated. For he never paltered with truth. He had no weak sensibilities, few tears for imaginary griefs. But his heart opened wide to real distress. He never applauded the fault; but he pitied the offender. . . . By education and habit, he was a Unitarian. Indeed, he was a true Nonconformist in all things. He was not a dissenter by imitation, nor from any deep principle of obstinate heresy; nor was he made servile and obedient by formal logic alone. His reasoning always rose and streamed through the heart. He liked a friend for none of the ordinary reasons, because he was famous, or clever, or powerful, or popular. He at once took issue with the previous verdicts, and examined the matter in his own way. If a man was unfortunate, he gave him money; if he was calumniated, he accorded him sympathy. He gave freely; not to merit but to want. . . . Perhaps no one ever

thought more independently. He had great enjoyment in the talk of able men, so that it did not savour of form or pretension. He liked the strenuous talk of Hazlitt, who never descended to fine words. He liked the unaffected, quiet conversation of Manning; the vivacious, excursive talk of Leigh Hunt. He heard with wondering admiration the monologues of Coleridge. Perhaps he liked the simplest talk the best; expressions of pity or sympathy or affection for others; from young people, who thought and said little or nothing about themselves. He had no craving for popularity, nor even for fame. I do not recollect any passage in his writings, nor any expression in his talk, which runs counter to my opinion.' . . His jests were never the mere overflowings of the animal spirits, but were exercises of the mind. He brought the wisdom of old times and old writers to bear upon the taste and intellect of his day. What was in a manner foreign to his age, he naturalised and cherished. And he did this with judgment and great delicacy. His books never unhinge or weaken the mind; but bring before it tender and beautiful thoughts, which charm and nourish it, as only good books can. No one was ever worse from reading Charles Lamb's writings; but many have become wiser and better. . . . In his countenance you might sometimes read—what may be occasionally read on almost all foreheads—the letters and lines of old, forgotten calamity. Yet there was at the bottom of his nature a buoyant self-sustaining strength: for although he encountered frequent seasons of mental distress, his heart recovered itself in the interval, and rose and sounded, like music played to a happy tune. Upon fit occasion, his lips could shut in a firm fashion; but the gentle smile that played about his face showed that he was always ready to relent. His quick eye never had any sullenness; his mouth tender and tremulous, showed that there would be nothing cruel or inflexible in his nature.

There is one feature in Lamb's character worthy of being specially noted. With every temptation, placed as he was, to crowd into the present moment as much enjoyment as possible, even to the neglect of prudential considerations, he never allowed his humble fortunes to become embarrassed. Moderate as his earnings were, he not only lived within his modest income, but contrived to exercise an amount of hospitality, and to perform substantial acts of generosity, which might have shamed men of far ampler means. Without the slightest sacrifice of the prudential duties, or the incurring of any obligations having a tendency to lower his own self-respect, he realised the delights of social intercourse without stint or measure. Ever ready was he with his helping hand and modest mite to aid the struggling and the deserving—"giving away money, even annuities, to old impoverished friends whose wants were known to him." A circle of chosen companions—among whom were some of the wisest and wittiest, the most imaginative, and most profoundly thinking men of the

age—regularly partook of his unostentatious cheer, and gathered, at stated intervals, round his fireside to enjoy the delights of social converse, and utter freely their thoughts and opinions upon every conceivable topic. All this he did without compromising his pecuniary independence, of which he was fastidiously jealous, or causing himself or his sister to submit to after painful privations. His example is one of the finest on record of "plain living and high thinking" in the domestic life of a man of genius. Here is an account of the memorable evenings at his hospitable fireside:—

THE EVENINGS AT LAMB'S HOUSE.

He seldom or never gave dinners. You were admitted at all times to his plain supper, which was sufficiently good when any visitor came; at other times, it was spare. . . . You were sure of a welcome at his house; sure of easy, unfettered talk. After supper, you might smoke a pipe with your host, or gossip (upon any subject) with him or his sensible sister. . . . Lamb and his sister had an open party once a week, every Wednesday evening, when his friends generally went to visit him, without any special invitation. He invited you suddenly, not pressingly; but with such heartiness that you at once agreed to come. There was usually a game at whist on these evenings, in which the stakes were very moderate, indeed almost nominal. When my thoughts turn backward, as they sometimes do to these past days, I see my dear old friend again—"in my mind's eye, Horatio"—with his outstretched hand and his grave sweet smile of welcome. It was always in a room of moderate size, comfortably but plainly furnished, that he lived. An old mahogany table was opened out in the middle of the room, round which, and near the walls, were old high-backed chairs (such as our grandfathers used), and a long plain bookcase completely filled with old books. These were his "ragged veterans." In one of his letters he says—"My rooms are luxurious, one for prints and one for books; a summer and winter parlour." They, however, were not otherwise decorated. I do not remember ever to have seen a flower or an image in them. He had not been educated into expensive tastes. His extravagances were confined to books. These were all chosen by himself, all old, and all in "admired disorder;" yet he could lay his hand on any volume in a moment. "You never saw," he writes, "a bookcase in more true harmony with the contents than what I have nailed up in my room. Though new, it has more aptitude for growing old than you shall often see; as one sometimes gets a friend in the middle of life who becomes an old friend in a short time." Here Charles Lamb sate, when at home, always near the table. At the opposite side was his sister, engaged in some domestic work, knitting or sewing, or poring over a modern novel. "Bridget in some things is behind her years." In fact, although she was ten years older than her brother, she had more sympathy with modern books and with youthful fancies than he had. She wore a neat cap, of the fashion of her youth; an old-fashioned dress. Her face was pale and somewhat square, but very placid, with grey intelligent eyes. She was very mild in her manner to strangers; and to her brother gentle and tender, always. She had often an upward look of peculiar meaning, when directed towards him; as though

to give him assurance that all was then well with her. His affection for her was somewhat less on the surface, but always present. There was great gratitude intermingling with it. "In the days of weakling infancy," he writes, "I was her tender charge, as I have been her care in foolish manhood since." Then he adds, pathetically—"I wish I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. . . . His clothes were entirely black; and he wore long black gaiters up to the knees. His head was bent a little forward, like one who had been reading; and, if not standing or walking, he generally had in his hand an old book, a pinch of snuff, or, later in the evening, a pipe. He stammered a little, pleasantly, just enough to prevent his making speeches; just enough to make you listen eagerly for his words; always full of meaning, or charged with a jest; or referring (but this was rare) to some line or passage from one of the old Elizabethan writers, which was always ushered in with a smile of tender reverence. . . . No one has described Lamb's manner or merits so well as Hazlitt; "He always made the best pun and the best remark in the course of the evening. His serious conversation, like his serious writing, is his best. No one ever stammered out such fine piquant, deep, eloquent things, in half a dozen sentences as he does. His jests scald like tears; and he probes a question by a play upon words. There was no fuss or cant about him. He has furnished many a text for Coleridge to preach upon." (*J. Plain Speaker.*) Charles was frequently merry; but ever, at the back of his merriment, there reposed a grave depth, in which rich colours and tender lights were inlaid. For his jests sprang from his sensibility; which was as open to pleasure as to pain. This sensibility, if it somewhat impaired his vigour, led him into curious and delicate fancies, and taught him a liking for things of the highest relish, which a mere robust jester never tastes. Large sounding words, unless embodying great thoughts (as in the case of Lear), he did not treasure up or repeat. He was an admirer of what was high and good, of what was delicate (especially); but he delighted most to saunter along the humbler regions, where kindness of heart and geniality of humour made the way pleasant. His intellect was very quick, piercing into the recondite meaning of things in a moment. His own sentences were compressed and full of meaning; his opinions independent and decisive; no qualifying or doubting. His descriptions were not highly coloured; but, as it were, sharply cut, like a piece of marble, rather than like a picture. He liked and encouraged friendly discussion; but he hated contentious argument, which leads to quarrel rather than to truth. There was an utter want of parade in everything he said and did, in everything about him and his home. The only ornaments on his walls were a few engravings in black frames; one after Leonardo da Vinci; one after Titian; and four, I think by Hogarth, about whom he has written so well. Images of quaint beauty, and all gentle, simple things (things without pretension) pleased him to the fullest extent; perhaps a little beyond their strict merit. . . . None of Lamb's intimates were persons of title or fashion, or of any political importance. They were reading men, or authors, or old friends who had no name or pretensions. The only tie that held these last and Lamb together was a long-standing mutual friendship; a sufficient link. None of them ever forsook him; they loved him, and in return he had a strong regard for them. His affections, indeed, were concentrated on few persons; not widened (weakened) by too general a philanthropy. When you went to Lamb's rooms on the Wednesday evenings (his "At Home"), you generally found the card table spread out, Lamb himself one of the players. On the corner of the table was a snuff-box; and the game was enlivened by sundry

brief ejaculations and pungent questions, which kept alive the wits of the party present. It was not "silent whist." . . . His short, clear sentences always produced effect. He never joined in talk unless he understood the subject; then, if the matter in question interested him, he was not slow in showing his earnestness; but I never heard him argue or talk for argument's sake. If he was indifferent to the question, he was silent. The supper of cold meat, on these occasions, was always on the side-table; not very formal, as may be imagined; and every one might rise, when it suited him, and cut a slice or take a glass of porter, without reflecting on the abstinence of the rest of the company Lamb would, perhaps, call out and bid the hungry guest help himself without ceremony. We learn (from Hazlitt) that Martin Burney's eulogies on books were sometimes intermingled with expressions of his satisfaction with the veal pie which employed him at the sideboard. After the game was won (and lost) the ring of the cheerful glasses announced that punch or brandy and water had become the order of the night. . . . The beauty of these evenings was that every one was placed upon an easy level. No one out-topped the others. No one—not even Coleridge—was permitted to out-talk the rest. No one was allowed to hector another, or to bring his own greivances too prominently forward; so as to disturb the harmony of the night. Every one had a right to speak, and to be heard; and no one was ever trodden or clamoured down (as in some large assemblies), until he had proved that he was not entitled to a hearing, or until he had abused his privilege. I never, in all my life, heard so much unpretending good sense talked as at Charles Lamb's social parties. Often, a piece of sparkling humour was shot out that illuminated the whole evening. Sometimes there was a flight of high and earnest talk that took one half way toward the stars.

Those of our readers who know that exquisite essay of his ("Old China") in which he describes Cousin Bridget (his sister) discoursing over their "Hyson" one evening, on the different relish they had in their enjoyments, after he had retired from those life-long labours of his at the India House, and felt himself almost a rich man on his retiring allowance—will remember the inimitable way in which he makes visible to us the struggles and patient economies, and snatchings of brief, inexpensive delights in the earlier period of his life when he was "not quite so rich." He makes her say that she is sure they were far happier in those days of comparative poverty; and in proof of it, she recalls to him how, at that time, when they coveted a cheap luxury, they used to have a debate two or three days before, and weigh the *for* and *against* before they decided, and consider what they could spare it out of; how he once took to wearing a certain brown suit till it was threadbare, until his friends cried shame, that he might safely indulge in the purchase of a folio copy of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which he had long coveted, but which could not be secured for a less sum than sixteen shillings;

how he had eyed it at a bookshop in Covent Garden for weeks, and only came to the resolution to buy it, late on a Saturday night, setting out all the way from Islington, and getting the grumbling old bookseller to open his shop at that unseasonable hour to find the volume; then lugging it home in triumph, wishing it was twice as cumbersome, and not even going to bed until he had carefully repaired some of the torn leaves. She recalls to him, how, in their pleasant holiday walks to Enfield and Waltham, they used, for economy's sake, to carry with them a little hand-basket, in which was deposited their day's fare of cold lamb and salad, and how they would look about for some humble roadside inn, where they might produce their store, having only to pay for the ale which they were obliged to call for, anxiously speculating over the looks of the landlady, and debating whether or not she would allow them a tablecloth, wishing all the time for such another hostess as the one described by Izaak Walton, on the banks of the Lea. She reminds him how, in those dearly remembered early days, they would venture to go now and then to the shilling gallery of the theatre, eschewing the expensive pit, and not minding the crowding and waiting, and rough neighbours, so that their thoughts might be with "Rosalind" in the forest of Arden, or with "Viola" at the Court of Illyria; and, finally (for we shall steal all the beauties of this charming essay if we do not put some restraint on ourselves), how pleasant it was at the close of each year, on every thirty-first night of December, after many a long face, and much anxious poring over puzzled accounts, and many a resolution, and project, and compromise as to the future, to find at last, that they could manage to make ends meet; and thereupon resolving to begin the next year with laughing spirits and all sorts of hopeful anticipations, welcoming the coming guest with "lusty brimmers."

Much has been said about Lamb's occasional intemperance. Mr. Procter makes the following remarks on the subject:—

LAMB'S ALLEGED INTEMPERANCE.

Much injustice had been done to Lamb, by accusing him of excess in drinking. The truth is, that a small quantity of any strong liquid (wine, &c.) disturbed his speech, which at best was but an eloquent stammer. The distresses of his early life made him ready to resort to any remedy

which brought forgetfulness ; and he himself, frail in body and excitable, was very speedily affected. During all my intimacy with him I never knew him drink immoderately, except once, when having been prevailed upon to abstain altogether from wine and spirits, he resented the vow thus forced upon him, by imbibing an extraordinary quantity of the "spurious" liquid. When he says, "The waters have gone over me," he speaks in metaphor ; not historically. He was never vanquished by water, and seldom by wine. His energy, or mental power, was indeed subject to fluctuation ; no excessive merriment, perhaps, but much depression. "My waking life," he writes, "has much of the confusion, the trouble, and obscure perplexity of an ill dream. In the day time I stumble upon dark mountains." Lamb's mode of life was temperate : his dinner consisting of meat, with vegetables and bread only. "We have a sure hot joint on Sundays," he writes, "and when had we better?" He appears to have had a relish for game, roast pig, and brawn, &c., roast pig especially, when given to him ; but his poverty, first, and afterwards his economical habits, prevented his indulging in such costly luxuries. He was himself a small and delicate eater at all times ; and he entertained something like aversion towards great feeders. During a long portion of his life his means were much straitened. The reader may note his want of money in several of his letters. Speaking of a play, he says, "I am aground for a plan ; and I must do something for money." He was restless and fond of walking. I do not think that he could ride on horseback ; but he could walk during all the day. He had, in that manner, traversed the whole of London and its suburbs (especially the northern and north-eastern parts) frequently. "I cannot sit and think," he said. Tired with exercise, he went to bed early, except when friends supped with him ; and he always rose early, from necessity, being obliged to attend at his office in Leadenhall-street, every day, from ten until four o'clock—sometimes later. It is there that his familiar letters were written. On his return, after a humble meal, he strolled (if it was summer) into the suburbs, or traversed the streets where the old bookshops were to be found.

Lamb often complained, sometimes seriously, and at other times in a bantering way, of his bondage at the India House—of the huge cut out of every day of his existence by his attendance and routine duties at Leadenhall-street. He tells Wordsworth that "of the little that is left of life, I may reckon two-thirds as dead; for time that a man calls his own is his life; and hard work, and thinking about it, taint even the leisure hours—stain Sunday with work-day contemplations." In another vein he says—"Hang work! I wish that all the year were holiday. I am sure that indolence—indefeasible indolence—is the true state of man, and business the invention of the old teaser whose interference doomed Adam to an apron, and set him a-hoeing. Pen and ink, clerks and desks, were the refinements of this old torturer, some thousand years after, under pretence of 'commerce allying distant shores, promoting and diffusing knowledge, good, &c.'" Nevertheless, the true sanity of

genius, of which Lamb was a remarkable instance, made him feel at other times that this regular employment was not without its wholesome blessings. It insured him independence, and imperative daily occupation, which, for one of his temperament and endowments, were, after all, the greatest of blessings. Those daily hours of drudging toil, uncongenial as they no doubt were, and utterly irrelevant to all that was passing within him, sent him home with a keener relish to the society of his sister, his favourite books, his friends, and evening strolls. Perhaps, but for the strong contrast between the dull avocations of his morning, and the genial employment of his evening hours, he might never have produced those inimitable lucubrations of his.

No one realised more thoroughly than Lamb did the truth that a few hours won from the business of the day is often worth more than the whole day's toil of him who works at the mere trade of literature; in the one case, the spirit coming joyfully to refresh itself "like a hart to the water-brooks;" in the other, too often pursuing its miserable way, panting and jaded, with the dogs of hunger and necessity behind. How clearly and practically Lamb could perceive the blessings of regular employment, even in uncongenial tasks, and urge sound views of the subject upon others, when occasion required, we have a notable instance in the case of his friend Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet. At one period of his life Barton expressed to him a wish to escape from the yoke of banking-house avocations in which he was daily engaged, and cast himself on literature for support. Here was an occasion for Lamb to speak from his own experience. His letter to Barton on the matter is given in Talfourd's "Life and Correspondence of Lamb;" and as it affords a striking illustration of the soundness of his judgment, and the kindly, yet earnest manner in which he could remonstrate with a friend, and warn him of the danger of entertaining delusive notions, we give it, with one or two slight omissions:—

> Throw yourself on the world without any rational plan of support, beyond what the chance employ of booksellers would afford you! Throw yourself rather, my dear sir, from the steep Tarpeian rock, slap-dash headlong upon iron spikes. If you have but five consolatory minutes between the desk and the bed, make much of them, and live a century in them, rather than turn slave to the booksellers. . . . Oh, you know not,

may you never know, the miseries of subsisting by authorship! 'Tis a pretty appendage to a situation like yours or mine; but a slavery, worse than all slavery, to be a bookseller's dependant, to drudge your brains for pots of ale, and breasts of mutton, to change your free thoughts and voluntary numbers for ungracious task work. . . . Keep to your bank, and the bank will keep you. Trust not to the public; you may hang, starve, drown yourself for anything that worthy *personage* cares. I bless every star, that Providence, not seeing good to make me independent, has seen it next good to settle me upon the stable foundation of Leadenhall. Sit down, good B. B., in the banking-office; what! is there not from six to eleven p.m. six days in the week, and is there not all Sunday? Fie, what a superfluity of man's time, if you could think so! Enough for relaxation, mirth, converse, poetry, good thoughts, quiet thoughts. Oh, the corroding, torturing, tormenting thoughts, that disturb the brain of the unlucky wight, who must draw upon it for daily sustenance! Henceforth, I retract all my fond complaints of mercantile employment; look upon them as lover's quarrels. I was but half in earnest. Welcome dead timber of the desk that gives me life. A little grumbling is a wholesome medicine for the spleen, but in my inner heart do I approve and embrace this our close, but unharassing way of life. I am quite serious.

Of Lamb's release from his daily duties at the India House, his exulting delight at the prospect of boundless leisure thus afforded him, and the subsequent *ennui* and unhappiness which he suffered, Mr. Procter gives an interesting account. The long wished for freedom from work became to him, as will be seen, a greater burden than the labour from which he so ardently desired to escape.

LAMB'S RELEASE FROM WORK, AND SUBSEQUENT ENNUI.

At last (in the beginning of the year 1825) deliverance came. Charles had previously intimated his wish to resign. The directors of the East India House call him into their private room, and after complimenting him on his long and meritorious service, they suggest that his health does not appear to be good; that a little ease is expedient at his time of life, and they then conclude their conversation by suddenly intimating their intention of granting him a pension for his life, of two-thirds of the amount of his salary; "a magnificent offer," as he terms it. He is from that moment emancipated; let loose from all ties of labour, free to fly wheresoever he will. At the commencement of the talk Charles had had misgivings, for he was summoned into the "formidable back parlour," he says, and thought that the directors were about to intimate that they had no further occasion for his services. The whole scene seems like one of the summer sunsets, preceded by threatenings of tempest, when the dark piles of clouds are separated and disappear, lost and swallowed by the radiance which fills the whole length and breadth of the sky, and looks as if it would be eternal. "I don't know what I answered," Lamb says, "between surprise and gratitude; but it was understood that I accepted their proposal, and I was told that I was free from that hour to leave their service. I stammered out a bow, and, at just ten minutes after eight, I went home—for ever." At this time Lamb's salary was £600 per annum. The amount of two-thirds of this sum therefore would be an annuity of £400. But an annual provision was also made for his sister, in case she should survive him, and this occa-

sioned a small diminution. In exact figures, he was to receive £391 a year, during the remainder of his life, and then an annuity was to become payable to Mary Lamb. His sensations, first of stupefaction, and afterwards of measureless delight, will be seen by reference to his exulting letters of this period. First he writes to Wordsworth of "the good that has befallen me." These are his words: "I came home—for ever—on Tuesday last. The incomprehensibleness of my condition overwhelmed me. It was like passing from Time into Eternity." . . . "Mary wakes every morning with an obscure feeling that some good has happened to us."—To Bernard Barton his words are: "I have scarce steadiness of head to compose a letter. I am free, B. B.; free as air. I will live another fifty years." . . "Would I could sell you some of my leisure! Positively the best thing a man can have to do is—NOTHING: and next to that, perhaps, Good Works."—To Miss Hutchinson he writes: "I would not go back to my prison for seven years longer for £10,000 a-year. For some days I was staggered, and could not comprehend the magnitude of my deliverance; was confused, giddy. But these giddy feelings have gone away, and my weather-glass stands at a degree or two above 'CONTENT.' All being holidays, I feel as if I had none; as they do in heaven, where 'tis all Red Letter days." . . Lamb's discharge or relief was timely and graciously bestowed. It opened a bright vista through which he beheld (in hope) many years of enjoyment; scenes in which his spirit, rescued from painful work, had only to disport itself in endless delights. He had well earned his discharge. He had laboured without cessation for thirty-three years; had been diligent, and trusted—a labourer worthy of his hire. And the consciousness of this long and good service must have mingled with his reward and sweetened it. It is a great thing to have earned your meal—your rest—whatever may be the payment in full for your deserts. You have not to force up gratitude from oblivious depths, day by day, for undeserved bounty. In Lamb's case it happened, unfortunately, that the activity of mind which had procured his repose, tended afterwards to disqualify him from enjoying it. The leisure that he had once reckoned on so much, exceeded, when it came, the pains of the old counting-house travail. . . . But his animal spirits were not so elastic as formerly, when his time was divided between official work and companionable leisure; the latter acting as a wholesome relief to his mind when wearied by labour. On this subject hear him speaking to Bernard Barton, to whom, as to others, he had formerly complained of his harassing duties at the India House, and of his delightful prospect of leisure. Now he writes, "Deadly long are the days, with but half an hour's candle light and no fire light. The streets, the shops remain, but old friends are gone." "I assure you," he goes on, "*no* work is worse than overwork. The mind preys on itself, the most unwholesome food. I have ceased to care almost for anybody." To remedy this tedium, he tries visiting; for the houses of his old friends were always open to him, and he had a welcome everywhere. But this visiting will not revive him. His spirits descended to zero: below it. He is convinced that happiness is not to be found abroad. It is better to go "to my hole at Enfield, and hide like a sick cat in my corner." Again, he says, "Home, I have none. Never did the waters of heaven pour down on a forlorner head. What I can do, and over do, is to walk. I am a sanguinary murderer of time. But the snake is vital. Your forlorn—C. L." These are his meditations in 1829, four years only after he had rushed abroad, full of exaltation and delight from a prison of a "work-a-day" life, into the happy gardens of boundless leisure. Time, which was once his friend, had become his enemy. His letters, which were always full of goodness, generally full of cheerful humour, sink into discon-

tent. "I have killed an hour or two with this poor scrawl," he writes. It is is unnecessary to inflict upon the reader all the points of the obvious moral that obtrudes itself at this period of Charles Lamb's history. It is clear that the Otiosa Eternitas was pressing upon his days, and he did not know how to find relief.

Before taking leave of the subject of this pleasant volume, we think it right to mention, to the honour of American literary taste and enterprise—a fact not noticed in this memoir—that a very nicely printed volume of four hundred and thirty-seven pages, entitled "Eliana," containing a reprint of all Lamb's hitherto uncollected writings, made its appearance in Boston two years ago. The editor of the volume is Mr. J. E. Babson, whose name ought to be gratefully held in remembrance by every admirer of Charles Lamb, for the interest and pains he has taken in exhuming these forgotten and almost unknown, yet most characteristic papers, from the old magazines in which they have so long lain imbedded. It is noteworthy that we owe this labour of love to the enthusiastic admiration of an American man of letters. Surely, it is almost a reproach to Lamb's countrymen that it has not long since been performed on this side of the Atlantic. Let it be also remembered that the first reprint of Carlyle's "Sartor Resartus," in a collected form, made its appearance in Boston, and not in London.

Mr. Procter gives an account of the intimacy of Lamb with William Hazlitt, one of the most enthusiastic, acute, and fearless of critics, of whose brilliant writings the present generation knows almost nothing. They range over a great variety of subjects,—politics, the fine arts, metaphysics, the poets, dramatists, and prose writers of the 17th and 18th centuries, his own contemporaries, the stage, the career of Napoleon (of whom he wrote an eloquent life in four volumes), and many other topics. Mr. Procter says he has in his library eighteen volumes of Hazlitt's works, and that he does not possess all he published. The writer of this notice is fortunate in being the owner of thirty-four volumes written by Hazlitt, the result of many years' collection; and even these do not include some miscellaneous contributions to periodicals which have never been reprinted. A series of volumes, giving a selection

of Hazlitt's writings, would be a most valuable boon to thoughtful readers, and we are surprised that the sagacity and enterprise of some of our leading booksellers have not, long before this, prompted the publication of such a collection. It would be the means of rescuing from comparative oblivion an author who has left behind him some of the most just and eloquent opinions about books, art, and life that are to be found in the whole range of our literature. We know of no critic "who so thoroughly imparts to others the sense of his own enjoyment of genius, as well as reveals the process of it with such marvellous success." His opinions are often warped by personal and political prejudices, but with all their drawbacks, there is nothing like them for vigour and general truthfulness. He infused an entirely new spirit into the criticism of the day. His appreciation of literature and art was more earnest, suggestive, and discriminating than that exhibited by any critic who had preceded him; while the language in which his thoughts were clothed was calculated to rivet attention by its remarkable force, its warmth and richness of colouring, and epigrammatic brilliancy. Hazlitt, with whom must also be associated the names of Charles Lamb and Leigh Hunt, were, indeed, reformers in criticism. They introduced into it a spirit of enthusiasm, keen sympathy, and hearty relish; and demonstrated that to thoroughly comprehend a work of genius, we must enjoy it, and lovingly understand it. The world is under greater obligations than it is aware of to writers such as these, who arouse our attention to beauties which might have escaped notice, quicken our perception of excellence, enlarge our tastes, and thus extend the domain of refined intellectual enjoyment. It has been truly said by an accomplished American author, Mr. H. T. Tuckerman, that "The utility of appreciative minds is seldom recognised: to interpret is thought to demand far inferior powers than to create: and yet, when we reflect that works of genius demand a concentrated attention which only thinkers can bestow; when we remember how dull are the sensibilities of the multitude, and how absorbed they are with the immediate and the temporary; we must admit that the shrines of genius would be neglected but for the priests before the altar, and the streams of truth unfrequented, did no angel of sympathy trouble the waters. 'Paradise Lost' was only read by

scholars until Addison pointed out its sublimities. Carlyle and Mrs. Austin introduced German literature to the English; Schlegel revealed Shakspere to Germany; a lectureship was founded centuries ago to illustrate Dante; and the spirit of our own age is most significantly reflected in its criticism."

We thank Mr. Procter for the generous tone which pervades the following extract, in which he vindicates Hazlitt from the aspersions that were so liberally cast upon him during his lifetime: "Had he been as temperate in his political views as in his cups (this is in reference to the charge of want of sobriety), he would have escaped the slander that pursued him through life."

WILLIAM HAZLITT'S INTIMACY WITH LAMB.

The intimacy of that extraordinary man, William Hazlitt, was the great gain of Lamb at this period of his life. If Lamb's youngest and tenderest reverence was given to Coleridge, Hazlitt's intellect must also have commanded his later permanent respect. Without the imagination and extreme facility of Coleridge, he had almost as much subtlety and far more steadfastness of mind. Perhaps this steadfastness remained sometimes until it took the colour of obstinacy; but, as in the case of his constancy to the first Napoleon, it was obstinancy riveted and made firm by some concurring respect. I do not know that Hazlitt had the more affectionate nature of the two; but assuredly he was less tossed about and his sight less obscured by floating fancies and vast changing projects (*muscæ volitantes*) than the other. To the one is ascribed fierce and envious passions; coarse thoughts and habits—(he has indeed been crowned by defamation); whilst to Coleridge has been awarded reputation and glory, and praise from a thousand tongues. To secure justice we must wait for unbiassed posterity. I meet, at present, with few persons who recollect much of Hazlitt. Some profess to have heard nothing of him except his prejudices and violence; but his prejudices were few, and his violence—if violence he had—was of very rare occurrence. He was extremely patient, indeed, respecting which he held very strong and decided opinions. But he circulated his thoughts on many other subjects, whereon he ought not to have excited offence or opposition. He wrote (and he wrote well) upon many things lying far beyond the limits of politics. To use his own words, "I have at least glanced over a number of subjects; painting, poetry, prose, plays, politics, parliamentary speakers, metaphysical lore, books, men, and things." This list, extensive as it is, does not specify very precisely all the subjects on which he wrote. His thoughts range over the literature of Elizabeth and James's times, and of the time of Charles II.; over a large portion of modern literature; over the distinguishing character of men, their peculiarities of mind and manners; over the wonders of poetry, the subtleties of metaphysics, and the luminous regions of art. In paintings, his criticisms (it is prettily said by Leigh Hunt) cast a light upon the subject, like the glory reflected "from a painted window." I myself have, in my library, eighteen volumes of Hazlitt's works, and I do not possess all that he published. Besides being an original thinker, Hazlitt excelled in conversation. He was, moreover, a very tem-

perate liver: yet his enemies proclaimed to the world that he was wanting even in sobriety. During the thirteen years that I knew him intimately, and (at certain seasons) saw him almost every day, I know that he drank nothing stronger than water, except tea, indeed, in which he indulged in the morning. Had he been as temperate in his political views as in his cups, he would have escaped the slander that pursued him through life. the great intimacy between these two distinguished writers, Charles Lamb and William Hazlitt (for they had known each other before), seems to have commenced in a singular manner. They were one day at Godwin's, when a "fierce dispute was going on between Holcroft and Coleridge, as to which was best, 'Man as he was, or man as he is to be.' 'Give me,' says Lamb, 'a man as he is not to be.'" "This was the beginning" (Hazlitt says) "of a friendship which, I believe, still continues." Hazlitt married in 1805, and his wife soon became familiar with Mary Lamb. Indeed, Charles and his sister more than once visited the Hazlitts, who at that time lived at Winterslow, near Salisbury Plain; and enjoyed their visits greatly, walking from eight to twenty miles a day, and seeing Wilton, Stonehenge, and the other (to them unaccustomed) sights of the country. "The quiet, lazy, delicious month" passed there, is referred to in one of Miss Lamb's pleasant letters. And the acquaintance soon deepened into friendship. Whatever goodwill was exhibited by Hazlitt (and there was much) is repaid by Lamb in his letter to Southey, published in the "London Magazine" (October, 1823), wherein he places on record his pride and admiration of his friend. "So far from being ashamed of the intimacy," he says, "it is my boast that I was able, for so many years, to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding or expecting to find such another companion."

The fact is, that Hazlitt's fierce and passionate political partisanship and uncompromising honesty of speech were the main causes why his powers as a critic of literature and art were not so universally recognised as they deserved. He made many enemies, and was the object of gross calumnies and vindictive aspersions on the part of the Tory reviewers of the day. The effect of this has been that now, nearly forty years after his death, justice has not been done to this profound and vigorous thinker. Talfourd says of him, "he had as unquenchable a desire for truth as others have for wealth, or power, or fame; he pursued it with sturdy singleness of purpose, and enunciated it without favour or fear. But, besides that love of truth, that sincerity in pursuing it, and that boldness in telling it, he had also a fervent aspiration after the beautiful; a vivid sense of pleasure, and an intense consciousness of his own individual being, which sometimes produced obstacles to the current of speculation, by which it was broken into dazzling eddies, or urged into devious windings. The immediate effect of his reasonings was frequently diminished by the prodigality and richness of the allusions with which

he embossed them." Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton (now Lord Lytton), in an earnest and eloquent essay on the genius of Hazlitt, says:—"When Hazlitt died, he left no successor; others may equal him, but none resemble. Few deaths of the great writers of my time have affected me more painfully than his. . . He went down to the dust, without having won the crown for which he had so bravely struggled; the shouts of applauding thousands echoed not to the sick man's bed; his reputation, great amongst limited circles, was still questionable to the world. He who had done so much for the propagation of thought—from whose wealth so many had filled their coffers—left no stir on the surface from which he sank to the abyss. He who had vindicated so nobly the fame of others—what critic to whom the herd would listen had vindicated *his?* Men with meagre talents and little souls could command the ear of thousands, but to the wisdom of the teacher it was deafened. Vague and unexamined prejudices, aided only by some trivial faults, or some haughty mannerism of his own, had steeled the public, who eagerly received the doctrines filched from him second-hand, to the wisdom and eloquence of the originator. A great man sinking amidst the twilight of his own renown, after a brilliant and unclouded race, if a solemn, is an imposing and elating spectacle. But Nature has no sight more sad and cheerless than the sun of a genius which the clouds have so long and drearily overcast, that there are few to mourn and miss the luminary when it sinks from the horizon. . . . . Posterity will do him justice. The first interval of peace and serenity which follows our present political disputes, will revise and confirm his name. A complete collection of his works is all the monument he demands. To the next age he will stand amongst the foremost of the *thinkers* of the present; and late and tardy retribution will assuredly be his,—a retribution which, long after the envy he provoked is dumb, and the errors he committed are forgotten—will invest with interest anything associated with his name—making it an honour even to have been his contemporary."

A Chronological List of the Writings of Charles Lamb.

Poems on Various Subjects. By S. T. Coleridge, late of Jesus College, Cambridge. London and Bristol, 1796.

[This volume contains three Sonnets by Charles Lamb, which are thus alluded to in the preface: "The effusions signed C. L. were written by Mr. Charles Lamb, of the India House: independently of the signature, their superior merit would have sufficiently distinguished them." Two of these Sonnets are reprinted, with some alterations, in the collected works of C. Lamb, but one of them, addressed to Mrs. Siddons, has never been included in any edition of his works.]

Poems, by S. T. Coleridge, to which are added Poems by Charles Lamb and Charles Lloyd. Bristol, 1797.

Blank Verse, by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb, 1798.

A Tale of Rosamond Gray and Old Blind Margaret. 1798.

John Woodvil, a Tragedy; to which are added, Fragments of Burton, the Author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy." 1802.

[The Fragments of Burton are a hoax. They were written by Lamb himself.]

The Adventures of Ulysses. 1808.

[Reprinted in the Works, 1840, royal 8vo, but not in any subsequent edition. Mr. Babson, of Chelsea, U.S., inserted it in "Eliana," 1864.

"You like the 'Odyssey.' Did you ever read my 'Adventures of Ulysses'—founded on Chapman's old translation—for children or men?' Chapman is divine: and my abridgment has not quite emptied him of his divinity."—*Letter from C. Lamb to Bernard Barton.*]

Tales from Shakespeare, designed for the use of Young Persons. 2 *vols.*, 1807. *Second Edition,* 1808, *with Plates by Mulready. Third Edition,* 1816. *Fourth Edition,* 1822, *with Plates by Blake. Fifth Edition,* 1 *vol., with Engravings from designs by Harvey. Reprinted* 1839, 1840, 1843, 1849, 1853, *and* 1857. *A German Translation appeared in* 1860, *by Dr. F. Bults.*

[The Tales are reprinted in the Works, 1840, royal 8vo, but not in later issues.]

Specimens of the English Dramatic Poets who lived about the Time of Shakespeare; with Notes. 1808. *With New Title,* 1813, *in* 2 *vols., 12mo.*, 1835, 1837, 1844, 1849. *In one volume,* 1854.

[The later editions include the Extracts from the "Garrick Collection of Plays," originally published in Hone's "Table Book." The "Notes" are reprinted in the collected editions of Lamb's Works.]

Poetry for Children, by Charles and Mary Lamb. [1809?]

[Mentioned under this date, in the Correspondence, as in preparation. No copy has been met with.]

Mrs. Leicester's School; or, the History of Several Young Ladies, related by themselves. 1807. *Third Edition*, 1810. *Fourth Edition*, 1814. *Eighth Edition*, 1821.

[Written by Miss Lamb, with the exception of two tales by Charles Lamb, reprinted in "Eliana." The whole work will be found in the collected edition of Lamb's Works, 1840.]

The Works of Charles Lamb. 2 Vols. 1818. *First collected Edition.*

[The 1st volume contains: Dedication to Coleridge—Poems—Sonnets (one in Coleridge's volume, 1796, has never been reprinted)—Blank Verse—John Woodvil, a Tragedy—The Witch, a Dramatic Sketch of the 17th Century—Curious Fragments of Burton—Rosamond Gray—Recollections of Christ's Hospital—*Essay on the Tragedies of Shakespeare, considered with reference to their Fitness for Stage Representation (the articles marked * originally appeared in the *Reflector*, 1811)—Characters of Dramatic Writers contemporary with Shakespeare—*Specimens from the Writtings of Fuller, the Church Historian—On the Character and Genius of Hogarth—On the Poetical Works of George Wither—Letters under assumed signatures, published in the *Reflector*, 1811—Mr. H——; a Farce.]

Satan in Search of a Wife. A Poem, with Plates. 1831.

Album Verses, with a few others (including the Wife's Trial; or, the Intruding Widow; a Dramatic Poem, founded on Mr. Crabbe's Tale of "The Confidant." 1830.

Recollections of a late Royal Academician [*George Dawe*], *in the "Englishman's Magazine."* 1831.

The Poetical Works of Charles Lamb.

[First collected in Works, published in 1818. Second Edition, 1836. Third Edition, 1838. Fourth Edition, 1841, &c.]

Elia. Essays which have appeared under that signature in the "London Magazine." 1823. *New Editions*, 1833, 1835, 1839, 1840, &c.

[This series originally appeared in the *London Magazine*, between August, 1820, and October, 1822.]

The Last Essays of Elia: being a Sequel to Essays published under that name. 1833. *New Editions*, 1835, 1839, 1847, 1849, &c.

[This series originally appeared in the *London Magazine*, between May, 1823, and August, 1825. It contains some papers of a later date from other periodicals.]

Essays of Elia; to which are added Letters, and Rosamond, a Tale. Paris, 1835.

The Letters of Charles Lamb, with a Sketch of his Life, by Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors. 2 Vols. 1837. *1 Vol.*, 1841, 1849, &c.

Final Memorials of Charles Lamb: consisting chiefly of his Letters not before published, with Sketches of some of his Companions, by Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors. 2 *Vols.* 1848. 1 *Vol.*, 1849.

Rosamond Gray, Essays, Letters, &c. 1841, 12*mo*. *Reprinted in* 1841, 1849, 1855.

The Works of Charles Lamb (Prose and Poetical); with Sketch of his Life, by T. N. Talfourd. 1 *Vol., royal* 8*vo, portrait and frontispiece.* 1840. *Reprinted*, 1845. *A New Edition, with additions*, 1850. 4 *Vols.*, 12*mo, portrait*, 1850. *The same in* 1 *Vol., royal* 8*vo, with addition of the "Final Memorials," portrait, &c.*, 1852. *Reprinted* 1859, *with portrait and frontispiece.*

[The last is the most complete edition, as it includes Talfourd's "Letters, and Life" as well as the "Final Memorials." No edition of the collected Works contains the "Dramatic Specimens," or the "Tales from Shakespeare." The "Adventures of Ulysses" was reprinted in the 1840 edition, but in none of the subsequent editions.]

Eliana; being the hitherto uncollected Writings of Charles Lamb. Boston and New York, 1864. *London, Moxon and Co.*, 1864.

[Edited by Mr. J. E. Babson, of Chelsea, U.S. This collection consists of Essays and Sketches, a Farce, Tales, Poems, Letters, &c., which originally appeared in the *London Magazine*, the *Reflector*, *Athenæum*, *Blackwood's Magazine*, Hone's *Every Day* and *Table Books*, *Harper's Magazine*, *New Monthly Magazine*, *The Englishman's Magazine*, and other Periodicals. It also includes the "Adventures of Ulysses," and three Juvenile Stories from "Mrs. Leicester's School."]

Charles Lamb: His Friends, His Haunts, and His Books. By Percy Fitzgerald. 1866.

Charles Lamb: a Memoir, by Barry Cornwall (Bryan Walter Procter). 1866. *Reprinted*, 1867.

The Works of Charles Lamb, including his Letters. Edited by W. Carew Hazlitt, with very important Corrections and Additions. (In the press.)

Cheap Editions of "Elia," and "Last Essays of Elia," at one shilling each, have been published this year (1867). A Shilling Edition of "Eliana" has also appeared, with a Biographical Essay on Elia, and an appendix; showing how far the Essays of Elia are biographically accurate, and containing the suppressed passages. This edition, however, does not include "The Pawnbroker's Daughter, a Farce;" "The Adventures of Ulysses," and several Essays, Sketches, Tales, Poems, and Letters, which are reprinted in the "Eliana," edited by Mr. Babson.

In the *National Magazine*, March 6, 1858, appeared an interesting paper entitled "Recollections of Mary Lamb, by One Who Knew Her." This paper was contributed by Mrs. Cowden Clarke, and deserves to be reprinted in any new edition of the works of Charles Lamb.

To Charles Lamb and his Sister,

BY

Walter Savage Landor.

TO "ELIA."

"Once, and once only, have I seen thy face,
Elia! once only has thy tripping tongue
Run o'er my breast, yet never has been left
Impression on it stronger or more sweet.
Cordial old man! what youth was in thy years,
What wisdom in thy levity, what truth
In every utterance of that purest soul?
Few are the spirits of the glorified
I'd spring to earlier at the gate of Heaven."

TO THE SISTER OF "ELIA."

"Comfort thee, O thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more.
What is it we deplore?
He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears.
The love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!
His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For these dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?
Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
Of all the good and wise?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak
Of his pure light the roseate mind that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thee rest."

OPINIONS OF WILLIAM HAZLITT'S CHARACTER, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS.

The following pages are devoted to a selection of opinions (from a multitude that might be given), on the subject of Hazlitt's Character, Genius, and Writings:—

DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH OF HAZLITT.

In person, Mr. Hazlitt was of the middle size, with a handsome and eager countenance, worn by sickness and thought; and dark hair, which had curled stiffly over the temples, and was only of late years sprinkled with grey. His gait was slouching and awkward, and his dress neglected; but when he began to talk, he could not be mistaken for a common man. In the company of persons with whom he was not familiar, his bashfulness was painful; but when he became entirely at ease, and entered on a favourite topic, no one's conversation was ever more delightful. He did not talk for effect—to dazzle, or surprise, or annoy—but with the most simple and honest desire to make his view of the subject entirely apprehended by his hearer. There was sometimes an obvious struggle to do this to his own satisfaction; he seemed labouring to drag his thought to light from its deep lurking place; and with modest distrust of that power of expression which he had found so late in life, he often betrayed a fear that he had failed to make himself understood, and recurred to the subject again and again, that he might be assured he had succeeded. In argument, he was candid and liberal; there was nothing about him pragmatical or exclusive; he never drove a principle to its utmost possible consequences; but, like Locksley, "allowed for the wind." For some years previous to his death, he observed an entire abstinence from fermented liquors, which he had once quaffed with the proper relish he had for all the good things of this life, but which he courageously resigned when he found the indulgence perilous to his health and faculties. The cheerfulness with which he made this sacrifice always appeared to us one of the most amiable traits in his character. He had no censure for others, who, with the same motive, were less wise or less resolute; nor did he think he had earned, by his own constancy, any right to intrude advice which he knew, if wanted, must be unavailing. Nor did he profess to be a convert to the general system of abstinence, which was advocated by one of his kindest and staunchest friends; he avowed that he yielded to necessity; and instead of avoiding the sight of that which he could no longer taste, he was seldom so happy as when he sat with friends at their wine, participating the sociality of the time, and realising his own past enjoyment in that of his companions, without regret and without envy. Like Dr. Johnson, he made himself a poor amends for the loss of wine by drinking tea, not so largely, indeed, as the hero of Boswell, but at least of equal potency—for he might have challenged Mrs. Thrale and all her sex to make stronger tea than his own. In society, as in politics, he was no flincher. He loved "to hear the chimes at midnight," without considering them as a summons to rise. At these seasons, when in his happiest mood,

he used to dwell on the conversational powers of his friends, and live over again the delightful hours he had passed with them; repeat the pregnant puns that one had made; tell over again a story with which another had convulsed the room; or expand in the eloquence of a third; always best pleased when he could detect some talent which was unregarded by the world, and giving, alike to the celebrated and the unknown, due honour.—* *Thoughts upon the Intellectual Character of the late William Hazlitt, by Sergeant Talfourd, M.P.*

HARRIET MARTINEAU.

Miss Martineau, in her "History of England during The Thirty Years' Peace," gives the following brief notice of Hazlitt. Vol. 2, p. 178.

In Hazlitt we lost the prince of critics, at this time; and after he was gone, there were many who could never look at a picture, or see a tragedy, or ponder a point of morals, or take a survey of any public character, without a melancholy sense of loss in Hazlitt's absence and silence. There can scarcely be a stronger gratification of the critical faculties than in reading Hazlitt's Essays. He was born in 1778, and died of cholera in 1830. He was not an amiable and happy, but he was a strong and courageous-minded man. His constitutional irritability was too restless to be soothed by the influences of literature and art, and his friends suffered from his temper almost as much as himself. Yet he was regarded with respect for his ingenuous courage in saying what was true about many important things and persons of his time, of whom it was fitting that the truth should be told. Hazlitt would have passed his life as an artist, but that he could not satisfy his own critical taste, and had no patience with any position but the first in any department in which he worked. The greater part of his life, therefore, was spent in a province of literature in which he was supreme in his own day, if not alone. As an essayist he had rivals; as a critical essayist he had none. A subtle thinker, an eloquent writer, a lover of beauty, and poetry, and man, and truth, one of the best of critics, and not the worst of men, expired in William Hazlitt.

CHARLES LAMB.

Mr. Hazlitt's son, in "The Literary Remains, &c.," thus introduces the following warm-hearted tribute of Lamb to his father, from the celebrated Letter to Southey:—

The friendship of Lamb and my father was once interrupted by some wilful fancy on the part of the latter. At this time, Southey happened to pay a compliment to Lamb at the expense of some of his companions, my father among them. The faithful and unswerving heart of the other forsaking not, although forsaken, refused a compliment at such a price, and sent it back to the giver. The tribute to my father, which he at the same time paid, may stand for ever as one of the proudest and truest evidences of the writer's heart and intellect. It brought back at once the repentant offender to the arms of his friend, and nothing again separated them till death came. It is as follows:— . . . "From the *other gentleman* I neither expect nor desire (as he is well assured) any such concessions as L— H— made to C—. What hath soured him, and made him suspect his

friends of infidelity towards him when there was no such matter, I know not. I stood well with him for fifteen years (the proudest of my life), and have ever spoke my full mind of him to some to whom his panegyric must naturally be least tasteful. I never in thought swerved from him; I never betrayed him; I never slakened in my admiration of him; I was the same to him (neither better nor worse), though he could not see it, as in the days when he thought fit to trust me. At this instant he may be preparing for me some compliment, above my deserts, as he has sprinkled many such among his admirable books, for which I rest his debtor; or, for any thing I know or can guess to the contrary, he may be about to read a lecture on my weaknesses. He is welcome to them (as he was to my humble hearth), if they can divert a spleen, or ventilate a fit of sullenness. I wish he would not quarrel with the world at the rate he does; but the reconciliation must be effected by himself, and I despair of living to see that day. But—protesting against much that he has written, and some things which he chooses to do; judging him by his conversations which I enjoyed so long, and relished so deeply, or by his books, in those places where no clouding passion intervenes—I should belie my own conscience, if I said less than that I think W. H. to be, in his natural and healthy state, one of the wisest and finest spirits breathing. So far from being ashamed of that intimacy which was betwixt us, it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion. But I forget my manners—you will pardon me, Sir,—I return to the correspondence."

LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt, writing for the "Tatler," of September 20, 1830, having just heard of Hazlitt's death, thus spoke of him:—

Mr. Hazlitt was one of the profoundest writers of the day, an admirable reasoner (no one got better or sooner at the heart of a question than he did), the best general critic,—the greatest critic on Art that ever appeared (his writings on that subject cast a light like a painted window), exquisite in his relish of poetry, an untarnished lover of liberty, and with all his humour and irritability (of which no man had more), a sincere friend, and a generous enemy. . . . Posterity will do justice to the man that wrote for truth and mankind.

E. L. BULWER (NOW LORD LYTTON).

The following is from an eloquent paper entitled "Some Thoughts on the Genius of William Hazlitt,' by E. L. Bulwer, M.P.:—

The present century has produced many men of poetical genius, and some of analytical acumen; but I doubt whether it has produced any one who has given to the world such signal proofs of the union of the two as the late William Hazlitt. If I were asked his peculiar and predominant distinction, I should say that, above all things, he was a critic. He possessed the critical faculty in its noblest degree. He did not square and measure out his judgments by the pedantries of dry and lifeless propositions—his taste was not the creature of schools and canons, it was begotten of Enthusiasm by Thought. He felt intensely;—he imbued—he saturated—himself with the genius he examined; it became a part of him, and he reproduced

it in science. He took in pieces the work he surveyed, and reconstructed the fabric in order to show the process by which it had been built. His criticisms are therefore eminently scientific; to use his own expression, his "art lifts the veil from nature." It was the wonderful subtlety with which he possessed himself of the intentions of the author, which enabled him not only to appreciate in his own person, but to make the world appreciate, the effects those intentions had produced. . . . It was not my fortune to know Mr. Hazlitt personally, and it is therefore only as one of the herd of readers that I can pretend to estimate his intellect and to measure its productions. But looking over all that he has effected, his various accumulation of knowledge, the amazing range of subjects, from the most recondite to the most familiar, which he compassed, apparently with so much ease; his exceeding force of thought and fluent aptness of expression; I cannot be surprised at the impression he has left amongst those who knew him well, and who consider that his books alone are not sufficient evidence and mirror of his mind. . . . The faults of Hazlitt have been harshly judged, because they have not been fairly analysed—they arose mostly from an arrogant and lordly sense of superiority. It is to this that I resolve his frequent paradoxes—his bold assertions—his desire to startle. It was the royalty of talent which does not measure its conduct by the maxims of those whom it would rule. He was the last man to play the thrifty with his thoughts—he sent them forth with an insolent ostentation, and cared not much what they shocked or whom they offended. I suspect that half which the unobservant have taken literally, he meant, secretly, in sarcasm. As Johnson in conversation, so Hazlitt in books, pushed his own theories to the extreme, partly to show his power, partly, perhaps, from contempt of the logic of his readers. He wrote rather for himself than others; and often seems to vent all his least assured and most uncertain thoughts—as if they troubled him by the doubts they inspired, and his only anxiety was to get rid of them. He had a keen sense of the Beautiful and the Subtle; and what is more, he was deeply imbued with sympathies for the humane. He ranks high amongst the social writers—his intuitive feeling was in favour of the multitude; yet had he nothing of the demagogue in literature; he did not pander to a single vulgar passion. His intellectual honesty makes him the Dumont of letters even where his fiery eloquence approaches him to the Mirabeau.

JUDGE TALFOURD.

The late Judge Talfourd, in his "Thoughts upon the Intellectual Character of the late William Hazlitt," says:—

The excellence of his essays on character and books differ not so much in degree as in kind from that of all others of their class. There is a weight and substance about them, which makes us feel that, amidst all this nice and dexterous analysis, they are, in no small measure, creations. The quantity of thought which is accumulated upon his favourite subjects, the variety and richness of the illustrations, and the strong sense of beauty and pleasure which pervades and animates the composition, give them a place, if not above, yet apart from the writings of all other essayists. They have not, indeed, the dramatic charm of the old "Spectator" and "Tatler," nor the airy touch with which Addison and Steele skimmed along the surface of many-coloured life; but they disclose the subtle essence of character, and trace the secret springs of the affections with a more learned and penetrating spirit of human dealing than either. The intense interest which he takes in his theme, and which prompts him

to adorn it lavishly with the spoils of many an intellectual struggle, commends it to the feelings as well as the understanding, and makes the thread of his argument seem to us but a fibre of our own moral being.

The events of his true life were the progress and the development of his understanding as nurtured or swayed by his affections. "His warfare was within;" and its spoils are ours! His "thoughts which wandered through eternity" live with us, though the hand which traced them for our benefit is cold. His death, though at the age of only fifty-two, can hardly be deemed untimely. He lived to complete the laborious work in which he sought to embalm his idea of his chosen hero; to see the unhoped-for downfall of the legitimate throne which had been raised on the ruins of the empire; and to open, without exhausting, those stores which he had gathered in his youth. If the impress of his power is not left on the sympathies of a people, it has (all he wished) sunk into minds neither unreflecting nor ungrateful.

GEORGE GILFILLAN.

The Rev. George Gilfillan, in his "Gallery of Literary Portraits," devotes an article to Hazlitt, from which the following is taken:—

Hazlitt's ruling faculty was unquestionably a discriminating intellect. His forte lay in fastening, by sure swift instinct, upon the differential quality of the author, book, or picture, which was the topic of his criticism. . . . The subject of the present sketch was far from destitute of this faculty [imagination]. He had more of it than he himself would believe. But though we have heard him charged, by those who knew nothing about him, with a superabundance of this very quality, his great strength lay neither in imagination nor—to take the word in the German sense—in reason, but in acute and discriminating understanding. Unable to reach the aerial heights of poetry, to grapple with the greater passions of the human soul, or to catch, on immortal canvas, either the features of the human face, the lineaments of nature, or the eloquent passages of history, he has become, nevertheless, through his blended discrimination and enthusiasm, one of our best critics on poetry; and, his enemies themselves being judges, a first-rate, if not unrivalled, connoisseur of painting. Add to this his knowledge of human nature—his deep dissections of life, in all its varieties—his ingenious but imperfect metaphysical aspirations—his memorable points, jutting out in vigorous projection from every page,—the boldness of his paradoxes,—the allusions to his past history, which, like flowers on "murk and haggard rocks," flash on you where you expect them not,—his imagery, chiefly culled from his own experience, or from the pages of the early English dramatists,—his delicious gossip—his passionate panegyrics, bursting out so obviously from the heart,—his criticisms on the drama, the fancy, and every department of the fine arts,—his frequent and vigorous irruptions into more abstruse regions of thought, such as the principles of human action, the Malthusian theory, legislation—pulpit eloquence, and criminal law; and his style, with its point, its terseness, its brilliance, its resistless charm of playful ease, alternating with fierce earnestness, and its rich profusion of poetical quotation,—take all this together, and we have a faint view of the sunny side of his literary character. His faults are,—an occasional ambition to shine—to sparkle—to dazzle,—a fondness for paradox, pushed to a passion,—a lack of simplicity in his more elaborate, and of dignity in his more conversational passages,—a

delight in sudden breaks, marks of admiration, and other convulsive spasms, which we hate, even in a giant,—a play of strong prejudices, too plainly interfering with the dictates of his better judgment,—a taste keen and sensitive, but capricious,—a habit of quoting favourite authors, carried so far as to interfere with the unity, freedom, and force of his own style,—occasional bursts of sheer fustian, like the bright sores of leprosy,—frequent, though petty pilferings from other authors, and, akin to this, a sad trick of stealing from himself, by perpetually repeating the same quotation, the same image, the same thought, or even the same long and laboured passage. Many of these faults arise from his circumstances, as a victim of proscription, and a writer for bread. And his excellences are more than enough to counterbalance them, and form the tombstone of their oblivion.

THE "ATHENÆUM."

The late William Hazlitt never had justice done to him in his lifetime, either by the reading public, by the contemporary spirits with whom he associated, or by himself. Bewildered in the ways of intricate thought—self-willed, passioned and passionate—he passed the tedious martyrdom of his life, suffering in what he thought the just cause of knowledge and truth. Possessed of powers which ought to have placed him in the front ranks of literature, he indulged in prejudices and dazzling intellectual phantasies, and thereby exposed himself to the attacks of those who strove to make him their equal by lowering him. He was a victim, and one of the earliest, to that debasing style of criticism which, within a recent period has broken out in literature, and which may be called *the personal.* Because he thought in a more original and wise way than other men—because he had strong political feelings and prejudices, and asserted them in his writings—because he spoke out with a severe and blunt sincerity on the errors, affectations, and follies of humanity—he was insulted, under the mask of criticism, with the grossest vulgarity and personal abuse.

THE "MONTHLY CHRONICLE."

When Hazlitt shall come to be more generally read—when his exquisite Criticisms on Shakespeare, his Lectures on English Poetry, his Notes on Art and the Drama, and his Characters of his Own Times shall come to be appreciated by the entire public, freed from all mean and unworthy prejudices,—there is little danger that ample honours will be done to his memory in atonement for the neglect and hostility of his contemporaries.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Mr. Henry T. Tuckerman, an accomplished American critic, thus speaks of Hazlitt in his "Characteristics of Literature" (second series, Philadelphia, 1851):—

Hazlitt possessed, in an eminent degree, what we are inclined to believe the most important requisite for true criticism—a great natural relish for all the phases of intellectual life and action. This quality atones for a multitude of deficiencies; for it admits the critic into the heart of his subject, and makes him in earnest in its discussion. There is scarcely a page of Hazlitt which does not betray the influence of strong prejudice, a love of paradoxical views, and a tendency to sacrifice the exact truth of a question to an effective turn of expression. The exigencies of a literary, and

the animosities of political life soon rendered his temper irritable and his moods gloomy—a result aggravated by an extremely sensitive temperament and irregular habits; and to this we must refer a certain bitterness of tone and an occasional petulance and acrimony in his portraits of contemporaries, and even in those critical views of a more general kind, that were uttered on paper, at times of disease, misanthropy, or need. Such drawbacks to the candour of almost any other writer in a department of letters peculiarly demanding tranquil and just investigation, would be fatal to authenticity. Such, however, was the native appetite for truth, such the intense love of beauty, such the fine combination of the sensuous, the imaginative, and the purely intellectual, in the character of this remarkable man, that we know of no critic who so thoroughly imparted to others the sense of his own enjoyment of genius, and made known the process of it, with such marvellous success. It is to this we ascribe his popularity with the young, and the new spirit he infused into the criticism of the day—of the best school of which he is justly considered the founder. In adopting Hazlitt as a type of the critic, therefore, it is not because his opinions are always reliable, his judgment unbiassed, and his taste immaculate; but because, on the whole, his appreciation of literature and art is more wide, discriminating, and earnest, than that of many who, in certain particulars, are vastly superior. The latter trait is one of the rarest and most valuable. Formerly criticism implied the absence of enthusiasm;—a cool survey and patient nomenclature. Hazlitt and his fraternity demonstrate that the way to comprehend a work is to enjoy it, and that just perception is closely allied to sympathy. As we read the glowing tributes to the eloquence, poetry, and artistic talent which Hazlitt has bequeathed, follow his refined analysis of character, and mark the subtle distinctions whereby he separates the resources of nature from the tricks of artifice, we forget his partiality and vindictiveness, his hap-hazard assertions and careless style, in the delight of sharing in the keen relish and profound admiration of the painter, the bard, and the orator, over whose gifts and graces his soul appears to brood with such exquisite pleasure. We recognise the mystery of that vital genius that can make a world partake of its own existence; we awake to a fresh conception of the glory of mental triumphs and the blessedness of those higher sources of gratification which are overlaid by material life. We are conscious of the unity between to know and to love—that the one illustrates the other, and that both are indispensable to the noblest criticism—that which inhales the very atmosphere, seizes on the elementary principles, and discerns the most distant relations of genius in art, and literature, and action.

The boldness of Hazlitt is captivating. He seems persuaded that faint heart never won truth any more than fair lady. In a measure, this intellectual hardihood is owing to his speculative turn of mind, which ranged over books, galleries of art, landscapes, and society, with the freedom and insight of an untrammelled thinker; but in part, also, it may be traced to early influences and associations. . . . The controversial experience of his youth, and his intercourse in manhood with the most accomplished and original minds, gave not only facility to his power of expression, by enriching his vocabulary, but induced quickness of inference, discursive illustrations, and, especially, that pungent vigour and brilliancy that often render his lectures and essays a remarkable union of the colloquial and the didactic in style. Thus, from the study of art, he derived the picturesque element, and from society the genial vivacity which combine to give their peculiar life and freshness to his criticisms. He dilates on an author or a painter as a living reality,

and as though he had just parted company with them, and not only carried away his mind full of their ideas, but his frame charged with their magnetism, which seems to glide from his fingers as he writes, and scintillates with every dash of the pen. Hence the great individuality of his portraits, the familiar air of his communications, and the intimate companionship which his discussion of favourite subjects evinces.

The freedom of Hazlitt's comments upon living authors, both in the journals and lecture-rooms, has often given offence to delicate minds; his political antagonists have repudiated his authority with scorn; and men addicted to the merely artistic and timid phases of literature, seem too much disconcerted by his intrepidity of thought and style to endorse his claims to admiration. To these causes we ascribe the somewhat inconsistent reputation he possesses. It is the natural consequence of originality. If we trace, however, the history of English criticism, we shall find that with Hazlitt began a new era; and whatever may be our opinion of his estimates of individual writers and artists, it must be conceded that his method of treating their productions—that is, with fearless and sympathetic reflection—is an immense advance upon the prescriptive and technical course once in vogue. Indeed, Hazlitt deserves to be considered a reformer in criticism; and at a period when this branch of literature has risen to such importance, this implies no ordinary merit. . . . His metaphysical insight was quite as remarkable as his eye for the picturesque; and to the vigilant watch over his own mental experience—to the study of his own consciousness as affected by passion, truth, and intellectual agencies, he owes, in no small degree, that nicety of view and clearness of impression which he so eloquently unfolds. Indeed, "thinking too precisely" is the cause of most of his errors in opinion, and much of his unhappiness as a man. . . . In its healthier action this metaphysical tendency proved an inspiration. To it we owe the masterly analysis of "Shakespeare's Characters," which, though ostensibly dramatic criticism, is, in point of fact, a work on the philosophy of life and human nature, more suggestive and legitimate than many approved text-books on the subject.

"It is a very good office" we are told, "one man does another when he tells him the manner of his being pleased." And this is an office which no English critic has discharged with the ability of Hazlitt. His introduction of readers to the authors, artists, and characters he loves, is not a piece of conventional formality: nor is it done merely with intelligence and tact, but with an ardour that warms the sympathies, and a directness that compels recognition.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

Mr. Edwin P. Whipple, an American essayist of ability, thus speaks of Hazlitt, in his "Essays and Reviews" (2 vols., Boston, 1851), vol. 2, p. 125:—

The element in which Hazlitt's mind was most genially developed was literature. If he was lacking in love for actual human nature, or viewed men in too intolerant a spirit, his affections clustered none the less intensely around the "beings of the mind." His best friends and companions he found in poetry and romance, and in the world of imagination he lived his most delightful days. As a critic, in spite of the acrimony and prejudice which occasionally dim his insight, he is admirable for acuteness, clearness, and force. His mind pierces and delves into his subject, rather than gracefully comprehends it; but his labours in the mine almost always bring out its riches. Where his sympathies were not perverted by personal feeling or

individual association, where his mind could act uninfluenced by party spirit, his perceptions of truth and beauty were exquisite in their force and refinement. When he dogmatizes his paradoxes evince a clear insight into one element of the truth, and serve as admirable stimulants to thought. His comments on passages of poetry, or traits of character which have struck his own imagination forcibly, are unrivalled for warmth of feeling and colouring. His criticism inspires the reader with a desire to peruse the works to which it refers. It is not often coldly analytical, but glows with enthusiasm and "noble rage." His style is generally sharp and pointed, sparkling with ornament and illustration, but almost altogether deficient in movement. Though many of his opinions are unsound, their unsoundness is hardly calculated to mislead the taste of the reader, from the ease with which it is perceived, and referred to its source, in caprice or a momentary fit of spleen. He is a critic who can give delight and instruction, and infuse into his readers some of his own vehement enthusiasm for letters, without making them participants of his errors and passions.

SIR ARCHIBALD ALISON.

Sir Archibald Alison, in his "History of Europe," thus speaks of Hazlitt:

In critical disquisitions on the leading characters and works of the drama, he is not surpassed in the whole range of English literature; and what in an especial manner commands admiration in their perusal, is the indication of refined taste and chastened reflection which they contain.

MR. JOHNS.

A Funeral Discourse, on the Death of Hazlitt, was delivered by Mr. Johns, pastor of the Unitarian Chapel, Crediton, from which the following is quoted:—

In an age when the general diffusion of knowledge has made it no easy matter for one man to rise greatly above the educated thousands around him, he has been one of those who have achieved the difficult undertaking, and whose thoughts have sparkled upon the topmost waves of the world. He felt it a proud distinction—perhaps he felt it *too* proudly—to be the owner of a luminous and vigorous mind. He could not be reproached with suffering the ploughshare to rust in the generous soil. It was rather his glorious but disastrous error, to suffer that soil too rarely to lie fallow. There was a mean, which he did not, or would not discover; and Study may add *his* name to her long list of martyrs.—But the name of Hazlitt is associated with far nobler recollections. Whatever might be his speculative, whatever his practical errors, he was the fearless, the eloquent, and disinterested advocate of the rights and liberties of man, in every cause and in every clime. His opinions were such as to make him one of a party, whom the brilliant and influential administration, under which he commenced his career, honoured with no small portion of political and personal hatred. And they did not want either means or instruments to make the effects of that hatred felt, even by those who were too haughty to show any pain, "when the sword had pierced through their souls." As far as I am acquainted with his personal history, he escaped the harsher measures which involved so many of his political allies. He was neither prosecuted, fined, nor incarcerated. But these were the lightest and briefest of the evils which *they* experienced, though, to the common eye, they might appear the

heaviest and the worst. The most active prosecution, which the government could excite against them, was far less lastingly prejudicial and painful than the cloud of silent obloquy in which it found means to involve their opinions and their leaders, and from the effects of which no time or change could redeem them. . . .

These assertions and insinuations, enforced by the speaking-trumpet of an ascendant faction, made it once a dangerous and a daring thing for any man to avow himself the partizan of liberty and reform. *Now*, my brethren, the case is widely altered. The hearts of nations have been touched—their minds have been enlightened—their voices have been lifted and heard. But there *was* a time when he who dared to advocate those principles was overwhelmed with a foaming deluge of obloquy and opprobrium. The step was, of itself, almost enough to blast his public hopes, and his private fame. Detraction followed him—Derision went with him—and Persecution lay in ambush before him. Let us, therefore, my brethren, look back with honour upon the few, who once lifted the sacred standard of Liberty, amid the "fiery darts of the wicked" and of the world. Praise to their living names, and peace to their solemn graves! Whatever else they may have done, or left undone, for *this*, at least they deserve the gratitude of their kind. That gratitude, indeed, must soon be lost in oblivion. Those names, now bright as the sunset cloud, will grow darker and darker as the evening draws on, and be lost at length in the majesty of night. Posterity cannot remember the names of its benefactors; but that which is the misfortune of after ages would be the crime of the present. It is ours, my brethren—our duty and our prerogative—to hang a fading wreath, or to breathe a passing requiem, over the memories of those, who, in evil times, advocated a perilous but glorious cause; who bore the colours in the infant ranks of Freedom; and who, wherever they rest, should rest in *our* imaginations, with those colours wrapped round them, under which they fell.

"THE EDINBURGH REVIEW."

It was his fortune to associate much in life with stronger and more original minds than his own. Among his intimates, at different periods, were some of the very first among modern critics; and while Lamb was too quaint, and Coleridge too cloudy, and both too indolent, to lay before the public mind in a familiar shape the results of their own powerful conceptions, Hazlitt possessed talents which eminently fitted him for the task of acting as interpreter between those more exquisite wits and the great body of the public. There is something peculiarly familiar, and as it were encouraging to the meanest capacity, in his mode of introducing a subject. His style has the spirit and flow of animated conversation—his diction is pure, manly, and intelligible, though occasionally disfigured by affectation. He is fond, as the most superficial reader will easily observe, of enforcing a sentiment by rhetorical iteration; and sometimes overlays it by bringing too great a body of allusion and metaphor to its support. But this defect, if such it be, seldom leads him, as it does most writers who indulge in it, into obscurity. On the contrary, his meaning seems always more clearly brought out in every additional trope or parallel instance by which it is illustrated. He never appears to speak to the initiated—to the learned few, who might apprehend him at a word. He addresses himself to the mixed multitude—the theatrical amateur, the newspaper reader, or the man of business—to whom poems and plays seem only as an occasional stimulus or an occasional relief for the mind. He is, in short—and surely it is no slight praise, amidst the prevalent taste for affected obscurity and mysterious no meanings—the

plainest and clearest of critical writers. All these were attributes which peculiarly qualified him for the task of expounding, in written or oral lectures, those principles of taste and critical judgment which we believe him to have adopted rather than discovered.

With these scanty observations we must take our leave, not without regret, of a writer to whom we are indebted for many an hour pleasantly and thoughtfully filled; and to whom our recollections cling with more attachment, perhaps, than to others who have graver and more imposing claims on our admiration—a writer with whose reputation fashion has hitherto had little to do—who is even now more read than praised, more imitated than extolled, and whose various productions still interest many who care and know little about the author. This is partly owing to his position, or rather his want of definite position, in the world of letters. Hazlitt remained all his life like Johnson, and others nearly as great as he, a miscellaneous writer by profession. And he cannot be said to have been unsuccessful in his vocation, since, as his son informs us, his receipts derived from that source averaged from £600 to £800 a year. But such success is indeed a wretched compensation for the toils and disappointments of that most unenviable occupation. This class of dependants on public favour for support—men who have neither *status* nor employment out of literature, and no assignable character in it—who are neither poets nor novelists, historians nor philosophers, but simply writers—is perhaps the peculiar product of an age of much leisure and refinement. France has even a larger proportion of such irregular troops in her literary hosts than England—partly because the supply in that country may be said to exceed the demand—the facilities of literary education being such as to overstock the market with labourers; and partly because France is a country in which there is less of life and industry, and furnishes fewer by-ways by which an unattached man of letters, tired of following the rear of the army without procuring occupation in any permanent corps, may slip aside into some more profitable employment. The influence which they exercise on the public mind is great; and some of them attain, in their day, to a splendid although temporary celebrity. But these are but few; the life of the happiest is embittered by a consciousness of wasted talents and unsatisfied ambition; the great body, in addition to these common evils, have to struggle against the daily anxieties of a precarious existence. It is a wearisome lot at best; and the world, by selecting those who embrace it as the legitimate objects of traditional sneer and raillery, does not much contribute to raise their spirits, or soften their discontent. That Hazlitt had talents for no common undertakings, few who are well acquainted with his writings will dispute. But before he had, as it were, taken measure of his powers, and learnt to set his hopes of fame and success patiently on one determined cast, the golden opportunity was already gone by. Ere his judgment had yet matured itself, he was plunged deep in the vicious habits of that idly literary life (if it were not a paradox so to term a condition which is often intensely laborious) which he pursued for the remainder of his days—a moral essayist, with little opportunity for comprehensive observation and knowledge of life—a literary critic, without much depth of literature, except within narrow limits of time and language—a metaphysician, the strong bent of whose mind towards that subtle study was little seconded by habits of close reasoning or patient investigation. To all these various employments he brought one qualification—a light, discursive, active intellect, always capable of making out a plausible case in terse language, and of sometimes hitting on a discovery; but wanting in that force and concentration by which alone great things are effected. He had no leisure to trea-

sure up thoughts for posterity, since he was compelled to commit all, as soon as they were born, to leaves as volatile as those of the Sibyl—*rapidis ludibria ventis*—not those only which flowed spontaneously, but those which, as he often complained, were wrung out with pain and difficulty to meet the exigencies of the hour. Under such disadvantages, the wonder is, not that he has not achieved all which his over-zealous panegyrists appear inclined to attribute to him, but that he has made himself a name in literature at all—a name which will retain a share of its popularity while terse and sententious expression, variety of thought, and vigorous home truths, mixed with the paradoxes and refinement of a subtler philosophy, continue to please and interest the ordinary reader.—"*Edinburgh Review*;" *Article on "Hazlitt's Literary Remains."* 1837. *Vol.* 64, *p.* 409.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

We are not apt to imbibe half opinions, or to express them by halves; we shall, therefore, say at once that when Mr. Hazlitt's taste and judgment are left to themselves, we think him among the best, if not the very best, living critic on our national literature. His varied and healthful perceptions of truth and beauty, of falsehood and deformity, have a clearness, a depth, and a comprehensiveness, that have rarely been equalled. They appear to come to him by intuition; and he conveys the impression of them to others with a vividness and precision that cannot be surpassed. But his genius is one that will not be "constrained by mastery." When, in spite of himself, his prejudice or habits of general feeling interfere, and attempt to shackle or bias its movements, it deserts him at once.—*A. Z. in "Blackwood's Magazine," April*, 1818, *p.* 75.

"THE LONDON MAGAZINE."

With a comprehension of innate character, absolutely unequalled by any of his contemporaries—with a finer and more philosophical taste than any other critic on poetry and art whose name we can cite—with an intense feeling of the pathetic, the pure, the sublime, in quality, action, and form—he is not, we think, by any means done full justice to by people at large, and he has even laid himself, in some measure, open to a series of abuse, as weak as base, but which he might easily have deprived of the shadow of plausibility, and thus done a service both to himself and the public. . .

The series of discourses, delivered during several seasons, at the Surrey Institution, include a set of topics of the highest possible national as well as literary interest, and comprehends a body of criticism, equally exalted by the integrity and depth of its principles, and the glory and genius of those to whose works it is applied. Our author's manner of commenting on the great writers, that come under his examination, is precisely that which Gibbon described as the best of all others—most worthy of the memory of departed genius, and giving the most undoubted testimony to the sincerity with which it is admired. He catches the mantles of those whose celestial flights he regards with devout, but undazzled eye. He lives in their time, becomes animated with their feelings, and conveys to us their spirit, in its unsullied freshness and unquenched fire. Nothing that is common-place or unmeaning—none of the expletives of criticism—enter into his discourses: he never "bandies idle words:" the source of true beauty, the soul of poetical life, the hidden charm, the essential principle of power and efficacy, the original feature, the distinguishing property—to these his sagacity and taste are drawn, as it were by instinct, and with these only he meddles in his expositions. There is a fervour, too, in his language, which must, we should think, have a contagious influence on the minds of his hearers: he

is evidently a true worshipper of the divinity at whose altar he officiates, and nothing is so catching as zeal. He summonses back the past, and places it before us in the brightness of a vision; he calls up the musical echos of its finest nanies, and listens to them himself in entranced delight. He chases from our hearts sordid, vain, and presumptuous sentiments, by humiliating us before the august image of departed genius and magnanimity. He renders us ashamed of ourselves, and of to-day, by spreading out before our eyes the great scroll of fame, and overwhelming us with its mighty volume. But what we lose as individuals, we seem to regain in a higher idea of our kind, and are not displeased to sacrifice the narrow point on which we stand, and which is fast crumbling from under our feet, for the assurance we receive, that "dark oblivion" does not close over the line of generations.—"*London Magazine*," *Vol.* 1, *p.* 185; "*Review of Hazlitt's Lectures on the Literature of the age of Elizabeth.*"

Hazlitt's "Table Talk" contains some of the most valuable of those treasures which its author has produced from his vast stores of feeling and of thought. Admirable as his critical powers are, he is, perhaps, most felicitous when he discusses things rather than books—when he analyses social manners, or fathoms the depths of the heart—or gives passionate sketches of the history of his own past being. We are acquainted with no other living writer who can depict the intricacies of human character with so firm and masterly a hand—who can detect, with so fine an intuition, the essences of opinion and prejudice—or follow, with so unerring a skill, the subtle windings of the deepest affections.

The most distinguishing quality of Mr. Hazlitt's essays is that which makes them, in a great degree, creations. They have in them a body of feeling and of wisdom rarely to be found in the works of a professed observer. They do not merely guide us in our estimate of the works of others, or unravel the subtleties of habit, or explain the mysteries of the heart; but they give us pieces of sentiment in themselves worthy of a high place in the chambers of memory. He clothes abstract speculations with human thoughts, hopes, and fears. He embodies the shadowy, and brings the distant home to the bosom. If he gives a character of a favourite book, he not merely analyses its beauties, but makes us partakers of the first impression it left on his own heart, recalling some of the most precious moments of his existence, and engrafting them into our own. . . .

There is no other critic who thus makes his comments part of ourselves for ever after, as is the poet's sweetest verse, or the novelist's most vivid fiction. His hearty manner of bringing before us the finest characters of romance, as Don Quixote, Parson Adams, Lovelace, Clarissa, and Sir Charles Grandison, has stamped them with a more assured reality than they had to us before he wrote. There is the same *substantiality*, or even more, in his metaphysical speculations, and in his remarks on men and things. In the first, if he does not, like Rousseau, puzzle us amidst flowery paths and thickets of freshest green; or, like Coleridge, bewilder us in golden mazes; still less does he, like the tribe of philosophers, lead us up a steep and stony ascent, to a cold eminence above the mists of error and the warmth of humanity. He not only defines the dim verge of the horizon of our being, but fills all the foreground with busy hope, with stately recollection, with forms of old and undying love. He puts a heart into his abstrusest theories. No other writer mingles so much sturdiness with so much pathos; or makes us feel so well the strength of the most delicate affections. He estimates human nature in all its height, and breadth, and depth. He does not, with some who regard themselves as the only philanthropists, think of it as mighty, only in reference to certain glittering

dreams of its future progress; but takes into his account all it *is* and *has been*.—"*London Magazine*," *Vol.* 3, *p.* 545; "*Review of Hazlitt's Table Talk, or Original Essays.*"

Perhaps there is no living writer who combines so much fancy and occasional pathos with qualities of a more stern and logical cast as he does; and we believe, that no one ever ventured to consult his own nature more closely than himself, or to display with greater truth the treasures derived from such investigation. The vanity of men in general prevents their "looking at home" for information: they would rather consult the structure of their neighbours' minds than their own, and they are consequently content to sit down with but half of the knowledge which they might otherwise acquire.—"*London Magazine*," *Vol.* 3, *p.* 431.

"TAIT'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE."

Take him for all in all, we consider Hazlitt as the most hardly-treated man of genius of modern times. Calumniated and maligned to the top of their bent by all tribes and denominations of the servile, and imperfectly understood by the multitude, he did not in his lifetime enjoy even the small kindly services and active zeal of the literary coterie to which he was understood to belong. He was with them, but scarcely of them—a sectarian, attached personally to no sect. We question if they knew his full value, or felt that intellectual superiority to one and all of them which the world begins tardily to perceive. . . . His writings consist of essays on morals, politics, and philosophy, and on Life in the largest and most emphatic sense of that comprehensive and awful term; and of criticism upon painting, poetry, and refined literature—such criticism as the world never had before dreamed of. With Hazlitt criticism is not so much an art cultivated, as a new and beautiful species of literature created; and one ministering wholly to refined enjoyment. He has done far more to open up the pages of Shakspeare and the old poets to the multitude, than all former critics and commentators. He has given us the true key—in the *new*, the real reading; translated their antique text into the vernacular, set their poetry and their passion to exquisite music, and taught us to revive the old drama for ourselves by our firesides after the theatre had failed us. He is less a critic than an illustrator, and less an illustrator than an enthusiastic panegyrist, whose eulogium is the spontaneous, unstrained overflow of an exquisite perception, and of intense sympathy with the beauties upon which he expatiates. If we may not at times be disposed to acquiesce in the justness of his criticisms or illustrations, we rarely miss to feel, as it were by reflection, the power and charm of his discoveries to his own earnest mind, and to joy in his joy. Yet these glowing commentaries—this letting in of richly-coloured light upon the pages of Shakspeare, Milton, Spenser, and a cluster of consecrated names—is not, to our thinking, the chief merit of Hazlitt. Higher far do we prize his musing and moralizing upon the varied and complex play of human life, and its strife of passions; those incidental allusions to his individual experiences, his hopes, and chagrins, and pathetic reminiscences, and those partial revealings of the warfare within, of which the passionate earnestness bears away whatever, in an inferior mind, might seem egotism or affectation.—"*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*," 1836. "*The Writings of Hazlitt.*"

"NORTH BRITISH REVIEW."

Hazlitt, if he lacked Lamb's quaintness and ethereal humour, and Hunt's fancifulness, possessed a robust and passionate faculty which gave him a distinct place in the literature of his time. His feelings were keen

and deep. The French Revolution seemed to him—in common with Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge—in its early stages an authentic angel rising with a new morning for the race upon its forehead; and when disappointment came, and when his friends sought refuge in the old order of things, he, loyal to his youthful hope, stood aloof, hating them almost as renegades; and never ceasing to give utterance to his despair: "I started in life with the French Revolution," he tells us; "and I have lived, alas! to see the end of it. My sun arose with the first dawn of liberty, and I did not think how soon both must set. We were strong to run a race together, and I little dreamed that, long before mine was set, the sun of liberty would turn to blood, or sink once more in the night of despotism. Since then, I confess, I have no longer felt myself young, for with that my hopes fell." This was the central bitterness in Hazlitt's life; but around it were grouped lesser and more personal bitternesses. His early ambition was to be a painter, and in that he failed. Coleridge was the man whom he admired most in all the world, in whose genius he stood, like an Arcadian shepherd in an Arcadian sunrise, full of admiration,—every sense absorbed in that of sight; and that genius he was fated to see coming to nothing. Then he was headstrong, violent, made many enemies, was the object of cruel criticism, his financial affairs were never prosperous, and in domestic matters he is not understood to have been happy. He was a troubled and exasperated man, and this exasperation is continually breaking out in his writings. Deeply wounded in early life, he carried the smart with him to his death-bed. And in his Essays and other writings it is almost pathetic to notice how he clings to the peaceful images which the poets love; how he reposes in their restful lines; how he listens to the bleating of the lamb in the fields of imagination. He is continually quoting Sidney's Arcadian image of the *shepherd-boy under the shade, piping as he would never grow old*,—as if the recurrence of the image to his memory brought with it silence, sunshine, and waving trees. Hazlitt had a strong metaphysical turn; he was an acute critic in poetry and art, but he wrote too much, and he wrote too hurriedly. When at his best, his style is excellent, concise, sinewy,—laying open the stubborn thought as the sharp ploughshare the glebe; while at other times, it wants edge and sharpness, and the sentences resemble the impressions of a seal which has been blunted with too frequent use. His best Essays are, in a sense, autobiographical, because in them he recalls his enthusiasms and the passionate hopes on which he fed his spirit. The Essay entitled, "My First Acquaintance with Poets," is full of memorable passages. To Hazlitt, Coleridge was a divinity. They walked from Wem to Shrewsbury on a winter day, Coleridge talking all the while; and Hazlitt recalls it after the lapse of years: "A sound was in my ears as of a syren's song: I was stunned, startled with it as from deep sleep; but I had no notion then that I should ever be able to express my admiration to others in motley imagery and quaint allusion, till the light of his genius shone into my soul like the sun's rays glittering in the puddles of the road. . . . My soul has indeed remained in its original bondage,—dark, obscure, with longings infinite and unsatisfied; my heart, shut up in the prison-house of this rude clay, has never found, nor will it ever find, a heart to speak to; but that my understanding also did not remain dumb and brutish, or at length found a language to express itself, I owe to Coleridge." This testimony, from a man like Hazlitt, to the worth of Coleridge's talk is interesting, and contrasts strangely, with Carlyle's description of it, when, in later years, the silvery-haired sage looked down on the smoky London from Highgate. Nor is it without its moral. Talk, which in his early day came like a dawn upon another mind, illumi-

nating dark recesses, kindling intellectual life, revealing itself to itself,—became, through personal indulgence and the will's infirmity, mere glittering mists in which men were lost. Hazlitt's other Essay, on the "Pleasures of Painting," is quite as personal as the one to which we have referred, and is perhaps the finest thing he has written. It is full of the love and the despair of art. He tells how he was engaged for blissful days in painting a portrait of his father: how he imitated as best he could the rough texture of the skin, and the blood circulating beneath; how, when it was finished, he sat on a chair opposite, and with wild thoughts enough in his head, looked at it through the long evenings; how with a throbbing heart he sent it to the Exhibition, and saw it hung up there by the side of a portrait "of the Honourable Mr. Skeffington (now Sir George)." Then he characteristically tells us, "that he finished the portrait on the same day that the news of the battle of Austerlitz came: I walked out in the afternoon, and as I returned, saw the evening star set over a poor man's cottage, with other thoughts and feelings than I shall ever have again. Oh, for the revolution of the great Platonic year, that these times might come over again! I could sleep out the three hundred and sixty-five thousand intervening years very contentedly." He was a passionate, melancholy, keen-feeling, and disappointed man; and those portions of his Essays are the least valuable where his passion and his disappointment break out into spleen or irritability, just as those portions are the most valuable where bitter feelings are transfused into poetry by memory and imagination. With perhaps more intellectual, certainly with more passionate force, than either Lamb or Hunt, Hazlitt's Essays are, as a whole, inferior to theirs; but each contains passages, which not only they, but any man, might be proud to have written.—"*North British Review*," 1862, *vol.* 37. *Article* "*Essayists, Old and New*," *p.* 141,

HAZLITT AS A LITERARY CRITIC.

William Hazlitt we regard, all things considered, as the first of the regular critics in this nineteenth century, surpassed by several in some one particular quality or acquisition, but superior to them all, in general force, originality, and independence. With less scholarship considerably than Hunt or Southey, he has more substance than either; with less of Lamb's fineness and nothing of his subtle humour, he has a wider grasp and altogether a more manly cast of intellect. He has less liveliness and more smartness than Jeffrey, but a far profounder insight into the mysteries of poesy, and apparently a more genial sympathy with common life. Then, too, what freshness in all his writings, "wild wit, invention ever new:" for although he disclaims having any imagination, he certainly possessed creative talent and fine ingenuity. Most of his essays are, as has been well remarked, "original creations," not mere homilies or didactic theses, so much as a new illustration from experience and observation of great truths coloured and set off by all the brilliant aids of eloquence, fancy, and the choicest stores of accumulation. . . . .

As a literary critic, we think Hazlitt may be placed rather among the independent judges of original power, than among the trained critics of education and acquirements. He relies almost entirely on individual impressions and personal feeling, thus giving a charm to his writings, quite apart from, and independent of, their purely critical excellences. Though he has never published an autobiography (the "Liber Amoris" can hardly be called an exception), yet all of his works are, in a certain sense, confessions. He pours out his feelings on a theme of interest to him, and treats the impulses of his

heart and the movements of his mind as historical and philosophical data. Though he almost invariably trusts himself, he is almost as invariably in the right. For, as some are born poets, so he, too, was born a critic, with no small infusion of the poetic character. Analytic judgment (of the very finest and rarest kind), and poetic fancy naturally rich, and rendered still more copious and brilliant by the golden associations of his life, early intercourse with honourable poets, and a most appreciative sympathy with the master-pieces of poesy. Admirable as a genial critic on books and men, of manners and character, of philosophical systems and theories of taste and art, yet he is more especially the genuine critic in his favourite walks of art and poesy; politics and the true literature of real life—the domestic novels, the drama, and the belles lettres.

We shall not now stop to enumerate in detail the distinctive traits of this master, beyond a mere mention of his most striking qualities as a writer. As a descriptive writer, in his best passages, he ranks with Burke and Rousseau, in delineation of sentiment, and a rich rhetorical vein, he has whole pages worthy of Taylor or Lord Bacon There is nothing in Macaulay, for profound gorgeous declamation, superior to the character of Coleridge, or of Milton, or of Burke, or of a score of men of genius whose portraits he has painted with love and with power. In pure criticism who has done so much for the novelists, the essayists, writers of comedy; for the old dramatists and elder poets? Lamb's fine notes are mere notes—Coleridge's improvised criticisms are merely fragmentary, while if Hazlitt has borrowed their opinions in some cases, he has made much more of them than they could have done themselves. Coleridge was a poet; Lamb, an humorist. To neither of these characters had Hazlitt any fair pretensions, for with all his fancy he had a metaphysical understanding (a bad ground for the tender plant of poesy to flourish in), and to wit and humour he laid no claim, being too much in earnest to indulge in pleasantry and jesting—though he has satiric wit at will and the very keenest sarcasm. Many of his papers are prose satires, while in others there are to be found exquisite *jeux d'esprit*, delicate banter, and the purest intellectual refinements upon works of wit and humour. In all, however, the critical quality predominates, be the form that of essay, criticism, sketch, biography, or even travels —*W. A. Jones;* "*Essays upon Authors and Books,*" *New York*, 1849.

[The article from which the above is taken originally appeared in the *Democratic Review*, August, 1846, under the title of "Critics and Criticisms of the 19th Century." Mr. Jones is favourably known as a contributor to American periodical literature; and spoken of by his contemporaries as a writer evincing a "sharp, critical acumen, sound common sense, and general felicity of expression."]

BARRY CORNWALL'S RECOLLECTIONS OF HAZLITT.

He had, perhaps, little imagination or humour, though he had a keen sense of them in others: but his critical powers, when they were unfettered, and there was no personal dislike in the way, were second to none; and that he could probe a subject to its depths, and deal with questions of almost every kind, his volumes of essays and criticisms abundantly testify. He was not only a critic on poetry and painting (both of which he understood and traced up to their subtlest beauties), but he was also a metaphysical writer of power, and one of the most acute observers of men and manners that ever lived. His style, when he chose, was firm and clear, but he did not disdain ornament. Sometimes, indeed, he would cull all the flowers of rhetoric, and scatter his quotations freely; but this was for popularity's sake or from carelessness, not from poverty; for, even when he

wandered farthest from simplicity, his matter was always valuable. The reader will find, amidst the filigree in which he chose sometimes to set his thoughts, morsels of pure and solid gold. If anyone, on rising from the perusal of Hazlitt's essays and criticism, should declare that he had obtained little or nothing from them, it is clear that the fault would not lie with the author. His books are full of wisdom. . . .

Besides he was always for a man having fair play at one time or another. Let *him* have fair play now. He resembled, it is true, all persons who meet in hostility; he sometimes saw only the adverse face of his enemies, as his enemies saw nothing but what was objectionable in him. But that he could cast aside all political feeling, all personal animosity, and do justice to the partisans of an opposite faction, is evident. There is no one who has given a greater measure of praise to the writings of Mr. Wordsworth and Sir Walter Scott than he. No one has said such fine things of the unprofitable genius of Mr. Coleridge. The reputation of Mr. Wordsworth, in fact, is most indebted (next to the poet's own talents) to the criticism of Mr. Hazlitt; if he had his interlunar moments, he had many bright periods also, when he was candid, generous, and impartial. . . .

Half his life was employed in warring against what he considered as prejudices, in establishing truths, advocating the popular cause, and reviving the almost extinct fame of unjustly-neglected writers. He admired the old English authors, both in prose and verse. He had less respect for the moderns; perhaps this might be because he had studied them less. He did not think slightly of Shakspeare, as Lord Byron did, nor sneer at him as an "uncultivated genius." On the contrary, he thought that he was worth a century of Lord Byrons; that he had as much method and more wit, and a hundred times the wisdom, and delicacy, and genius, of that splenetic poet. Amongst his contemporaries, he knew and admired the writings of Wordsworth; the talents of Coleridge; and (I think beyond all else) the novels of Sir Walter Scott. . . .

The last paper which Hazlitt ever wrote appeared in the "New Monthly Magazine" for August last, and was entitled "The Sick Chamber." His admirers will derive a melancholy pleasure from referring to it. He was shortly afterwards taken ill, and died at his lodgings in Frith-street, in the early part of September. I saw him (once only) as he lay, ghastly, shrunk, and helpless, on the bed from which he never afterwards arose. His mind seemed to have weathered all the dangers of extreme sickness, and to be safe and as strong as ever. But the physical portion had endured sad decay. He could not lift his hand from the coverlid; and his voice was changed and diminished to a hoarse whistle, resembling a faint scream that I have heard from birds. I never was so sensible of the power of Death before. He has overthrown greater men. But the mere history of death and sickness does not suggest the same awful reflections as the actual *visible* image of a man gasping and struggling (in vain!) on the threshold of the grave. He is dead—and with him died strong intellect, powerful passions, fine taste, and many rare qualities. No one is all evil or good. Perhaps the real distinctions between men are slenderer than we generally imagine. He had faults; but he was incomparably superior (in acuteness of mind and honesty of purpose) to what his enemies supposed or asserted. Let them believe thus much, on the faith of this assertion, now that he is gone!* . . .

It has been supposed that Hazlitt was dogmatical and fond of controversy, and that he resented any opposition to his opinions. This is an

* It has been said that Hazlitt died forsaken and in poverty. *This is not the fact.* He was as well off as he generally was; and he had friends who provided all that was necessary for him, and stood by him to the last.

error. He liked *discussion*—fair, free talk, upon subjects that interested him; but few men ever yielded more readily to argument, for few ever sought truth more sincerely. He had no overweening sense of his own superiority; indeed, as far as I could perceive, he was utterly without vanity. He was very candid, and would hear his own opinions canvassed with the utmost patience: I mean, if one took a proper opportunity; for he had his deaf hour like most others. . . .

In his conversation he was plain, amusing, convincing. There was nothing of the ambitious or florid style, which is sometimes perceptible in his writings. He was rarely eloquent. Once or twice, when stung by some pertinacious controversialist, I have known him exhibit eloquent and impetuous declamation, but in general he used the most familiar phrases, and made truth, rather than triumph, the object of discussion. He enjoyed anecdotes illustrative of character, spoke pithily upon occasion, and, when in good spirits and good humour, was the most delightful gossip in the world! . . .

I am no politician; and I do not, therefore, venture to acquiesce in or dissent from his political opinions. I differed with him (materially, indeed) as to the good qualities of certain existing individuals, and, in some respects, as to the quality of their writings. But in regard to the *dead*—the poets and painters of past ages—his judgment appeared to me to be almost unerring; and as an essayist recording his observations upon men and manners, I do not know that he has left his equal.—"*My Recollections of the late William Hazlitt*," *in* "*New Monthly Magazine*," *Vol.* 29, 1830, *attributed to Barry Cornwall.*

HAZLITT'S PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

The truth is, that for depth, force, and variety of intellectual expression, a finer head and face than Hazlitt's were never seen. I speak of them when his countenance was not dimmed and obscured by illness, or clouded and deformed by those fearful indications of internal passion which he never even attempted to conceal. The expression of Hazlitt's face, when anything was said in his presence that seriously offended him, or when any peculiarly painful recollection passed across his mind, was truly awful—more so than can be conceived as within the capacity of the human countenance; except, perhaps, by those who have witnessed Edmund Kean's last scene of "Sir Giles Overreach" from the front of the pit. But when he was in good health, and in a tolerable humour with himself and the world, his face was more truly and entirely answerable to the intellect that spoke through it than any other I ever saw, either in life or on canvas; and its crowning portions, the brow and forehead, was, to my thinking, quite unequalled for mingled capacity and beauty. For those who desire a more particular description, I will add, that Hazlitt's features, though not cast in any received classical mould, were regular in their formation, perfectly consonant with each other, and so finely "chiselled" (as the phrase is) that they produced a much more prominent and striking effect than their scale of size might have led one to expect. The forehead, as I have hinted, was magnificent; the nose precisely that (combining strength with lightness and elegance) which physiognomists have assigned as evidence of a fine and highly cultivated taste; though there was a peculiar character about the nostrils, like that observable in those of a fiery and unruly horse. The mouth, from its ever-changing form and character, could scarcely be described, except as to its astonishingly varied power of expression, which was equal to and greatly resembled that of Edmund Kean. His eyes, I should say, were not good. They were never brilliant, and there was a furtive, and at times

a sinister look about them, as they glanced suspiciously from under their overhanging brows, that conveyed a very unpleasant expression to those who did not know him. And they were seldom directed frankly and fairly towards you; as if he were afraid that you might read in them what was passing in his mind concerning you. His head was nobly formed and placed, with (until the last few years of his life) a profusion of coal-black hair, richly curled, and his person was of the middle height, rather slight, but well-formed and put together.—*P. G. Patmore; "My Friends and Acquaintance."* 1854. *Vol. 2, p.* 302.

The following epitaph was inscribed on a tombstone raised over Hazlitt's grave by an old and warmly-attached friend:—

HERE RESTS

WILLIAM HAZLITT,

Born April 10th, 1778. Died 18th September, 1830.
He lived to see his deepest wishes gratified,
as he expressed them in his Essay
"On the Fear of Death."
Viz.:
"To see the downfall of the Bourbons,
And some prospect of good to mankind:"
(Charles X.
was driven from France 29th July, 1830.)
"To leave some sterling work to the world:"
(He lived to complete his "Life of Napoleon")
His desire
That some friendly hand should consign
him to the grave, was accomplished to a
limited but profound extent; on
these conditions he was ready to depart,
and to have inscribed on his tomb,
"Grateful and Contented."
He was
The first (unanswered) Metaphysician of the age.
A despiser of the merely Rich and Great:
A lover of the People, Poor or Oppressed;
A hater of the Pride and Power of the Few,
as opposed to the happiness of the Many;
A man of true Moral Courage,
Who sacrificed Profit and present Fame
To Principle,
And a yearning for the good of Human Nature.
Who was a burning wound to an Aristocracy,
That could not answer him before men,
And who may confront him before their Maker.
He lived and died
The unconquered Champion
of
Truth, Liberty, and Humanity,
"Dubiantes opera legite."
This stone
is raised by one whose heart is
with him in his grave.

A Chronological List of the Writings of William Hazlitt, with Explanations and Opinions.

An Essay on the Principles of Human Action: being an argument in favour of the Natural Disinterestedness of the Human Mind. To which are added some remarks on the Systems of Hartley and Helvetius. 1805.

["The only thing I ever piqued myself upon was the writing the 'Essay on the Principles of Human Action.'"—*Essay "On Great and Little Things," in "Table Talk," Vol. 2, p.* 170.

"A work of great ability."—*Sir James Mackintosh.*

"Mr. Hazlitt has also left behind him an early work, entitled 'An Essay on the Principles of Human Action;' little known, and rarely to be met with, but full of original remarks, and worthy a diligent perusal."—*E. L. Bulwer; "England and the English."*

. . . "The noble subtleties of Mr. Hazlitt's eloquent and ingenious 'Essay on the Principle of Human Action.'"—*London Magazine.* 1821. *Vol.* 3. *"On Pulpit Oratory," p.* 307.

"*D.* I have the book in the closet, and if you like, we will turn to the place. It is after that burst of enthusiastic recollection (the only one in the book) that Southey said at the time was something between the manner of Milton's prose works and Jeremy Taylor.

"*B.* Ah! I as little thought then that I should ever be set down as a florid prose writer as that he would become poet laureate."—*"Self-Love and Benevolence; a Dialogue" in "Sketches and Essays," by William Hazlitt, now first collected by his Son.* 1839. *Page* 145.

This essay was reprinted in 1836, considerably improved, from marginal corrections in the author's copy, with the addition of an Essay on "Abstract Ideas." An account of this work, under the title of "Hazlitt's First Essay," will be found in the *Monthly Repository* for 1835, page 480, written by Mr. R. H. Horne, author of "Exposition of the False Medium," &c., from which the following passage is taken:—"The idea of this work originated in his reflections on a speech which Mirabeau, the accredited author of the 'Système de la Nature,' has put into the mouth of a supposed infidel at the day of judgment; and the first rough draft or outline of the plan of his essay was made at the age of eighteen, an instance of early development of the reasoning powers that has few parallels in history. He had previously, however, written several brief metaphysical treatises as studies; and it appears, from certain letters of remonstrance on his part, that his father entertained objections to his engaging his mind in speculations of so abstruse and important a nature at such an age. These objections seem to have been eventually overruled by subsequent letters, in one of which he enters into an explanation of the plan and purpose of his argument in the projected essay. But the work itself was the laboured production of eight years, and was not published till 1805, the author being then twenty-six years of age."

"His first production, published anonymously, and entitled 'An Essay on the Principles of Human Action,' sprang, as we have said, from his early and solitary studies. And this probably led its author to speak of it at all times, with parental pride, as his best. Certainly it is a shrewd and ingenious essay; but, without entering into its pretensions, as a defence of the natural benevolence of the human mind, its style—dry, stiff, and rigid, resembling rather the hard and sapless writings of Mill or Austen, than the soft flow of Dugald Stewart, or the rainbow radiance overhanging the dark metaphysic gulf of Brown—prevented altogether its popularity, but did not blind the sharp and candid eye of Sir James Mackintosh from perceiving its merits, even amid the enervating heat of Hindostan, and testifying it in a way most gratifying to its author's feelings. As it is, not a thousand persons have probably ever seen or heard of it. It rests on the same forgotten shelf with two still more original and powerful metaphysical treatises, Sir William Drummond's 'Academical

Questions,' and John Fearn's 'Essay on Consciousness,' first written on slips of bark, in the intervals of severe sickness, as the author sailed down the Ganges."—"*Gallery of Literary Portraits,*" *by George Gilfillan.*]

Free Thoughts on Public Affairs. 1806.

[This pamphlet excited considerable attention "by the power of its language and the warm spirit of freedom which it manifested."]

An Abridgment of the Light of Nature Revealed, by Abraham Tucker, Esq., originally published in seven volumes, under the name of Edward Search, Esq. 1807.

[Hazlitt in his preface to this work (page vii.) thus speaks of the great pains and labour bestowed upon it: "As to the pains and labour it has cost me, or the time I have devoted to it, I shall say nothing. However, if any one should be scrupulous on that head, I might answer, as Sir Joshua Reynolds is said to have done to some person who cavilled at the price of a picture, and desired to know how long he had been doing it—'All my life.'"

"This fine work, which amidst all the abstruseness of the most subtle Metaphysical disquisition, is as familiar as Montaigne, and as wild and entertaining as John Buncle, extends in its original shape to seven large volumes. These my father, with consummate judgment and ability, managed to reduce into the compass of one moderate sized tome, without subjecting the greater work to any particular loss of its valuable matter. This was effected by carefully expunging the endless repetitions, and restricting the perpetual digressions which swell out the original work to its cumbrous and appalling bulk; while at the same time all the singular turns of thought and striking illustrations, of which the author had such a liberal command, are given nearly in an entire state."—*Biographical Sketch by his Son, in "The Literary Remains of William Hazlitt."* 1836.

Sir James Mackintosh devotes a chapter to Tucker in his "Dissertation on the Progress of Ethical Philosophy." He refers to the "excellent preface to an abridgement, by Mr. Hazlitt, of Tucker's work." He says that the conclusion of Chapter 18 "may be pointed out as a specimen of perhaps unmatched fruitfulness, vivacity, and felicity of illustration. The admirable sense of the conclusion of Chapter 25 seems to have suggested Paley's good chapter on *Happiness.* The alteration of Plato's comparison of reason to a charioteer, and the passions to the horses, in Chapter 26, is of characteristic and transcendant excellence. . . . Perhaps no philosopher ever stated more justly, more naturally, or more modestly than Tucker, the ruling maxim of his life. 'My thoughts,' says he, 'have taken a turn from my earliest youth towards searching into the foundations and measures of Right and Wrong; my love for retirement has furnished me with continual, and the exercise of my reason has been my daily, employment.'" Paley says of him, "I have found in this writer more original thinking and observation upon the several subjects that he has taken in hand than in any other, not to say than in all others put together. His talent also for illustration is unrivalled."

"An abridgment of 'Tucker's Light of Nature;' in which the spirit of the seven volumes are felicitously condensed into one, in which is preserved entire all the singular turns of thought and striking illustrations of the original."—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1830. *Vol.* 29. "*My Recollections of the late William Hazlitt,*" *p.* 475.]

The Eloquence of the British Senate; or Select Specimens from the Speeches of the most distinguished Parliamentary Speakers, from the beginning of the Reign of Charles I. to the present time; with Notes, Biographical, Critical, and Explanatory. 2 *Vols.* 1807.

["The selection is interesting and exhibits the finest discrimination. The speeches are illustrated by powerfully drawn characters of some of the more prominent orators, especially those of recent date. The sketches of Chatham, Pitt, Burke, and Fox, are the most laboured; and these, with a few others, were afterwards reprinted among the 'Political Essays.'"—*Biographical Sketch by his Son, in "The Literary Remains of William Hazlitt."* 1836.

"The selections are as creditable to the editor's judgment, as the observations which accompany them are indicative of his abilities."—*Monthly Review. Vol.* 59, *p.* 174.]

Reply to Malthus, on his Essay on Population. 1807.

[In this work, "the reverend restrictionist's arguments and theories are combated with much force, ingenuity, and humour."

"One of Hazlitt's earliest works was a refutation of Malthus, whose theories had just then shed shrivelling and blight upon the young hopes of mankind. The essence of this work, which we have never seen, is probably contained in his Essay upon the author of 'The Theory of Population.' The celebrated volume of Malthus was intended as an answer to Godwin's 'Inquiry concerning Political Justice,' of which it was upheld as a triumphant refutation. Those who would see the question treated and argued within moderate limits, and with absolute mastery, may consult Hazlitt's original Essay in 'The Spirit of the Age.'"—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* 1836. *Vol.* 3. *N.S.* "*The Writings of Hazlitt,*" *p.* 79.

In the *London Magazine* for November, 1823, there is a letter from Mr. Hazlitt, with reference to an article by De Quincey on Malthus, in which there is a striking connection betwixt Mr. De Quincey's reasonings and his own on the subject. Hazlitt puts in his claim of priority, and gives passages in corroboration of this. In the following number, De Quincey replies to Hazlitt.]

A New and Improved Grammar of the English Tongue: for the use of Schools. In which the Genius of our Speech is especially attended to, and the discoveries of Mr. Horne Tooke and other modern writers on the Formation of Language are for the first time incorporated. To which is added a new Guide to the English Tongue, in a Letter to Mr. W. F. Mylins, Author of the School Dictionary, by Edward Baldwin, Esq. 1810.

["The principal points in which this Grammar differs from others are four. First, in the definitions of the parts of speech; secondly, the compound or constructive tenses of the verbs are separated from the real inflections, and thrown into the syntax, to which they properly belong; thirdly, a brief review is given of Horne Tooke's theory of grammar; and lastly, an endeavour is made to render syntax more perfect than in the prevailing systems. This work was favourably received, and was afterwards abridged by Mr. Godwin, under the name of Baldwin."—*Biographical Sketch by his Son.*

"Among the various publications with which the press teems on the subject of English Grammar, the tract before us, although small in appearance, claims particular notice: since, differing from most late works of the kind, which chiefly consist of selections from former publications, with more or less variation of phrase, we here meet with matter which is both useful and new. The author considers his subject philosophically, and his researches evince no small depth of penetration. Confident of his own powers, he hesitates not to depart from the first-rate authorities when he sees occasion, but takes care never to do this without assigning his reasons, which he delivers with great force and clearness. Had we room, we should select from the preface his sentiments respecting the Substantive and Adjective; and his remarks on the Verb are also new and ingenious.

"The New Guide to the English Tongue, by Mr. Baldwin, is a valuable appendage. Here the several prefixes and terminations are classed; and the several meanings, which primitive words gain by being compounded with them are shewn in a pleasing and perspicuous manner.

"Though this little volume professes to be intended for the use of schools, and may be very serviceable in that application, yet the more advanced student will find it to contain much useful and interesting information; the definitions are concise, yet intelligible; the rules are clear and important; and the examples selected are perspicuous and appropriate."—*Monthly Review. Vol.* 69, *p.* 211.]

Memoirs of the late Thos. Holcroft, written by himself; and continued to the time of his death, from his Diary, Notes, and other Papers, 1816.

[The continuation is by Hazlitt. Reprinted in 1852 in "The Traveller's Library."]

The Round Table; a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners. 2 Vols. 1817.—*Third Edition, edited by his Son.* 1841.

[This series of papers originally appeared in the *Examiner* between January, 1815, and January, 1817, in forty-eight numbers. The first collected edition contains some papers not in the original series, while, in the latter are several which were not reprinted in the collected editions. The following are the contents of the first edition; those marked * being by Leigh Hunt:—

Volume 1 contains: *Introduction—*The subject continued—On the Love of Life—On Classical Education—On *The Tatler*—*On Common-place People—On Modern Comedy—On Mr. Kean's Iago—On the Love of the Country—On Posthumous Fame—On Hogarth's "Marriage-a-la-Mode"—The subject continued—On Milton's "Lycidas"—On Milton's Versification; to the President of the Round Table; a Small Critic—On Manner—*On Chaucer; to the President and Companions of the Round Table—On the Tendency of Sects—On John Buncle—On the Causes of Methodism—*On the Poetical Character—*On the Death and Burial—On the "Midsummer Night's Dream"—On the "Beggar's Opera"—*On the Night Mare—*The subject continued—On Patriotism: a Fragment.

Volume 2 contains: On Beauty—On Imitation—On Gusto—On Pedantry—The same subject continued—On the Character of Rousseau—On Different Sorts of Fame—Character of John Bull—On Good Nature—On the Character of Milton's Eve—Observations on Wordsworth's Poem, "The Excursion"—The same subject continued—*A Day by the Fire—*The same subject continued—*The same subject continued—Character of the late Mr. Pitt—On Religious Hypocrisy—*On Washerwomen—On the Literary Character—On Common-place Critics—On the Catalogue Raisonné of the British Institution—The same subject continued—On Poetical Versatility—On Actors and Acting—On the same—Why the Arts are not Progressive: A Fragment.

In the third edition a number of articles which appeared in the first edition are omitted, the editor considering that the nature of the subjects renders them more suitable for the new editions of "The English Stage," "The Comic Writers," "The English Poets," and "Criticisms on Art." The following are the contents of the third edition: *Introduction—On the Love of Life—On Classical Education—*On Common-place People—On Posthumous Fame—On Manners—*On Chaucer—On the Tendency of Sects—On John Buncle—On the Causes of Methodism—*On the Poetical Character—*On Death and Burial—*On the Night Mare—On Beauty—On Imitation—On Gusto—On Pedantry—On the Character of Rousseau—On different sorts of Fame—Character of John Bull—On Good Nature—*A Day by the Fire—Character of the late Mr. Pitt—On Religious Hypocrisy—On the Literary Character—On Common-place Critics—On Poetical Versatility—On Actors and Acting—On Patriotism—**On the Scotch Character—**Arguing in a Circle—**Pulpit Oratory: Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Irving—*On Washerwomen. (The articles marked ** are from the *Liberal*.)

The following are the titles of those papers not in either of the above lists, but which formed part of the original series: some of them have never been reprinted (those marked * are by Leigh Hunt): *Egotism—An Offer of Service to the Knights of the Round Table—Letter of a Mechanic on the Hindrances to his Marriage—*Defence of the Female Character—On the Predominant Principles and Excitements in the Human Mind, and on the Influence of the Imagination over the Feelings—Character of Sir R. Steele and Addison as Essayists—*On People who have nothing to say—Letter to the President in Defence of the Female Character—The Love of Power or Action as a main Principle in the Human Mind, &c.—Letter respecting the Female Character, &c.—On Milton's "Lycidas"—On Milton's Works—Chaucer's "Flower and Leaf"—The Illustrious Carbuncle—Mr. Malthus's Essay on Population—Characters in Shakespeare's Plays—The Doctrine of Philosophical Necessity—Parallel Passages in various Poets—Beauty: What it is. (In the reprint of this paper, some severe remarks, in a note on Burke, are omitted. See *Examiner*, Feb. 4, 1816, p. 73.)—Mr. Locke a great Plagiarist (two papers)—Shakespeare's exact Discrimination of nearly similar characters—Gusto in Art (a note is omitted in the reprint)—Difference between the character of Eve in Milton, and Shakespeare's Female Characters (two papers)—*Detached Sketches of Men and and Things: Portrait of a Washerwoman; An Old Lady; The Maid Servant. ("The Washerwoman" is the only one of these three sketches reprinted in the third edition. The other two are reproduced in the *Indicator*.)

"To speak of the merit of the Essays of the 'Round Table' would be entirely superfluous, they having, by unanimous consent, been admitted amongst the standard literature of England."—*Metropolitan Magazine.*

● "Open a book of his and you are hurried on with it irresistibly. This is the force of style, earnestness, and acute observation. The 'Round Table' is well known, and justly prized as a series of Essays by him and Leigh Hunt—some of the most pleasant in the language."—*Westminster Review.*]

Characters of Shakespeare's Plays. 1817.—*Second Edition.* 1818.—*Third Edition, edited by his Son.* 1838.—*Fourth Edition, edited by his Son.* 1848.

["In his 'Characters of Shakespeare's Plays,' he seizes at once upon the ruling principle of each, with an ease, a carelessness, a quiet and 'unstrained fidelity,' which proves how familiarly he had dwelt upon the secret he had mastered. He is, in these sketches, less eloquent and less refining than Schegel, but it is because he has gazed away the first wonder that dazzles and inspires his rival. He has made himself household with Shakespeare, and his full and entire confidence that he understands the mysteries of the host in whose dwelling-place he has tarried, gives his elucidations, short and sketchlike as they are, the almost unconscious simplicity of a man explaining the true motives of the friend he has known. Thus, in the character of 'Hamlet,' on which so many have been bewildered, and so many have been eloquent, he employs little or nothing of the lavish and exuberant diction, or the elaborate spirit of conjecture that he can command at will. He utters his dogmas as unpretendingly as if they were common-places: and it is scarcely till he brings the character of 'Hamlet,' as conceived by him, into sudden contrast with the delineation of the two master actors of the time, that you perceive how new and irresistible are his conclusions."—*Some Thoughts on the Genius of Hazlitt, by E. L. Bulwer.*

"This is a very pleasing book—and we do not hesitate to say, a book of very considerable originality and genius. . . . What we chiefly look for in such a work, is a fine sense of the beauties of the author, and an eloquent exposition of them; and all this, and more, we think, may be found in the volume before us. There is nothing niggardly in Mr. H.'s praises, and nothing affected in his raptures. He seems animated throughout with a full and hearty sympathy with the delight which his author should inspire, and pours himself gladly out in explanation of it, with a fluency and ardour, obviously much more akin to enthusiasm than affectation. He seems pretty generally, indeed, in a state of happy intoxication—and has borrowed from his great original, not indeed the force or brilliancy of his fancy, but something of its playfulness, and a large share of his apparent joyousness and self-indulgence in its exercise. It is evidently a great pleasure to him to be fully possessed with the beauties of his author, and to follow the impulse of his unrestrained eagerness to impress them upon his readers. Many persons are very sensible of the effect of fine poetry on their feelings, who do not well know how to refer these feelings to their causes; and it is always a delightful thing to be made to see clearly the sources from which our delight has proceeded—and to trace back the mingled stream that has flowed upon our hearts, to the remoter fountains from which it has been gathered. And when this is done with warmth as well as precision, and embodied in an eloquent description of the beauty which is explained, it forms one of the most attractive, and not the least instructive, of literary exercises. In all works of merit, however, and especially in all works of original genius, there are a thousand retiring and less obtrusive graces, which escape hasty and superficial observers, and only give out their beauties to fond and patient contemplation;—a thousand slight and harmonising touches, the merit and the effect of which are equally imperceptible to vulgar eyes: and a thousand indications of the continual presence of that poetical spirit, which can only be recognised by those who are in some measure under its influence, or have prepared themselves to receive it, by worshipping meekly at the shrines which it inhabits.

. . "In many points he has acquitted himself excellently;—partly in the development of the principal characters with which Shakspeare has peopled the fancies of all English readers—but principally, we think, in the delicate sensibility with which he has traced, and the natural eloquence with which he has pointed out that fond familiarity with beautiful forms and images—that eternal recurrence to what is sweet or majestic in the simple aspects of nature—that indestructible love of flowers and odours, and dews and clear waters, and soft airs and sounds, and bright skies, and woodland solitudes, and moonlight bowers, which are the Material elements of Poetry—and that fine sense of their

undefinable relation to mental emotion, which is its essence and vivifying soul—and which, in the midst of Shakspeare's most busy and atrocious scenes, falls like gleams of sunshine on rocks and ruins—contrasting with all that is rugged and repulsive, and reminding us of the existence of purer and brighter elements!—which HE ALONE has poured out from the richness of his own mind, without effort or restraint: and contrived to intermingle with the play of all the passions, and the vulgar course of this world's affairs, without deserting for an instant the proper business of the scene, or appearing to pause or digress, from love of ornament or need of repose!—HE ALONE who, when the object requires it, is always keen and worldly and practical—and who yet, without changing his hand, or stopping his course, scatters around him, as he goes, all sounds and shapes of sweetness—and conjures up landscapes of immortal fragrance and freshness, and peoples them with Spirits of glorious aspect and attractive grace—and is a thousand times more full of fancy and imagery, and splendour, than those who, in pursuit of such enchantments, have shrunk back from the delineation of character or passion, and declined the discussion of human duties and cares. More full of wisdom and ridicule and sagacity, than all the moralists and satirists that ever existed—he is more wild, airy, and inventive, and more pathetic and fantastic, than all the poets of all regions and ages of the world:—and has all those elements so happily mixed up in him, and bears his high faculties so temperately, that the most severe reader cannot complain of him for want of strength or of reason—nor the most sensitive for defect of ornament or ingenuity. Every thing in him is in unmeasured abundance, and unequalled perfection—but every thing so balanced and kept in subordination, as not to jostle or disturb or take the place of another. The most exquisite poetical conceptions, images, and descriptions, are given with such brevity, and introduced with such skill, as merely to adorn, without loading the sense they accompany. Although his sails are purple and perfumed, and his prow of beaten gold, they waft him on his voyage, not less, but more rapidly and directly than if they had been composed of baser materials. All his excellences, like those of Nature herself, are thrown out together: and instead of interfering with, support and recommend each other. His flowers are not tied up in garlands, nor his fruits crushed into baskets—but spring living from the soil, in all the dew and freshness of youth; while the graceful foliage in which they lurk, and the ample branches, the rough and vigorous stem, and the wide-spreading roots on which they depend, are present along with them, and share, in their places, the equal care of their Creator."—*Edinburgh Review.* 1817. *Francis Jeffrey's article on "Characters of Shakspeare's Plays," pp.* 390 *and* 391.

[The reason for giving so long an extract from the article quoted above is the importance attached to it by the author, as will be gathered from the following note appended to it in the reprint of "Contributions to the Edinburgh Review, by Francis Jeffrey," 4 vols., 1843, p. 390:—Note. "It may be thought that enough had been said of our early dramatists, in the immediately preceding article ['The Dramatic Works of John Ford']; and it probably is so. But I could not resist the temptation of thus renewing, in my own name, that vow of allegiance, which I had so often taken anonymously, to the only true and lawful King of our English Poetry! and now venture, therefore, fondly to replace this slight and perishable wreath on his august and undecaying shrine: with no farther apology than that it presumes to direct attention but to one, and that, as I think, a comparatively neglected, aspect of his universal genius."]

"Who has spoken with the same penetrative spirit, and in the same congenial vein? Who has ever perused one of his glowing commentaries on these plays without rising with a deeper perception and more intense love and admiration of their unapproachable divinity. Hazlitt, whose enthusiastic admiration of Shakspeare partook somewhat of the nature of a strong personal attachment, could tolerate no cold medium in judging of the object of his devotion. Indifference he held as the height of injustice. The cold or mechanical criticism of Dr. Johnson begat his warmest displeasure. Though he allowed that a man who was no poet might judge of poetry, he would not grant that a bad poet was qualified to be a critic of poetry, or that the author of 'Irene' was entitled to pronounce upon the passion and tenderness of 'Othello,' the wild majesty and sublimity of 'Lear,' and the subtle beauty of 'Hamlet.' His criticism upon Dr. Johnson's celebrated preface has led him into many subtle and nicely discriminative remarks, which are equally applicable to other writers who have assumed the critical office, with the same deficient sympathy, and the same want of scope and ductility of fancy, which characterised Johnson, while they possessed but little of his hard-headed intellectual superiority."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* 1836. *Vol.* 3. *N.S.* "*The Writings of Hazlitt,*" *p.* 768.

"But then at intervals there comes a vision of delight, and the seer's eye kindles, and his spirit burns within him, and glowing are the words he speaks with his tongue. The power furtively secreted in some passages, the beauty latent in others, he elucidates; brings to light, with triumph and without toil; for he had insight into Shakspeare's mind and will, and in such a case a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous keen as well as kind."—*Bentley's Miscellany.* 1838. *Vol.* 37. "*Prosings, by Monkshood about the Essayists and Reviewers.*" I. *William Hazlitt, p.* 490.

"In its healthier action his metaphysical tendency proved an inspiration. To it we owe the masterly analysis of 'Shakespeare's Characters,' which, though ostensibly dramatic criticism, is in point of fact a work on the philosophy of life and human nature, more suggestive and legitimate than many approved text-books on the subject."—*Henry T. Tuckerman (U.S.): "Characteristics of Literature."*]

A View of the English Stage: or a Series of Dramatic Criticisms. 1818.

[A second edition, edited by his son, appeared in 1851, with the title, "Criticisms and Dramatic Essays on the English Stage." The original edition contains 461 pages, and chiefly consists of criticisms on the performances of Kean, Siddons, O'Neill, Kemble, &c. The 2nd edition has 324 pages, 156 of which consist chiefly of new matter; and the remaining 168 are devoted to a selection from the 461 pages of the first edition. The contents are: On Actors and Acting—Modern Comedy—Dramatic Poetry—Play-going—Our Old Actors—Minor Theatres—Strolling Players—Adaptations from Scott's Novels—Vulgarity in Criticism—Conversations on the Drama with Coleridge—The Performances of Elliston—Mathews—Kean—Mrs. Siddons—Mr. Kemble—Miss O'Neill—Mr. Farren—Mr. Liston—Knowles's "Virginius,"—Mr. Macready, &c.—"The finest criticisms," says his son, "are those in which their author illustrated the acting of Kean, whose wonderful powers he at once recognised on the first evening of his appearance, and whose reputation he was greatly instrumental in establishing, in spite of actors, managers, and critics."

"The strong sense of pleasure, both intellectual and physical, naturally produced in Hazlitt a rooted attachment to the theatre, where the delights of the mind and the senses are blended; where the grandeur of the poet's conceptions is, in some degree, made palpable; and luxury is raised and refined by wit, sentiment, and fancy. His dramatic criticisms are more pregnant with fine thoughts on that bright epitome of human life than any others which ever were written; yet they are often more successful in making us forget their immediate subjects than in doing them justice. He began to write with a rich fund of theatrical recollections; and, except when Kean, or Miss Stephens, or Liston supplied new and decided impulses, he did little more than draw upon this old treasury. The theatre to him was redolent of the past: images of Siddons, of Kemble, of Bannister, of Jordan, thickened the air: imperfect recognitions of a hundred evenings, when mirth or sympathy had loosened the pressure at the heart, and set the springs of life in happier motion, thronged around him, and 'more than echoes talked along the walls.' He loved the theatre for these associations, and for the immediate pleasure which it gave to thousands about him, and the humanising influences it shed among them, and attended it with constancy to the very last;* and to those personal feelings and universal sympathies he gave fit expression; but his habits of mind were unsuited to the ordinary duties of the critic. The players put him out, He could not, like Mr. Leigh Hunt, who gave theatrical criticism a place in modern literature, apply his graphic powers to a detail of a performance, and make it interesting by the delicacy of his touch; encrystal the cobweb intricacies of a plot with the sparkling dew of his own fancy—bid the light plume wave in the fluttering grace of his style—or 'catch ere she fell the Cynthia of the Minute,' and fix the airy charm in lasting words. In criticism, thus just and picturesque, Mr. Hunt has never been approached; and the wonder is, that instead of falling off with the art of acting, he even grew richer; for the articles of the *Tatler*, equalling those of the *Examiner* in niceness of discrimination, are superior to them in depth and colouring. But Hazlitt required a more powerful impulse; he never wrote willingly, except on what was great in itself, or, forming a portion of his own past being, was great to him; and when both these felici-

---

* "See his article entitled 'The Free Admission,' in the *New Monthly Magazine*, vol. xxix., p. 93: one of his last, and one of his most characteristic effusions." (This article is not to be found in any of the volumes of his collected essays.)

ties combined in the subject, he was best of all—as upon Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. Mr. Kean satisfied the first requisite only, but in the highest possible degree. His extraordinary vigour struck Hazlitt, who attended the theatre for the *Morning Chronicle* on the night of his *début*, in the very first scene, and who, from that night, became the most devoted and efficient of his supporters."—*Thoughts upon the Intellectual Character of the late William Hazlitt, by Sergeant Talfourd.*]

Lectures on the English Poets; delivered at the Surrey Institution. 1818. *Second Edition.* 1819. — *Third Edition, edited by his Son.* 1841. *With an Appendix.*

[On Poetry in general; Homer, the Bible, Dante, Ossian; Chaucer and Spenser; Shakespeare and Milton; Dryden and Pope; Donne, Marvel, Waller, Butler, Rochester, Suckling, Denham, Cowley, and Withers; Thomson, Cowper, Crabbe, Bloomfield, "Walton's Angler," &c.; Swift, Rabelais, Voltaire; Young, Gray, Collins, Gay, Goldsmith, Warton, Chatterton, &c.; Burns and the Old English Ballads; and the Living Poets—Byron, Scott, Moore, Campbell, Rogers, Southey, Wordsworth, Coleridge, &c.—The beautiful essay on "The Love of the Country," which appeared in the first collected edition of the "Round Table" (although not to be found in the original series of papers under that title in the *Examiner*), is included in this volume, and forms the concluding portion of the lecture on Cowper and Thomson.

The Appendix to 3rd edition contains the following papers:—On Milton's "Lycidas"—On the Character of Milton's Eve—On Mr. Wordsworth's Poem, "The Excursion"—Pope, Lord Byron, and Mr. Bowles: being a criticism on Lord Byron's "Letter to —— on the Revd. W. L. Bowles's Strictures on the Life and Writings of Pope."

"He restored the 'Beggar's Opera,' which had been long treated as a burlesque appendage to the 'Newgate Calendar,' to its proper station; showing how the depth of the design, and the brilliancy of the workmanship, had been overlooked in the palpable coarseness of the materials; and tracing instances of pathos and germs of morality amidst scenes which the world had agreed to censure and to enjoy as vulgar and immoral. . . . This exquisite morsel of criticism (if that name be proper) first appeared in the *Morning Chronicle*, as an introduction to the account of the first appearance of Miss Stephens in Polly Peachum (her second character)—an occasion worthy to be so celebrated, but not exciting any hope of such an article. What a surprise it was to read it for the first time amidst the tempered patriotism and measured praise of Mr. Perry's columns! It was afterwards printed in the 'Round Table;' and (being justly a favourite of its author) found fit place in his 'Lectures on the English Poets.' (See Lecture VI.)"—*Sergeant Talfourd's Thoughts upon the Intellectual Character of William Hazlitt.*

"The 'Lectures on the English Poets' is perhaps one of the most generally interesting. He handles the subject with great *gusto*, metaphysical acuteness, and rich illustration. One remarkable quality in Hazlitt's writings is his extraordinary abundance, justness, beauty, and felicity of quotation."—*Westminster Review.*

"On the first opening of the book, one sees that it contains a collection of the best things thought and said by a man of great taste, of piercing intellect, and a shining wit, chased in a rich setting of language rather than a systematic display of opinions. Mr. Hazlitt indeed seems to think that both more pleasure and more utility is gained by a quick and glancing opposition of ideas than by a continuous gradation or painful reconcilement of them. He is none of your *belles lettres* men, who give you a system of taste and composition according to the common sense and metaphysics of Reid, and who see no beauty in anything unless there be a corresponding reason for it in Dr. Blair. He spurns the trammels of logical method, and never submits to prose over the stupid expedients of drawling analysis. This is not out of either laziness or caprice, for we find in all his pages rather a compression of mind, talent, and observation, than the trivial display of shallow acquirements, or the array of fine talking. . . . His chief talent as a thinker, and his great charm as a writer too, seem to be *felicity* of touch. Not that he does not show eloquence of the purest kind, and acuteness, and an exquisite sensitiveness to beauty of every sort; the tangible beauty of sounds and colours, faces and forms, states and stages of existence, as well as the shadowy and individual beauty of *apprehension*. . . . His very phraseology and occasional capricious choices of expression, evince patient thinking with deep observation—and

wisdom and philosophy as the result of these. It is no ordinary matter to peruse a book of Mr. Hazlitt's. There is a certain hurry of the spirits which never fails to accompany his fine show of reason and taste, and under which the mind is hardly at leisure to select beauties or start objections. But those who love a treat of strong meats, we refer to the rise and progress of the Lake School of Poetry—the account of Shakspere and Milton—or the reflections on poetry in general. Mr. Hazlitt has been said to be rather severe on the living poets; and it may be so. He has done ample justice to Scott for the ease, the grace, the choice, the truth of outline, and the appropriate freedom and delicacy of his description. But we think he rather undervalues the range and character of Scott's genius."—[The reviewer finds fault with Hazlitt for his "singularly unkind and unjust" notice of Campbell.]—*The Scotsman, May* 16, 1818.

In the *Scotsman* of 27th June, 1818, there is a second notice of the work, the chief object of the reviewer being a defence and vindication of Campbell against Hazlitt's estimate of him as a poet. From this article we give the following passages:—"The powers of Campbell, from his seldom obtruding himself or his remarks, are little seen in their operation; but they may be discovered in their consequences. The chords which are struck by him, though struck gently, do not soon cease to vibrate. He deals chiefly with the heart-strings; and the music which is drawn from them, is always interesting and valuable. He deals, it is true, chiefly in common affairs, and with the relations of domestic life; but is it not equally true that he has elevated and ennobled all these ordinary concerns, and thrown a charm round every subject which is touched by him? He has linked the pleasures of imagination to the duties of common life, and in this way done more for the happiness of his species than all the other living poets taken together. He is not the poet of an hour; he could not look for any gust of popularity; he has not sought notoriety by laying open the frailties or evil passions of his nature, nor by indulging in eccentricities, or pandering to a corrupted or temporary public taste: but while there remains in man any susceptibility to the beauties of nature—any love of woman or offspring—any filial or social affections, so long will the poetry of Campbell be read and admired. And for ourselves, notwithstanding the scepticism of Mr. Hazlitt, we have no more doubt that the fame of Campbell will be lasting, than that it it is placed on surer foundations than that of any other poet of the present day. For, like the Elegy of Gray, his writings abound 'in images which find a mirror in every mind, and with sentiments to which every bosom returns an echo. . . . We feel strongly tempted to quote freely from 'The Battle of the Baltic' and 'O'Connor's Child,' and to give the whole of that matchless Ode, that noble burst of warlike feeling, with which 'Gertrude of Wyoming' is concluded, that we might put to shame all the unbelievers in Campbell's power and genius. Had our limits permitted, we would also have run over the whole of 'Gertrude,' which is one of the richest, sweetest, and best of poems to be found in any language. What beautiful specimens does it present us with of all that is excellent in pastoral, descriptive, sentimental, and epic poetry! He has there given us a taste of everything which

'Above, below, in ocean, earth, and sky,'

is to be seen in the 'fairy world of imagination.' And all is employed to ennoble or sweeten the condition of his species. Who like him has sung the beauties of rural scenery; the fascinations of childhood; the bliss of virtuous love; the pangs of an eternal separation from a beloved object; the struggle of strong earthly affections with heavenly hope and resignation? Who like him has invoked and roused the slumbering spirit of liberty and patriotism? Who like him has brightened futurity with a song of rational and pious hope? We say, without hesitation, NOT ONE. There is no poet of the present, nor in so far as we know of any preceding, day who is at once so pure and so elevated as Campbell: none that conceives in such a noble spirit; who invests his subject with so much simple grandeur; or who reaches so sublime a height. The intellect of Campbell is to be discovered not so much in what he writes, as in what he has left unwritten. It is to be seen in his selection of language and topics; in those noble qualities of soul which animate, enrich, and elevate all that flows from his pen."

The review closes with this generous and hearty tribute to Hazlitt's independence of character and brilliant abilities as a critic:—"Although we feel indignant at the treatment which Campbell has received from Hazlitt, we are not less indignant at the usage which the latter has experienced from some of his brother critics, who, because he has chosen to act an independent part both in *politics* and letters, wish to run him down as a man of no talents. His talents, however, are unquestionably of the very highest order; and we

are not sure that a work of greater power than these lectures on poetry has appeared within these thirty years. Nay, it may be doubted whether we have any separate work in the *belles lettres* which is at all to be compared with it, either for originality, acuteness, or force of conception and expression."]

Lectures on the English Comic Writers, delivered at the Surrey Institution. 1819.—*Third Edition, with additions, edited by his Son.* 1841.

[On Wit and Humour; Shakespeare and Ben Jonson; Cowley, Butler, Donne, Suckling, Etherege, Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar; the Periodical Essayists—Montaigne, Steele, Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith; the English Novelists—"Don Quixote," "Gil Blas," Fielding, Smollett, Richardson, Sterne, Burney, Radcliffe, Godwin, Scott, &c.; the Works of Hogarth—the Grand and Familiar Style of Painting; the Comic Dramatists of the Last Century—Molière, Rabelais, &c.

"These lectures on our great comic writers are worthy of being treasured up with the subjects of which they treat. How qualified he was to write on 'Wit and Humour,' how keen his relish, and how genuine his understanding of them! the rich traces of a mind, from whose fine critical perceptions few of the profounder truths that lurk under the light graces and gaieties of our best comic writers could be hidden, while it was equally alive to the playfulness of the humour, and the enjoyment of the wit, amidst which those deeper beauties lay to be detected. The volume, in its present compact form, should command many thousand readers; it will entertain them all."—*Examiner.*

"Hazlitt's relish for wit and humour, and his acute perception of the critical value of the good things he enjoyed, gave to these discourses a raciness and *gusto*. It is like reading our favourite authors over again, in company with one who not only laughs with us, but points out the felicitous thoughts that please. He was a fine critic, and always writes from the impulse of thought; and brilliant as his style, he never, like too many of our would-be *brilliants*, sacrifices sense to sound."—*Spectator.*

"Hazlitt's essay on the Congreve and Wycherley group his pronounced by Leigh Hunt almost equal to Lamb's—almost in point of style, and even superior in beauty; which, with the advantage of having a far truer impression respecting them, as well as containing the best and most detailed criticism on their individual plays."—*Bentley's Miscellany.* 1855. *Vol.* 37. "*Prosings by Monkshood about the Essayists and Reviewers.*" I. *William Hazlitt, p.* 491.

"His knowledge of the drama, the fine arts, works of fancy and fiction, and other departments of polite literature, taken severally, may not equal that of some other persons, but, taken altogether, is certainly unrivalled. His writings are full of spirit and vivacity; he has the ease and gaiety of a man of the world; and, there is, at the same time, an intensity in his conceptions which embodies ideas that are so volatile and fugitive as to escape the grasp of a slower but profounder intellect. He professes to throw aside the formality and prudery of authorship, and to give his best thoughts to the world with the freedom and frankness of old Montaigne, without submitting to assume the mask of current opinions or conventional morality. . . . He has sensibility, imagination, great acuteness of intellect, and singular powers of expression. His beauties are procured by a great expenditure of thinking; and some of his single strokes or flashes reveal more to the reader's understanding than whole pages of an ordinary writer . . . The article on 'Novels' had previously appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*, but it is well worthy of being republished. It gives a masterly view of the character of the most celebrated novel writers. . . . To Ben Jonson, who has too little fancy to please Mr. Hazlitt, justice has not been done; but Wycherly, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, are characterised with admirable skill and felicity. His account of these celebrated writers discovers profound views of the nature of dramatic excellence, and his comparisons, allusions, and illustrations, give us new ideas of the capabilities of prose composition. We may remark that the good things he scatters in his course by random bits and bye-play, as it were, are of more value than his formal judgments. . . . By what appears to us a singular perversity of judgment, he ranks the *Tatler* above the *Spectator*, and Steele above Addison. Steele has, in some degree, the faults and excellences of Mr. Hazlitt himself. Though he is more unconstrained than Addison, and throws out his thoughts with less reserve, and less deference to existing opinions, his papers, upon the whole, are crude, hasty, and ill put together. His conceptions are often but half made out, his thoughts are piled together, rather than arranged, while their brilliancy does not always compensate for their want of order; his

diction is often harsh and abrupt, and his efforts in general are rather careless than felicitous. Addison wrote perhaps as rapidly as Steele, but he retouched carefully; and if his labour is sometimes visible as a nice observer, we reap too many advantages from it, in perspicuity and completeness of effect to quarrel with it, or to wish to exchange it for the blundering frankness of his associate. Addison's papers are not only more finished on the whole, but they contain more good thoughts and happy strokes than those of Steele, and it is mere fastidiousness to maintain that the value of his matter is lessened by being more artfully disposed. But if we dispute our author's opinion of Steele and Addison, we concur entirely in his estimate of Johnson; and we cannot sufficiently express our admiration of the skill, truth, and felicity, with which he is characterised. His 'Essay on Hogarth,' and on the 'Comic Writers of the last Century,' are also excellent."—*The Scotsman, April* 17, 1822.]

A Letter to William Gifford, Esq. 1819.

[This "quint-essential salt of an epistle" consists of 87 pages, and exposes "the wretched cavillings, wilful falsehoods and omissions and servile malignity" of the well-known articles in the *Quarterly Review* upon Hazlitt's "Round Table," "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays," and "Lectures on the English Poets." Talfourd says, "Hazlitt, in his 'Letter to Gifford,' after a series of just and bitter retorts on his maligner as the 'first link which connects literature with the police, &c., takes a fancy to teach that 'ultra-crepidarian critic' his own theory of the disinterestedness of the human mind; and developes it, not in the dry, hard mathematical style in which it was first enunciated, but 'o'er informed' with the glow of sentiment, and terminating in an eloquent rhapsody. The latter portion of the letter is one of the noblest of his effusions."]

Political Essays, with Sketches of Public Characters. 1819.—*Second Edition.* 1822.

[This volume contains: Preface of 36 pages—Illustrations of "Vetus"—Prince Maurice's Parrot, &c.—Song of the Laureate (Southey)—Owen's New View of Society—Mr. Western and Mr. Brougham's Speeches on the Distress of the Country—Coleridge's Lay Sermon and the Statesman's Manual—Illustration of the *Times* Newspaper—On the Connection between Toad-Eaters and Tyrants—Facts Relating to the Fall of Murat, &c.—Southey's "Wat Tyler"—Southey's Letter to W. Smith—On the Effects of War and Taxes—Character of Mr. Burke—On Court Influence—On the Clerical Character—What is the People?—On the Regal Character—The Fudge Family in Paris—Character of Lord Chatham—Character of Mr. Fox—Character of Mr. Pitt—Pitt and Buonaparte—Examination of Mr. Malthus's Doctrines—On the Originality of Mr. Malthus's Essay—On the Principle of Population as affecting the Schemes of Utopian Improvement—On the Application of Mr. Malthus's Principle to the Poor Laws—Queries Relating to the Essay on Population.

The papers on the Character of Burke, Fox, Pitt, and Chatham were reprinted in "Winterslow; Essays and Characters written there." 1850.

"The preface to this collection is in my mind the very finest and most manly exposition of high political principle that was ever put forth, and the whole of the volume breathes the noblest spirit of liberty and virtue."—*Biographical Sketch by his Son, in the "Literary Remains of William Hazlitt."* 1836.

"These political effusions are distinguished by a penetrating spirit, an analytical acuteness and insight into the springs of action, rarely found in temporary writings." Speaking of Hazlitt's character of Burke, the reviewer says:—"Hazlitt could have no personal animosity to Burke; yet this celebrated person is another instance of his commanding knowledge of the springs of character and the tendencies of actions, and of his stern inflexibility as a moral anatomizer. His hatred of the teeming mischiefs of which Burke was the cause, was in proportion to his perception of the intellectual power of the man, and the weight of his influence if thrown into the opposite scale. But, if the moral derelictions and political apostasy of Burke be confessed at all, how is it possible to overrate the amount of evil to mankind which rests upon the dishonoured head of that celebrated individual—who, falling himself at a most critical juncture in human affairs, drew half heaven after him? Hazlitt has spoken of Burke repeatedly—he was too conspicuous in far-spreading mischief to be forborne—and always with the same unmitigated detestation and contempt. He is no more melted

and propitiated by the personal fine qualities of Burke, than if they had graced a blood-thirsty tyrant, who chanced to be a generous master to the slaves of his court, or a virtuous and compassionate Grand Inquisitor, who, affectionate to his friends and relatives, only tortured and burned heretics for the love of God. No one has more unsparingly stripped away that garb of good-nature and kindness worn in private life, which covers and throws a false lustre around political felons—the traitors of society, whose mercenary trade flourishes by the betrayal and undermining of its dearest interests. No one held in more honest scorn that superficial and spurious charity which, covering delinquents with its convenient mantle, assumes merit for the kindly deed. . . . Who celebrates the domestic virtues, or sympathizes in the warm affections of poor convicted rogues, thieves, and burglars, of which we have often such touching records from the dungeon and the scaffold?—yet the common affections of our nature, if possessed in a very moderate degree by public traitors, is sufficient at any time to cover the multitude of their transgressions. Hazlitt had no respect for this striking of the balance between public delinquency and personal virtue. He admitted of no such appeals in mitigation as are preferred and allowed only to culprits of distinction. Burke he abhorred, as the first in celebrity and influence among those suborners of corruption who contrived to throw obstructions in the way of human improvement, and who, with their eyes open, incurred all the calamities—the incalculable amount of human suffering—arising from the revolutionary war and its legitimate successors. He, moreover, considered Burke as the basest in motive, as well as the highest in intellect and in power to effect social evil. The greatest political apostate of his age was, therefore, the frequent object of merited exposure and castigation."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* 1836. *Vol.* 3. *N.S.* "*The Writings of Hazlitt.*" *p.* 758.

In the *Examiner* for 1821, will be found a political article, by Hazlitt, continued through three numbers, entitled "A Defence of Guy Faux, with some Observations on Heroism."

With reference to Hazlitt's opinions of Malthus, see notes under the head "*Reply to Malthus, &c.,*" and of "The Utilitarians," notes under the head of "*Conversations of Northcote.*"]

Lectures on The Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth; delivered at the Surrey Institution. 1821.—*Second Edition.* 1821.—*Third Edition, edited by his Son.* 1840.

[General View of the Subject—Dramatic Writers contemporary with Shakespeare: Lily, Marlow, Heywood, Middleton, Rowley, Marston, Chapman, Deckar, Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson, Ford, Massenger—Single Plays, Poems, &c.—Miscellaneous Poems of Beaumont, Fletcher, Drayton, Daniel, Browne, Drummond, Carew, Crashaw, Herrick, &c.—Sir Philip Sydney's "Arcadia," &c.—Characters of the Works of Lord Bacon, Sir Thomas Browne, Jeremy Taylor—The Spirit of Ancient and Modern Literature—The German Drama contrasted with that of the Age of Elizabeth, &c.

"He possesses one noble quality at least for the office which he has chosen, in the intense admiration and love which he feels for the great authors on whose excellences he chiefly dwells. His relish for their beauties is so keen, that while he describes them, the pleasures which they impart become almost palpable to the sense; and we seem, scarcely in a figure, to feast and banquet on their 'nectar'd sweets.' He introduces us almost corporeally into the divine presence of the Great of old time—enables us to hear the living oracles of wisdom drop from their lips—and makes us partakers, not only of those joys which they diffused, but of those which they felt in the inmost recesses of their souls. He draws aside the veil of Time with a hand tremulous with mingled delight and reverence; and descants, with kindling enthusiasm, on all the delicacies of that picture of genius which he discloses. His intense admiration of intellectual beauty seems always to sharpen his critical faculties. He perceives it, by a kind of intuitive power, how deeply soever it may be buried in rubbish; and separates it, in a moment, from all that would encumber or deface it. At the same time, he exhibits to us those hidden sources of beauty, not like an anatomist, but like a lover: He does not coolly dissect the form to show the springs whence the blood flows all eloquent, and the divine expression is kindled; but makes us feel it in the sparkling or softened eye, the wreathed smile, and the tender bloom. In a word, he at once analyses and describes,—so that our enjoyments of loveliness are not chilled, but brightened, by our

acquaintance with their inward sources: The knowledge communicated in his Lectures, breaks no sweet enchantment, nor chills one feeling of youthful joy. His Criticisms, while they extend our insight into the causes of poetical excellence, teach us, at the same time, more keenly to enjoy, and more fondly to revere it. . . .

"The chief causes which have diminished the influence of Mr. Hazlitt's faculties, originating in his mind itself, may, we think, be ascribed primarily to the want of proportion, of arrangement, and of harmony in his powers. His mind resembles the 'rich stronde' which Spenser has so nobly described, and to which he has himself likened the age of Elizabeth, where treasures of every description lie, without order, in inexhaustible profusion. Noble masses of exquisite marble are there, which might be fashioned to support a glorious temple; and gems of peerless lustre, which would adorn the holiest shrine. He has no lack of the deepest feelings, the profoundest sentiments of humanity, or the loftiest aspirations after ideal good. But there are no great leading principles of taste to give singleness to his aims, nor any central points in his mind, around which his feelings may revolve, and his imaginations cluster. There is no sufficient distinction between his intellectual and his imaginative faculties. He confounds the truths of imagination with those of fact—the processes of argument with those of feeling—the immunities of intellect with those of virtue. Hence the seeming inconsistency of many of his doctrines. Hence the want of all continuity in his style. Hence his failure in producing one single, harmonious, and lasting impression on the hearts of his hearers. He never waits to consider whether a sentiment or an image is in place—so it be in itself striking. That keen sense of pleasure in intellectual beauty which is the best charm of his writings, is also his chief deluder. He cannot resist a powerful image, an exquisite quotation, or a pregnant remark, however it may dissipate or even subvert the general feeling which his theme should inspire. . . . He will never be contented to touch that most strange and curious instrument, the human heart, with a steady aim, but throws his hand rapidly over the chords, mingling strange discord with 'most eloquent music.' Instead of conducting us onward to a given object, he opens so many delicious prospects by the way-side, and suffers us to gaze at them so long, that we forget the end of our journey. He is perpetually dazzled among the sunbeams of his fancy, and plays with them in elegant fantasy, when he should point them to the spots where they might fall on truth and beauty, and render them visible by a clearer and lovelier radiance than had yet revealed them.

. . . . "There is also none of that personal bitterness towards Messrs. Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Southey, which disfigured his former lectures. His hostility towards these poets, the associates of his early days, has always indeed been mingled with some redeeming feelings which have heightened the regret occasioned by its public disclosure. While he has pursued them with all possible severity of invective, and acuteness of sarcasm, he has protected their intellectual character with a chivalrous zeal. He has spoken as if 'his only hate had sprung from his only love;' and his thoughts of its objects, deep rooted in old affection, could not lose all traces of their 'primal sympathy.' His bitterest language has had its dash of the early sweets, which no changes of opinion could entirely destroy. Still his audiences and his readers had ample ground of complaint for the intrusion of personal feelings in inquiries which should be sacred from all discordant emotions. We rejoice to observe, that this blemish is now effaced; and that full and free course is at last given to that deep humanity which has ever held its current in his productions, sometimes in open day, and sometimes beneath the soil which it fertilized, though occasionally dashed and thrown back in its course by the obstacles of prejudice and of passion.

"We are far from insensible to the exquisite beauty with which this last subject (the development of fancy and genius, and of intellectual activity during the age of Elizabeth) is treated, and fully agree with our author that 'there is something in the character of Christ, of more sweetness and majesty, and more likely to work a change in the mind of man than any to be found in history, whether actual or feigned.'"—*Edinburgh Review.* 1820. *Vol.* 34. *Article on Hazlitt's "Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth."*

"The introductory lecture is distinguished by a peculiar dignity and weight of style and observation, which render it conspicuous amongst others, and probably make it one of the most unexceptionable of Mr. Hazlitt's compositions."—*London Magazine. Vol.* 1, *p.* 188.

"Some of the best criticisms upon dramatic and general literature that have ever done honour to the mind of this country. There is no writer who abounds with more ample materials for thinking than the author of these Lectures."—*Morning Chronicle.*

"The Lectures of Hazlitt on the Dramatists contemporary with Shakespeare are a good counterpart to Lamb's book. They display more than his usual strength, acuteness, and animation, with less than the usual acerbities of his temper. His stern, sharp analysis pierces and probes the subject down through the surface to the centre; and it is exercised in a more kindly spirit than is common with him. His volume is enriched with delicious quotations. Hazlitt had a profound appreciation of the elder dramatists, though a less social feeling for them than Lamb; and their characteristic excellences drew from him some of his heartiest bursts of eloquent panegyric. From his lectures and Lamb's specimens, the general reader would be likely to gain a more vivid notion of the intellectual era they commemorate than from any other sources, except the originals themselves."—"*Essays and Reviews*," *by Edwin P. Whipple, Vol.* 2. Boston (U.S.), 1851.]

Table Talk; or Original Essays on Men and Manners. 2 *Vols.* 1821-2. *Second Edition.* 1824.—*Third Edition, edited by his Son.* 1845-6.—*Fourth Edition.* 1857. *Edited by his Son, with two additional Essays.*

[Volume 1 contains: *On the Pleasure of Painting—On the Past and Future—On Genius and Common Sense—*Character of Cobbett—On People with One Idea—On the Ignorance of the Learned—The Indian Jugglers—On Living to One's-self—On Thought and Action—On Will-making—*On Certain Inconsistencies in Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses—On Paradox and Commonplace—On Vulgarity and Affectation.

Volume 2 contains: On a Landscape of Nicholas Poussin—On Milton's Sonnets—On Going a Journey—On Coffee-house Politicians—On the Aristocracy of Letters—On Criticism—On Great and Little Things—On Familiar Style—On Effeminacy of Character—Why Distant Objects Please—On Corporate Bodies—Whether Actors ought to sit in the Boxes—On the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority—On Patronage and Puffing—On the Knowlege of Character—On the Picturesque and Ideal—On the Fear of Death.

The 4th edition contains the following Essays not in the 1st edition:—The Fight—On Travelling Abroad—On the Spirit of Controversy—On the Want of Money—The Opera—On the Conduct of Life, in a Letter to a School Boy—The Shyness of Scholars—The Main Chance.

The three articles with * prefixed are not included in the 4th edition, but are reprinted in the collection of "Criticisms on Art." 2. vols. . The article on the Character of Cobbett is not reprinted in the 4th edition.

"But these essays, in which the spirit of personality sometimes runs riot, are inferior, in our apprehension, to those in which it warms and peoples more abstracted views of humanity—not purely metaphysical reasonings, which it tended to disturb, nor political disquisitions which it checked and turned from their aim; but estimates of the high condition and solemn incidents of our nature. Of this class, his papers on the 'Love of Life,' on the 'Fear of Death,' on the 'Reasons why Distant Objects Please,' on 'Antiquity,' on the 'Love of the Country,' and on 'Living to One's-self,' are choice specimens, written with equal earnestness and ingenuity, and full of noble pieces of retrospection on his own past being. Beyond their immediate objects of contemplation, there is always opened a moral perspective; and the tender hues of memory gleam and tremble over them."—*Sergeant Talfourd's Thoughts upon the Intellectual Character of William Hazlitt.*

"This essay ('On the Conduct of Life') is one peculiarly impressed with the tokens of sincerity and earnestness of purpose. It contains a series of warnings and directions 'On the Conduct of Life,' addressed to some object of interest, on the point of commencing his career in it. Could the disingenuous detractors of Hazlitt have read such a passage as this—and there are many such scattered through his works—and not have felt their own self-conceit abashed before the true-hearted liberality of one whom it was their pleasure to select as the representative of a bigoted and exclusive class—the narrow-minded partisan of a sect—the mole-eyed tenant of a cell of self-constructed prejudices, whose feeble glimpses of the world beyond served him only to misconceive and cavil at it? . . . It is in some respects one of the most pleasing of his compositions. He seems to look back in it on his past career, with sensations of a quiet regret and weariness, not wholly unmingled with pride; and seeks to warn a beloved one against prejudices and illusions to which the adviser himself yet clings with a degree of mournful vanity. There is here, too, a tone of earnestness incompatible with his usual fondness for paradox: he seems to have written it

in no mood for trifling, and under the influence of too real feeling to indulge in any tendency to display."—*Edinburgh Review, Vol.* 64, 1837, *p.* 399 *and* 407, *Article on "Hazlitt's Literary Remains."*

"Nothing of the kind, we think, can be more exquisite than the author's own early aspirations and toils after eminence in his beloved art which he here (in the Essay 'On the Pleasure of Painting') gathers up and embalms. The spirit of long-crushed hope breathes tenderly through every line, and gives a nicer accuracy to every fine distinction, and a deeper beauty to every image. . . . How pregnant the refutation of the usual complaints of the brevity and worthlessness of life! (In 'The Past and the Future.') . . . His apostrophe to the scenes of his early raptures, 'warm from the heart, and faithful to its fires,' is not, to our feeling, inferior to the finest passages in Rousseau's Confessions. The two Essays 'On Genius and Common Sense,' are distinguished by an extraordinary power of observation and analysis, of which we cannot here give examples. But we must lay before our readers the following character of the poet Wordsworth,—chiefly for that noble bursting out of the old love, in the midst of political enmity, with which it does the heart good to sympathize . . . 'On Living to One's-self,' we think, is in Mr. Hazlitt's finest style, and is steeped in intense recollection of his own being."—*London Magazine. Vol.* 3, *pp.* 546-8-9.

"Each essay is a pure gathering of the author's own mind, and not filched from the world of books, in which thievery is common; and all strike out some bold and original thinking, and give some vigorous truths in stern and earnest language. They are written with infinite spirit and thought. There are abundance of beauties to delight all lovers of nervous English prose, let them be ever so fastidious."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

"'Table Talk' was a continuation of the 'Round Table,' and, while hardly less easy and gossiping, is a much more intense and vigorous production. Here, he strikes upon deeper chords, abounds more in pensive reminiscences, rises to finer bursts of eloquence, and reveals more of the strange machinery of his own mind. It is a book full of thought, of character, and of himself."—"*Gallery of Literary Portraits,*" *by George Gilfillan.*

"Hazlitt's method of composition, even on subjects which he was accustomed to treat the most profoundly—moral or metaphysical questions—was rapid, clear, and decisive; so much so in the latter respect, that his MS. was like a fair copy, and he scarcely thought it necessary even to read it over before sending it to the press. What is still more remarkable is, that his power of composition was but little affected by the general state of mind he might be in at the time of sitting down to his work. If he could but persuade himself to *begin* writing on any subject which he had himself chosen for discussion, he could so abstract his thoughts from all topics but *that*, as to be able to escape for the time from even the most painful and pressing of external circumstances. As a proof of this, I may give a passage from one of his letters, written to me when he was in Scotland, whither he had gone on a matter which affected and troubled him almost to a pitch of insanity, and never relaxed its hold and influence upon his thoughts and feelings for a single moment, except when he was engaged in writing for the press. Before his departure from town, he had arranged with Mr. Colburn for a volume of 'Table Talk,' which was to consist of four hundred octavo pages, and of which not a line was written when he left London. From the day he quitted home his mind had been in a state of excitement bordering (as I have said) on disease, in consequence of circumstances that I may probably refer to more particularly hereafter. Yet four or five weeks after his departure he writes me as follows, at the end of a long letter, the previous part of which offers the most melancholy evidence of what the state of his mind must have been during the whole period of his absence:—

"'You may tell Colburn when you see him that his work is done magnificently; to wit—I. On the knowledge of character, 40 pp. II. Advice to a schoolboy, 60 pp. III. On patronage and puffing, 50 pp. IV. and V. On Spurzheim's theory, 80 pp. VI. On the disadvantages of intellectual superiority, 25 pp. VII. On the fear of death, 25 pp. VIII. Burleigh House, 25 pp. IX. Why actors should not sit in the boxes, 35 pp.—In all 340 pages. To do by Saturday night: X. On dreams, 25 pp. On individuality, 25 pp.—390 pages.' He says, in a postscript, 'I have been here a month yesterday.'

"As this letter fixes the date and place of the above-named essays, several of which are among the finest of his compositions, it may be interesting to add that it is dated from 'Renton Inn, Renfrewshire,' and it bears the post-mark of March, 1822. During this same period, too, he had written a considerable part of another work, which was afterwards published under the title of the 'Liber Amoris,' of which he speaks as follows in the above-named letter: 'On the

road down I began a little book of our conversations, *i.e.* mine and the statue's. It is called "The Modern Pygmalion." You shall see it when I come back.'"—*P. G. Patmore.* "*My Friends and Acquaintances.*" *Vol.* 3, *p.* 11.]

A Selection of Speeches delivered at several County Meetings, in the years 1820 *and* 1821. 1822.

[The object of this publication is thus explained in the Advertisement:—"In several of these speeches, now first collected, the most important constitutional principles are advocated in the very highest strain of eloquence. Among the speakers are many of those most distinguished in either House of Parliament. But the voluminous reports of the parliamentary debates may be searched in vain for more noble and striking proofs of their oratorical powers, than are to found within the compass of the following pages. There are here also specimens of talent and eloquence in men not members of the senate, and in others who, though members, are wholly unaccustomed to address it, that cannot easily be surpassed by the happiest effusions of those most habituated to public speaking. The chief subject which called forth these uncommon efforts, and which indeed was naturally calculated to excite the strongest sensation throughout the country, was the ill-judged and ill-fated persecution of the late Queen, by His Majesty's ministers. The other topics of the most deep and general interest, agitated at these meetings, were the accumulating distresses of all classes of society, especially in the agricultural districts; and the strong necessity for Parliamentary Reform. Upon the latter point in particular this volume may be consulted with confidence, as exhibiting most solemn declarations in favour of that measure of paramount importance by many of the first public characters in the kingdom. No exertions have been spared to render the publication as accurate as possible. In the only instance in which a corrected report of one of the speeches has been separately published, that report has been faithfully followed. For the others, all the principal London and provincial papers have been most sedulously collated. In the latter were discovered one or two of the most powerful and masterly orations in the present collection, of which scarcely an outline was given in the former; and which, as their circulation has been hitherto confined within the limited range of their county journals, will be entirely new to the general reader. . . . Some speeches are inserted chiefly on account of the valuable record they supply of the opinions and pledges of men of high station and influence upon subjects of great national moment. But the majority have been selected for their intrinsic merit, as some of the noblest exhibitions of genuine English feeling, judgment, and eloquence."]

Liber Amoris: or, the New Pygmalion. 1823.

["It was in 1823 that a circumstance occurred, the influence of which on my father's public as well as private life, obliges me to advert to it, although other reference than a bare record of the fact is as unnecessary to the reader as it would be painful to me. About this period, then, my father and mother were divorced under the law of Scotland. Their union had for some years past failed to produce that mutual happiness which was its object, owing in a great measure to an imagined and most unfounded idea, on my father's part, of a want of sympathy on that of my mother. For some time previous to this my father had fallen into an infatuation which he has himself illustrated in glowing and eloquent language, in a regretted publication called 'Liber Amoris.' The subject is a painful one, and admits of but one cheerful consolation—that my father's name and character was but momentarily dimmed by what, indeed, was but a momentary delusion."—*Biographical Sketch by his Son, in* "*The Literary Remains of William Hazlitt.*" 1836.

"It was an explosion of frenzy.—He threw out his clamorous anguish to the clouds, and to the winds, and to the air; caring not *who* might listen, *who* might sympathise, or *who* might sneer. Pity was no demand of his; laughter no wrong; the sole necessity for *him* was—to empty his over-burdened spirit."—*Thomas De Quincey.*

"There is such a thing as anatomizing the soul, by an excess of reflection and sensibility; and no thoughtful reader can peruse the 'Liber Amoris' of Hazlitt without the deepest pity,—realizing how the very superiority of a man's nature may occasion his greatest infelicity by the exaggerated feeling which imagination and sentiment cast around unworthy objects."—*H. T. Tuckerman (U.S.):* "*Characteristics of Literature,*" *Second Series.*

"'Liber Amoris' is a novelty in the English language, and we doubt not will be received as a *rara avis* in this land of phlegm and sea-coal. . . .

We are not aware indeed of the publication of anything so vindicative of the ideal theory of Bishop Berkeley, since the publication of 'The Academical Questions' of Sir William Drummond—nothing so approaching to a demonstration *that mind is the great creator, and matter a fable.*"—*Examiner, May* 11, 1823.

"Of the 'Liber Amoris,' and the circumstances which attended that publication, it is admitted, I believe, by everybody, friends as well as enemies, that it was an unfortunate matter. The facts are valuable only as showing how completely the rational faculty may be eclipsed, even in the strongest-minded men, by the unchecked growth of the passions."—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1830. *Vol.* 29. "*My Recollections of the late William Hazlitt,*" *p.* 475.

"This was an episode in the life of Hazlitt which, though involving much less guilt and misery than many similar incidents which are more *discreetly* managed, must, as soon as he emerged from temporary hallucination, have overwhelmed him with sorrow and mortification. It is enough that no vicious or sensual man could have fallen into such fascination, nor any decently hypocritical one have proclaimed it. This example and that of Rousseau overturns whatever poets and romancers affirm of first *young* love. The uncontrollable madness of the passion had not broken out in either of those remarkable men, until one was forty-seven and the other approaching that sober age. Like an inflammatory disease attacking a patient in high health and strength, the violence of the symptoms and the dangers of the patient were in correspondence with the matured, tenacious vigour of the sufferer."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* 1836. *Vol.* 3. *N.S.* "*Literary Remains of Hazlitt,*" *p.* 508.

"Is love, like faith, ennobled through its own depth and fervour and sincerity? or is it ennobled through the nobility, and degraded through the degradation of its object? Is it with love as with worship? Is it a *religion,* and holy when the object is pure and good? Is it a *superstition,* and unholy when the object is impure and unworthy? Of all the histories I have read of the aberrations of human passion, nothing ever so struck me with a sort of amazed and painful pity as Hazlitt's 'Liber Amoris.' The man was in love with a servant girl, who in the eyes of others possessed no particular charms of mind or person, yet did the mighty love of this strong, masculine, and gifted being, lift her into a sort of goddess-ship; and make his idolatry in its intense earnestness and reality assume something of the sublimity of an act of faith, and in its expression take a flight equal to anything that poetry or fiction have left us. It was all so terribly real, he sued with such a vehemence, he suffered with such resistance, that the powerful intellect reeled, tempest-tost, and might have foundered but for the gift of expression. He might have said, like Tasso—like Goethe rather—'Gab mir ein Gott zu sagen was ich leide!' And this faculty of utterance, eloquent utterance, was perhaps the only thing which saved life, or reason, or both. In such moods of passion, the poor uneducated man, dumb in the midst of the strife and the storm, unable to comprehend his intolerable pain or make it comprehended, throws himself in a blind fury on the cause of his torture, or hangs himself in his neckcloth. Hazlitt takes up his pen, dips it in fire and thus he writes. [Some extracts are here given from the work.] Hazlitt, when he wrote all this, seemed to himself full of high and calm resolve. The hand did not fail, the pen did not stagger over the paper in a formless scrawl, yet the brain was reeling like a tower in an earthquake. 'Passion,' as it has been well said, 'when in a state of solemn and omnipotent vehemence, always appears to be calmness to him whom it domineers;' not unfrequently to others also, as the tide at its highest flood looks tranquil, and 'neither way inclines.'."—*Mrs. Jameson.* "*Common Place Book of Thoughts, Memories, and Fancies,*" *pp.* 263, 266.]

Sketches of the Principal Picture-Galleries in England; with a Criticism on "Marriage-à-la-Mode." 1824.

[A new edition of this work, with the addition of his various papers connected with the Fine Arts, was published in two volumes in 1843, 1844, edited by his Son. (See the next work in this list.)]

Criticisms on Art; and Sketches of Picture-Galleries of England, with Catalogues of the Principal Galleries, now first collected.—Edited by his Son. 2 *Vols.* 1843-4.

[Volume 1 contains:—Criticisms on the Picture Galleries of England—On Hogarth's "Marriage-à-la-Mode"—On the Fine Arts (from the "Encyclopædia Britannica")—On the Elgin Marbles—Fonthill Abbey—On Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture—Appendix, containing Catalogues of Picture Galleries.

Volume 2 contains:—On the Pleasure of Painting—On Certain Inconsistencies in Sir Joshua Reynolds' Discourses—On Originality—On the Catalogue Raisonné of the British Institution—On a Portrait of an English Lady by Vandyke—The Vatican—On a Landscape by Nicholas Poussin—English Students at Rome—On Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa—On Farington's Life of Sir Joshua Reynolds—On the Ideal—On Judging of Pictures—Mr. West's Picture of Death on the Pale Horse—On Williams's Views in Greece—Appendix, contains Further Catalogues of Picture Galleries.

"No man has done more to produce a love for art than William Hazlitt; he has taught us to read the poets by the light of his own genius, and lent us his discriminating and poetic mind to appreciate painting and sculpture, We are deeply indebted to him for the latter boon, because, unfortunately, the many can acquire a knowledge of art by books only. Most of our best collections are closed to the public, and the remaining few to which access may be obtained are not sufficiently popular to attract uneducated curiosity. In such a position, no work is more calculated to lead the young student to knock at the doors of picture galleries than the one now under notice. It is too late in the day to add a laurel to the wreathed brow of Hazlitt, but we cannot help recording our entire satisfaction with all he says regarding painting and painters."—*Court Journal.*

"He (Dr. Channing) has an instinct for these high qualities of the highest kind of poetry, as unerring as that fine tact by which Mr. Hazlitt, the first of our critics upon works of art, feels when a master's hand has touched the canvas, traces the original conception and mental prototype of the painting, and enshrines it in a rich and appropriate frame-work of poetical associations."—*Westminster Review.* 1830. *Vol.* 12. *Article,* "*Dr. Channing's Works,*" *p.* 490.

. . . "The principles of true taste which he (Hazlitt) has been more successful in illustrating and diffusing than any other writer of his age, and which seem to have possessed his whole mind—were formed in his practice of painting."—*Dublin University Magazine.* 1836. *Vol.* 8, *p.* 400.]

Characteristics; in the manner of Rochefoucault's Maxims. 1823.—*Second Edition.* 1837.

["The following work was suggested by a perusal of Rochefoucault's Maxims and Moral Reflections. I was so struck with the force and beauty of the style and matter, that I felt an earnest ambition to embody some occasional thoughts of my own in the same form. This was much easier than to retain an equal degree of spirit. Having, however, succeeded indifferently in a few, the work grew under my hands; and both the novelty and agreeableness of the task impelled me forward. There is a peculiar *stimulus,* and at the same time a freedom from all anxiety, in this mode of writing. A thought must tell at once, or not at all. There is no opportunity for considering how we shall make out an opinion by labour and prolixity. An observation must be self-evident: or a reason or illustration (if we give one) must be pithy and concise. Each Maxim should contain the essence or ground-work of a separate Essay, but so developed as of itself to suggest a whole train of reflections to the reader; and it is equally necessary to avoid paradox or common-place. The style also must be sententious and epigrammatic, with a certain pointedness and involution of expression, so as to keep the thoughts distinct, and to prevent them from running endlessly into one another. Such are the conditions to which it seemed to me necessary to conform, in order to insure anything like success to a work of this kind; or to render the pleasure of the perusal equal to the difficulty of the execution. There is only one point in which I dare even allude to a comparison with Rochefoucault—*I have had no theory to maintain;* and have endeavoured to set down each thought as it occurred to me, without bias or prejudice of any sort."—*Author's Preface to the First Edition.*

Mr. R. H. Horne, in his introductory remarks to the 2nd edition, says:—"These 'Characteristics' of Hazlitt are, perhaps, less known than any of his works. For some private reason—most likely to avoid, for once, the venomous attacks of party—he stipulated with the publisher not to put his name to the book. It contains, nevertheless, the spirit of most of his essays, except that it is divested of political bias, as much as was possible with one who felt so strongly the rights and wrongs of mankind. Such political bias as there may be, is latent only, and never rises into startling prominence. . . . His remarks on friendship, and on women, are also the result of wounded feelings; but if sundry contemptuous philippics on the latter excite vexation or

disgust in those whose experience induces an opposite opinion, let them turn to the reflection at page 111, Aphorism 312, which embalms, if it does not explain the whole. . . . These 'Characteristics' contain much that is cynical, though nothing malevolent, and the author utters many bitter sarcasms, some of which are distinctly levelled at himself. In his most cutting truths it is a striking peculiarity with Hazlitt, that he always brings himself in for his full share. But for profound and original thought, and clear as well as masterly analysis, I would particularly call the reader's attention to pages 51, 52, 56, 63, 98, 108, &c.; to his remarks on Mandeville and Rochefoucault, at page 44; and to the sharply-finished outline of his noble theory of Human Action, contained in the arguments that follow."

"The book is full of one-sided truths—of imperfect truths—of no truths at all—but also of very many deep revealings, and distinct exhibitions of our moral nature. Thus we have 'in the rough,' all the author's well-known theories of human character and action, as well as his happiest principles of criticism on poetry and the arts."—*Examiner, January* 22, 1837.

"There is stuff enough in this one little book to make a reputation for a fine writer. It is full of familiar truths, new and startlingly shown; of wholesome teaching, and matter for reflection."—*Globe.*]

Select Poets of Great Britain: to which are prefixed Critical Notices of Each Author. 1825.

["The object, and indeed ambition, of the present compiler has been to offer to the public a body of English poetry, from Chaucer to Burns, such as might at once satisfy individual curiosity, and justify our national pride. We have reason to boast of the genius of our country for poetry, and of the trophies earned in that way; and it is well to have a collection of such examples of excellence inwoven together, as may serve to nourish our own taste and love for the sublime or beautiful. . . . I have brought together in one view (to the best of my judgment) the most admired smaller pieces of poetry, and the most striking passages in larger works, which could not themselves be given entire. . . . To possess a work of this kind ought to be like holding the contents of a library in one hand, without any of the refuse or 'baser matter.' . . . I have followed the order of time, instead of the division of the subjects. By this method, the progress of poetry is better seen and understood; and besides, the real subjects of poetry are so much alike, or run so much into one another, as not easily to come under any precise classification. . . . I have made it my aim to exhibit the characteristic and striking features of English poetry and English genius; and, with this view, have endeavoured to give such specimens from each author as showed his peculiar powers of mind, and the peculiar style in which he excelled; and have omitted those which were not only less remarkable in themselves, but were common to him with others, or in which others surpassed him; who were, therefore, the proper models in that particular way. . . . In a word, it has been proposed to retain those passages and pieces with which the reader of taste and feeling would be most pleased in the perusal of the original works, and to which he would oftenest wish to turn again; and which, consequently, may be conceived to conduce most beneficially to form the taste and amuse the fancy of those who have not leisure or industry to make themselves masters of the whole range of English poetry. By leaving out a great deal of uninteresting and common-place poetry, room has been obtained for nearly all that was emphatically excellent. The reader, it is presumed, may here revel and find no end of delight in the racy vigour and manly characteristic humour, or simple pathos, of Chaucer's muse—in the gorgeousness, voluptuousness, and romantic tendencies of Spenser—in the severe, studied beauty and awful majesty of Milton—in the elegance, and refinement, and harmony of Pope—in the strength, and satire, and sounding rhythm of Dryden—in the sportive gaiety and graces of Suckling, Dorset, Gay, and Prior—in Butler's wit—in Thomson's rural scenes—in Cowper's terse simplicity—in Burns's laughing eye and feeling heart. Others might be mentioned to lengthen out the list of poetic names—

> That on the steady breeze of honour sail
> In long procession, calm and beautiful;—

But from all together enough has been gleaned to make a 'perpetual feast of nectar'd sweets, where no crude surfeit reigns.' Such at least has been my ardent wish; and if this volume is not pregnant with matter both 'rich and rare,' it has been the fault of the compiler, and not of the poverty or niggardliness of the English Muse."—*From the Preface.*]

The Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits. 1825.—*Second Edition.* 1835.—*Third Edition.* 1858. *Edited by his Son.*

[Jeremy Bentham—William Godwin—Mr. Coleridge—Rev. Mr. Irving—the late Mr. Horne Tooke—Sir Walter Scott—Lord Byron—Mr. Campbell and Mr. Crabbe—Sir James Mackintosh—Mr. Wordsworth—Mr. Malthus—Mr. Gifford—Mr. Jeffrey—Mr. Brougham and Sir F. Burdett—Lord Eldon and Mr. Wilberforce—Mr. Southey—Mr. T. Moore, and Mr. Leigh Hunt—Elia, Geoffrey Crayon, and Mr. Sheridan Knowles.

"In 'Table Talk,' and in 'The Spirit of the Age,' he has spoken of the most remarkable men of his time with a free spirit; with freedom sometimes indeed bordering upon excess, though in general we think with justness, sagacity, and a delicate discrimination of the finer shades of character, and of those evanescent forms of expression which an inferior artist might in vain attempt to catch. In this respect, Hazlitt is the Clarendon of his age. If he has dealt handsomely by his personal friends, it cannot be said that in his improved likenesses personal identity is obliterated, or that he has in any instance overstepped the modesty of nature. He has often mixed up criticism upon the poetry of his friends, with personal and intellectural portraiture; but the latter is then the first in importance. The books speak for themselves; but who else, save he who saw, conversed, and lived with the authors, could have thus reported upon their characters, habits, and *idiosyncrasies?* . . . No extract that we could take, can convey any adequate notion of his masterly analysis of the wayward genius, and, what was identical, the personal character of Byron. Every sentence is part of a whole, and each teems with original thought."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* 1836. *Vol.* 3. *N.S.* "*The Writings of Hazlitt,*" *pp.* 653, 763.

"Freely and without respect of persons he there canvasses his contemporaries, literary and political; takes their measure, and reports it without fear or favour; nothing extenuates, where they have bad or weak points, and sets down a good deal in malice, whether they have or not. Here his keenness of scrutiny, his talent for portraiture (which looks so 'like,' that one disregards the exaggeration, the frequent distortion, the heightened colouring), his skill in comparative anatomy, his biting ridicule, his enthusiasm of admiration and of hate, the peculiarities of his style, sharply sententious, cogently iterative, are seen to the best advantage . . . . The 'Spirit of the Age' is the best voucher for Coleridge's description of its writer, long years before it was written, as a 'thinking, observant, original man; of great power as a painter of character portraits,' and skilled to 'send well-feathered thoughts straightforward to the mark with a twang of the bowstring.'"—*Bentley's Miscellany.* 1855. *Vol.* 37. "*Prosings by Monkshood about the Essayists and Reviewers.* I. *William Hazlitt,*" *p.* 489.]

"'The Spirit of the Age' was, in many respects, the best of Hazlitt's productions. It was the 'Harvest Home' of his mind. He collected into it the gathered essence of his *critical* thought. It contains his mature and deliberate opinion of many of his contemporaries, expressed in language 'gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.' In reading it, you feel as when passing through a gallery of pictures."—"*Gallery of Literary Portraits,*" *by George Gilfillan.*

The Plain Speaker: Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. 2 *Vols.* 1826. *Second Edition.* 1851. *Edited by his Son.*

[Volume 1 contains: On the Prose Style of Poets—On Dreams—On the Conversation of Authors—On Reason and Imagination—On Application to Study—On Londoners and Country People—On the Spirit of Obligations—On the Old Age of Artists—On Envy (a Dialogue between himself and Northcote)—On Sitting for one's Picture—Whether Genius is Conscious of its Powers—On the Pleasure of Hating—On Dr. Spurzheim's Theory—On Egotism—Hot and Cold—The New School of Reform.

Volume 2 contains: On the Qualifications necessary to Success in Life—On the Look of a Gentleman—On reading Old Books—On Personal Character—On People of Sense—On Antiquity—On the Difference between Writing and Speaking—On a Portrait of an English Lady by Vandyke—On Novelty and Familiarity—On Old English Writers and Speakers—Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Mars—Sir Walter Scott, Racine, and Shakespeare—On Depth and Superficiality—On Respectable People—On Jealousy and Spleen of Party.

The article On a Portrait of a Lady by Vandyke is not included in the 2nd edition, but is reprinted in the collection of "Criticisms on Art," 2 vols.

"These essays differ not so much in degree as in kind from that of all others of their class. There is a weight and substance about them, which makes us feel that amidst all their nice and dexterous analysis, they are in no small measure creations. The quantity of thought which is accumulated upon his favourite subjects; the variety and richness of the illustrations; and the strong sense of beauty and pleasure which pervades and animates the composition, give them a place, if not above, yet apart from the writings of all other essayists. They disclose the subtle essences of character, and trace the secret springs of the affections, with a more learned and penetrating spirit of human dealing than either Steele or Addison."—*Metropolitan Magazine.*]

Notes of a Journey through France and Italy; including Observations on the Fine Arts. 1826.

[A republication, with corrections and additions, of letters written during a tour through France and Italy, and published as they were received in the *Morning Chronicle.* "The felicity and elegance of his local descriptions are very conspicuous, and his passage across the Alps, sketches of Swiss and Italian scenery; of Rome, Venice, and the Italian cities, all abound with the peculiar graces of his reflective and sentimentally illustrative pencil. The productions of most of the great Italian masters successively engage his attention. . . . The opinions of a man so peculiarly qualified to judge, so eminently disposed to afford his convictions with sincerity, and to express them with felicity, claim particular attention."—*The Examiner,* 1825, *p.* 439.

"In 1825 Hazlitt visited France and Italy. His 'Notes' of this journey, although written *currente calamo,* present a multitude of picturesque descriptions, much eloquent declamation, and shrewd remark. His account of Venice and Ferrara remain especially in my recollection, together with his observations on French and Italian manners. There is some agreeable criticism on French acting also, which I refer to, for the purpose of mentioning that his comparison between Madame Pasta and Mademoiselle Mars (much to the advantage of the former), having been reprinted at Paris, was followed by a cessation of intimacy between these heroines. Thus at least Hazlitt was informed, and thus he stated to me. His informant was a French author of some note, as I understood. I have never heard the anecdote confirmed; but I am not aware that it stands in need of confirmation. Hazlitt, while he regretted the fact, exulted that the jealousy sprung from the French woman, and not from his favourite Italian. It gave stability, as he thought, to his theory."—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1830. *Vol.* 29. "*My Recollections of the late William Hazlitt,*" *p.* 477.]

The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte. 4 *Vols.* 1828.—*With new Titles and Preface.* 1830.—*New Edition, revised by his Son.* 4 *Vols.* 1852.

[The following is the Preface to the New Edition, revised by his son:—"The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, my father's last, largest, and, upon the whole, greatest work, has been for some years out of print, but it is only recently that I have been able to trace the ownership of the copyright. This knowledge obtained, and the work having been placed at my entire disposal by the kindness of the gentleman who held the property, it is with great gratification that I now issue a new edition of this important history, at a price which will place it within the means of thousands to whom its former cost rendered the purchase altogether impracticable. The great object of my ambition, the diffusion of my father's fame, is thus eminently promoted. My revision of the text has been, of course, limited to such corrections as occurred to me of names, dates, and figures, and even in these respects I have had very little to do. My father's thorough devotion to his subject led him to take infinite pains with every detail, and his thorough honesty, to notice every fact with which he became acquainted, material to his history, as well against as for his hero; for though he loved Napoleon much, he still loved honour more. I have, in the form of notes, interspersed illustrations of the text, interesting rather than important, from other sources; and furnished the previously deficient, but very useful feature, of a comprehensive index.—WILLIAM HAZLITT. London, May 1, 1852."

The preface which Hazlitt intended to appear at the commencement of the Life, was, for some reason or other, omitted, but it will be found at the opening of the third volume—not standing by itself, but incorporated with and forming part of the text. The compiler of this list is unable to explain how this came about. A friend and contemporary of Hazlitt's, who still survives, has been consulted on the subject, and he says, "I believe that the preface,

on account of its political spirit, was—upon consultation—suppressed. It would be thought nothing of in our advanced day. By mere accident I got hold of W. H.'s original preface in type, and his MS. for the title of the work; and these—years after—I had bound with the complete work. The first and second volumes were published under the firm of Hunt and Clarke; the third and fourth, by Effingham Wilson, and Chapman and Hall. It appears to me that he would not have the preface lost, and therefore inserted it when the work went into other publishers' hands." In another letter this correspondent says, "There was not a more thorough, or a more 'virgin-gold' Radical in his day than William Hazlitt: the Wordsworths, the Southeys, and lying Coleridge, were all rotten turncoats. He alone of the set remained true—'faithful among the faithless, faithful only he.' Servant of truth, 'Well done,' I say." In a letter to a friend, dated December 7, 1827, Hazlitt, alluding to his preface, says:—"In Paris, the preface was thought a masterpiece—the best and only possible defence of Buonaparte, and quite new there. It would be an impertinence in me to write a Life of Buonaparte after Sir Walter, without some such object as that expressed in the preface."

As the preface referred to explains his object in writing the Life of Napoleon, it is here reprinted, from pp. 1, 2, 3, and 4 of the 3rd volume of the work.

THE ORIGINAL PREFACE TO HAZLITT'S "LIFE OF NAPOLEON."

"Of my object in writing the Life here offered to the public, and of the general tone that pervades it, it may be proper that I should render some account (before proceeding farther) in order to prevent mistakes and false applications. It is true, I admired the man; but what chiefly attached me to him, was his being, as he had been long ago designated, 'the child and champion of the Revolution.' Of this character he could not divest himself, even though he wished it. He was nothing, he could be nothing but what he owed to himself and to his triumphs over those who claimed mankind as their inheritance by a divine right: and as long as he was *a thorn in the side of kings* and kept them at bay, his cause rose out of the ruins and defeat of their pride and hopes of revenge. He stood (and he alone stood) between them and their natural prey. He kept off that last indignity and wrong offered to a whole people (and through them to the rest of the world) of being handed over, like a herd of cattle, to a particular family, and chained to the foot of a legitimate throne. This was the chief point at issue—this was the great question, compared with which all others were tame and insignificant—Whether mankind were, from the beginning to the end of time, born slaves or not? As long as he remained, his acts, his very existence gave a proud and full answer to this question. As long as he interposed a barrier, a gauntlet, and an arm of steel between us and them who alone could set up the plea of old, indefeasible right over us, no increase of power could be too great that tended to shatter this claim to pieces: even his abuse of power and aping the style and title of the imaginary gods of the earth only laughed their pretensions the more to scorn. He did many things wrong and foolish: but they were individual acts, and recoiled upon the head of the doer. They stood upon the ground of their own merits, and could not urge in their vindication 'the right divine of kings to govern wrong;' they were not precedents; they were not exempt from public censure or opinion; they were not softened by prescription, nor screened by prejudice, nor sanctioned by superstition, nor rendered formidable by a principle that imposed them as sacred obligations on all future generations: either they were state-necessities extorted by the circumstances of the time, or violent acts of the will, that carried their own condemnation in their bosom. Whatever fault might be found with them, they did not proceed upon the avowed principle, that 'millions were made for one,' but one for millions; and as long as this distinction was kept in view, liberty was saved, and the Revolution was untouched; for it was to establish it that the Revolution was commenced, and to overturn it that the

enemies of liberty waded through seas of blood, and at last succeeded. It is the practice of the partisans of the old school to cry *Vive le Roi, quand même!* Why do not the people learn to imitate the example? Till they do, they will be sure to be foiled in the end by their adversaries, since half-measures and principles can never prevail against whole ones. In fact, Buonaparte was not strictly a free agent. He could hardly do otherwise than he did, ambition apart, and merely to preserve himself and the country he ruled. France was in a state of siege; a citadel in which Freedom had hoisted the flag of revolt against the threat of hereditary servitude; and that in the midst of distraction and convulsions consequent on the sentence of ban and anathema passed upon it by the rest of Europe for having engaged in this noble struggle, required a military dictator to repress internal treachery and headstrong factions, and repel external force. Who then shall blame Buonaparte for having taken the reins of government and held them with a tight hand? The English, who having set the example of liberty to the world, did all they could to stifle it? Or the Continental Sovereigns, who were only acquainted with its principles by their fear and hatred of them? Or the Emigrants, traitors to the name of men as well as Frenchmen? Or the Jacobins, who made the tree of liberty spout nothing but blood? Or its *paper* advocates, who reduce it to a harmless theory? Or its true friends, who would sacrifice all for its sake? The last, who alone have the right to call him to a severe account, will not; for they know that, being but a handful or scattered, they had not the power to effect themselves what they might have recommended to him; and that there was but one alternative between him and that slavery which kills both the bodies and the souls of men! There were two other feelings that influenced me on this subject; a love of glory, when it did not interfere with other things, and the wish to see personal merit prevail over external rank and circumstance. I felt pride (not envy) to think that there was one reputation in modern times equal to the ancients, and at seeing one man greater than the throne he sat upon."—*From "Life of Napoleon," vol. 3, pp. 1 to 5.*

There is a preface following the 1830 title-page, written after Hazlitt's death, from which the following sentences are taken:—"Hazlitt rarely wrote till he was urged by necessity: but the 'Life of Napoleon' was undertaken by choice. He felt that injustice had been done to the character of that extraordinary man, in every attempt that had been hitherto made to describe it. Much time was occupied, and great expense incurred, to obtain ample materials for the present work. Not satisfied with books and written documents, Hazlitt saw and conversed with the persons most likely to afford him information. He resided two years in Paris for this especial purpose; and the work, in consequence, possesses anecdotes and facts which throw quite a new light on many subjects hitherto seen 'through a glass, darkly.' Hazlitt has endeavoured, and we think successfully, to trace events to their spring, in the mighty mind out of whose workings they arose. Buonaparte, as the creature of circumstances, is one thing; as their creator, another; and it is curious to contemplate him under both views. The author may be accused of partiality when the very original views he takes are submitted to the judgment of prejudice and preconception. But let it be remembered, that wealth and genius have been lavished to give a false colour to many transactions which are here related in their simple nakedness, and the charge of partisanship may be retorted on the accuser. The political bias of Hazlitt's mind was to popular right and the sovereignty of the people. When we find this feeling urge its possessor to accuse his hero of wilfully attempting the subversion of justice, and with a disregard to the social compact, we may believe him when he praises. . . . Hazlitt was not the infatuated worshipper of an idol, but the champion of an historical character which he conceives unjustly and wantonly attacked. He has sacrificed no principle to palliate his hero—he has rigorously examined and fearlessly blamed where censure appeared called for—and he has quietly wiped away the stain from a great picture, when he found that malice or ignorance had left it there: when faults were in the piece itself he has not attempted to remove them. It would be arrogant to say that the unanimous verdict of posterity will agree with the decision of the biographer; but we may aver,

without fear of contradiction, that the materials from which such verdict will be drawn are impartially summed up in this work, with an ability which none will doubt. As we have already stated, Hazlitt's fame as an author will mainly depend on the public estimate of this his last labour. Thousands have read and been delighted with his less important works; but here was a subject with which he grappled to the utmost of his strength—a labour of his own seeking, to which he devoted many anxious years, and to which he strove to bring the whole force of his talents, lavish the brilliancy of his genius, and give it the stamp and impress of his powerful mind. How he has succeeded, will be decided by that public to which he has never appealed but with a successful issue."—*From the Preface to the Edition in 4 vols., 8vo., with title pages dated* 1830.

"It was not necessary even to go to the extent of his own opinions, theories, and decisions, to relish the frequent masterly emanations of mind, and pervading metaphysical glances into the arcana of the mental phenomena observable under a Revolution which shook the whole of Europe to its social centre. With respect to the narrative, it is rapid, spontaneous, and abounding with the mental touches which so peculiarly distinguish this writer; although it certainly wants something of form and due digestion, regarded as the conveyance of a series of great actions and important events. To Napoleon, as a man of commanding intellect, Mr. Hazlitt, who we suspect is as kindly to the aristocracy of genius as disposed to consider every other an usurpation, will by some be deemed too favourable. It is much to say, however, that in no instance does he spare him, when either his grand characteristics or his passions bring him in opposition to the great cause of liberty or the general benefit of mankind. . . . There is a noble and eloquent exposition of the inevitable results of a free press, which is admirably demonstrative of the utter inability, from the constitution and nature of the human mind, of an eternal resistance on the part of oppression and tyranny to the operation of the interchange of ideas which it produces. . . . We will venture to assert that this work displays a deeper insight into the sources and principles of morals and politics, in brief, rapid, and lightning glances—often as it were *en passant*—than nine out of ten of the formal treatises which are regarded as profound authority. We would rather, for instance, be the author of the remarks therein on the character of Robespierre and the Reign of Terror, than of the whole of Burke's great and high-wrought work."—*Notice of the two first volumes of the work, by Fonblanque, in Examiner, March,* 9, 1828.

"Differing as we do from many of the opinions, and from some of the deductions in this work, we may add that the style is energetic, and often eloquent; a fine breadth is thrown over the details, and a fine spirit of philosophic enquiry breathes in every page. The work is never dull, and perhaps as impartial as could be hoped for. With all our objections, we doubt if we have had, or are likely to have, a better on the same subject."—*The Athenæum.* 1830. *p.* 804.

"It is not a superior work to many others, in point of incident and record, Though the French Revolution and its consequences are always interesting to read about. It is also a party work, if the cause of humanity can be said to be that of a party. But it is so admirably written; the incidents are accompanied with such unusual and remarkable reasons given for them; and these reasons are fetched out of such a deep, humane, and even impartial faculty of investigation (for tyranny and corruption themselves, however roughly handled, here find their best excuses), that readers of this old subject find it, in the best sense of the word, become a new one; and we will venture to say, that a man may take it as a test of his own power to think or receive thought, whether he can discern the superiority of this work above all others on the Revolution."—*Leigh Hunt's Companion, February,* 20, 1828.

"His 'Life of Napoleon' was the last and largest of his books. It had loomed before his view for years, and he meant it for a proud and monumental work. He loved Napoleon as he loved all the other members of his intellectual seraglio, with idolatrous admiration. He saw him, enlarged in the haze of the hatred with which he regarded the despotisms which he overthrew—the Messiah of Democracy, the pale yet bold pilot of that fire-ship which the French Revolution had launched amid its ocean of blood, to track through the nations its terrible path of dismay, ruin, and death! But the book—written in the decay of his mind, full of hasty and muddled narrative, breathing more of the spirit of the partisan than that of the calm and dignified historian—is confessedly a failure, though redeemed by passages of paradoxical acuteness and passionate declamation, which yet display rather the convulsion of strong disease, than the sovereign energy of health; more the last throes and staggerings of a ruined mind, than the sublime composure of a spirit about to be

'made perfect.' One description in it, of the Reign of Terror,—are subjects suited to the dark and permanent exasperation of his mind,—is more like a bit of Tacitus than anything we remember in modern history. There is in it the same gloomy concentration and massive grandeur. He paints the scene as with the touch of the Furies: one or two fierce wafturcs and the thing is done. And although the work be imperfect and morbid, yet we believe that the memory of it ministered some consolation to poor Hazlitt on his premature and unhappy death. On whatever misconduct and mishaps he might look back, with whatever 'dimness of anguish' he may have contemplated the gloomy vast of the future, he had, in language however rude and ragged, expressed his full idea of the idol of his soul, and so far was content."—*"Gallery of Literary Portraits," by George Gilfillan.*]

Conversations of James Northcote, Esq., R.A. 1830.

[These Conversations originally appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* in 1826 and 1827, under the title "Boswell Redivivus."

"The criticisms in this volume are often of much taste and nicety of discrimination; many of the ideas are strikingly ingenious: and there are observations as remarkable for their originality as their shrewdness." The author attacks the "Utilitarians," who are defended from his mistaken conceptions of their doctrines in an article in the *Examiner* of September 26, 1830, from which the previous sentence is taken. There is an article in Leigh Hunt's "Tatler," of September 28, 1830, entitled "Mr. Hazlitt and the Utilitarians." Mr. Hunt enters into an explanation of Hazlitt's views on this subject, and comments on the article in the *Examiner* referred to.

"Of fashion he quaintly says—'Fashion is gentility running away from vulgarity, and afraid of being overtaken by it. It is a sign the two things are not far asunder.' This is excellent. The remarks upon what constitutes grossness or indecency in art are equally ingenious and true. These Conversations contain much fine thought, liberal criticism, and refined, yet solid and practical wisdom."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine.* 1837. *Vol.* 4. *N.S.* *"Hazlitt as a Critic of the Drama and the Fine Arts," p.* 656.

In the *Examiner* of May 4th, 1833, appears a letter, signed "Veritas," who says, "all the ill-nature in the book is Northcote's; and all, or almost all, the talent, Hazlitt's."]

The Life of Titian; with Anecdotes of the Distinguished Persons of his Time. By James Northcote, Esq., R.A. 2 *Vols.* 1830.

["The 'Life of Titian,' also published this year, bears the name of Mr. Northcote on its title-page, but, in point of fact, all Mr. Northcote's share in the work was a mass of extremely unconnected manuscript, of which it was almost impossible to find the beginning, middle, or end. When reduced into something like order, this portion of the material, with the addition of a great many notes, &c., by my father, extended but to a volume and a quarter of the work. The remainder consists of a translation of Ticozzi's celebrated life of the great painter, by my father and myself."—*Biographical Sketch by his Son, in "The Literary Remains of William Hazlitt."* 1836.]

Painting, and The Fine Arts; being the articles under those heads contributed to the 7th Edition of the Encyclopædia Britannica, by B. R. Haydon, Esq., and W. Hazlitt, Esq. 1838.

["The Fine Arts" was written by W. Hazlitt. The *Quarterly Review* for July, 1838 (see next paragraph), eulogises this essay; being the only instance in which that periodical ever noticed any of his works, without heaping upon them and their author the most scurrilous abuse; specimens of this abuse are given at page 76. See an adverse notice of it in the *Athenæum*, July, 1838.

. . . "Mr. Hazlitt's clever treatise, written for the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. We have read no work of that author with anything approaching to the same gratification; the fact is, that he had been educated for painting as a profession, and though his pencil is said to have been a poor one, he certainly understood the subject well theoretically. The whole tendency of the treatise is to show that the perfection attained by all the great masters arose from the study of the nature which surrounded them, and not from that imagined improvement upon nature, which has been called the ideal. Hear Mr. Hazlitt on the subject of the Elgin Marbles and Raphael."—*Quarterly Review.* 1838. *Vol.* 62. *"Art and Artists in England."*

"We have hitherto spoken of Hazlitt as a dramatic critic, an essayist, and generally as a man of letters. Those who dispute his high claims in this capacity, are yet willing to confess his superiority as a critic in art; and if we wished to give any young or uninstructed individual a correct and exalted idea of what is meant by those vague terms, 'The Arts,' or 'The Fine Arts,' we should simply place in his hands, 'Hazlitt's Essay on the Fine Arts,' printed in the last edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. 1837. *Vol.* 4. *N.S.* "*Hazlitt as a Critic of the Drama and the Fine Arts*," *p.* 659.]

Winterslow: Essays and Characters written there. Collected by his Son. 1839.

[My First Acquaintance with Poets—Of Persons one would wish to have Seen—On Party Spirit—On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth—On Public Opinion—On Personal Identity—Mind and Motive—On Means and Ends—Matter and Manner—On Consistency of Opinion—Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation—On the Character of Burke. (See remarks on his Character of Burke, in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*, given at p. 57, under the heading "Political Essays and Sketches of Public Characters.")—On the Character of Fox—On the Character of Mr. Pitt—On the Character of Lord Chatham—Belief, whether Voluntary?—A Farewell to Essay-Writing.

"Shortly after his marriage (1808) he went to live at Winterslow, in Wiltshire, in a house belonging to his wife's family. It was at this place, and at the Hutt, an inn on the Great Western Road, about a mile and a half from the village, that he passed, at intervals, many years of his life—alternately painting, reading, writing, and using physical exercise. The fine woods of Tytherley on the one side, and the noble expanse of Salisbury Plain on the other, presented an inexhaustible source of healthful recreation and mental enjoyment—of all that might administer, with the most salutary effect, alike to the senses and to the imagination. His state of life at this period, and in these scenes, he has himself described in a passage which, though the reader may remember it well, will be read by him once more with pleasure:—'Here, even here, on Salisbury Plain, with a few old authors, I can manage to get through the summer or the winter months, without ever knowing what it is to feel *ennui*. They sit with me at breakfast; they walk out with me before dinner. After a long walk through unfrequented tracts, after starting the hare from the fern, or hearing the wing of the raven rustling above my head, or being greeted by the woodman's "stern good night," as he strikes into his narrow homeward path, I can "take mine ease at mine inn," beside the blazing hearth, and shake hands with Signor Orlando Friscobaldo, as the oldest acquaintance I have. Ben Jonson, learned Chapman, Master Webster, and Master Heywood are there; and seated round, discourse the silent hours away. Shakspeare is there himself, not in Cibber's manager's coat. Spenser is hardly yet returned from a ramble through the woods, or is concealed behind a group of nymphs, fauns and satyrs. Milton lies on the table, as on an altar, never taken up or laid down without reverence. Lyly's "Endymion" sleeps with the moon, that shines in at the window: and a breath of wind stirring at a distance, seems a sigh from the tree under which he grew old. Faustus disputes in one corner of the room, with fiendish faces, and reasons of divine astrology. Bellafront soothes Matheo, Vittoria triumphs over her judges, and old Chapman repeats one of the hymns of Homer, in his own fine translation! I should have no objection to pass my life in this manner out of the world, not thinking of it, nor it of me; neither abused by my enemies, nor defended by my friends; careless of the future, but sometimes dreaming of the past, which might as well be forgotten?'"—*Biographical Sketch by his Son.*]

Sketches and Essays, now first collected by his Son. 1839.—*Reprinted in* 1852 *(with the omission of the article—"Self-Love and Benevolence: a Dialogue," 48 pages), and with the title page, "Men and Manners: Sketches and Essays, by William Hazlitt. Published at the office of the Illustrated London Library, 227, Strand,* 1852."

[Mr. Lowndes, in the "Bibliographers' Manual," gives as the title of one of Hazlitt's works, "Men and Manners," but without a date. "Men and Manners," as explained above, is simply the first line of a new title page to the reprint of "Sketches and Essays."

The contents are: On Reading New Books—On Cant and Hypocrisy—Merry England—On a Sun-Dial—On Prejudice—Self-Love and Benevolence: a Dialogue—On Disagreeable People—On Knowledge of the World—On Fashion—

On Nicknames—On Taste—Why the Heroes of Romances are Insipid—On the Conversation of Lords—The Letter-Bell—On Envy—On the Spirit of Partisanship—Footmen—A Chapter on Editors.

"Nor is the treatment less characteristic than the subjects. In each and every essay we recognise the familiar hand of the acute, wilful, splenetic, but benevolent philosopher, quarrelling by turns with everyone (not omitting his friends), but ripping up a vast quantity of truth by the way—writing the same lucid, short, and vehement style—heartily relishing beauty and genius wherever he found them, enemies not excepted—doing justice to the good as well as bad sides of a question: though not always, nor always at the same length, or with the same enjoyment,—often provoking those objections against himself which he makes to the passion and prejudices of others, but never failing to be admirable for some exhibition of power, and even pardonable when most provoking, for an unfailing sympathy with mankind at large. . . . The following (from the essay 'On a Sun-Dial') is exquisite:—It is a thorough appreciation of its exquisite subject, and shows what beautiful corners were in the mind of this splenetic but great writer, whenever he chose to let his spirit come out into them, as into a garden, and recreate itself with the fragrance of tranquil thoughts."—*Examiner*, 1838, *p.* 757.

"We have no hesitation in saying that no one of his previous volumes surpasses it in the varied excellence of its contents—whether we regard the philosophical subtlety of their spirit of observation, the fearless force of their satire, the unrivalled critical acumen of their literary discussions, the felicitous truth of their pictures of society, or the power, the purity, and the brilliancy of their style."—*Court Journal.*

"They are stamped on every page with marks of his genius that cannot be mistaken, and will be welcome to all lovers of English literature."—*Monthly Chronicle.*]

Literary Remains of the late William Hazlitt; with a Notice of his Life, by his Son, and Thoughts on his Genius and Writings by E. L. Bulwer and Sergeant Talfourd. 2 *Vols.* 1836.

[Volume 1 contains: Sonnet—Biographical Sketch—Some Thoughts on the Genius of William Hazlitt, by the Author of "Eugene Aram"—Thoughts upon the late William Hazlitt, by Mr. Sergeant Talfourd, M.P.—Character of Hazlitt, by Charles Lamb—Sonnets—Project for a New Theory of Civil and Criminal Legislation—Definition of Wit—On Means and Ends—Belief, whether Voluntary?—Personal Politics (written during his last illness, immediately after the French Revolution of 1830)—On the Writtings of Hobbes—On Liberty and Necessity—On Locke's "Essay on the Human Understanding"—On Tooke's "Diversions of Purley."

Volume 2 contains: On Self-Love—On the Conduct of Life; or Advice to a Schoolboy—On the Fine Arts (from *Encyclopædia Britannica*)—The Fight—On the Want of Money—On the Feeling of Immortality in Youth—The Main Chance—The Opera—Of Persons one would wish to have Seen—My First Acquaintance with Poets—The Shyness of Scholars—The Vatican—On the Spirit of Monarchy.

Hazlitt's Description of a Prize Fight will be found in the 2nd volume of "Literary Remains." He had never seen a fight, and as the one between the Gas Man and Neate was coming off, and was the talk of the town, he decided to travel sixty or seventy miles, on a winter's night, to witness it. Mr. P. G. Patmore (in his reminiscences of Hazlitt, which form a volume of his work entitled "My Friends and Acquaintance," 3 vols., 1854) gives an account of this expedition, from which the following is taken:—"I was too anxious about the 'great event' I had come seventy miles to see to take much notice of its effects upon Hazlitt while it was going on. But after it was over we joined company: and I then found that he had taken the most profound metaphysical as well as personal interest in the battle; and I never heard him talk finer or more philosophically than he did on the subject—which he treated—and justly, I think—as one eminently worthy of being so considered and treated. As a study of human nature, and the varieties of its character and constitution, he looked upon the scene as the finest sight he had ever witnessed; and as a display of animal courage he spoke of the battle as nothing short of sublime. I found that he had paid the most intense attention to every part of the combat, had watched the various chances and changes of its progress with the eye and tact of an experienced amateur, and could have given (and, in fact, after-

wards did give in the *New Monthly Magazine)* an infinitely better, because a more characteristic and intelligible, account of its details, than the professional reporters employed for that purpose." The article originally appeared in the *New Monthly Magazine* at the commencement of 1822, and was signed "Phantastes."—See *New Monthly Magazine*, vol 4, p. 102.

Several of the Essays in the "Literary Remains" will be found in the 4th edition of "Table Talk," and in the "Winterslow" Essays.

The two last essays written by Hazlitt, and which have never been reprinted, are to be found in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1830, vol. 29. They were penned not long before his death. They were entitled "The Free Admission" and "The Sick Chamber." They are mentioned in "My Recollections of the the late William Hazlitt," in the 20th volume of the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1830. The article is attributed to his friend Barry Cornwall.

"In anxiety to draw attention to Hazlitt's bold and original inquiry into the principles of the art of painting, and his exquisite criticism upon its time-consecrated productions, we have somewhat exceeded our limits, and left no space at present for the practical wisdom with which his essays are fraught; nor yet for what we consider as by far the most attractive portions of his writings—his Confessions, if we may so call those abrupt and eloquent self-revealings, glancing like wandering lights over so many of his moody pages, and momentarily wrung forth by the agony of mental anguish, or welling up from the mournful and tender reminiscences of his happiest hours, and of the best-beloved *books* and *pictures*, companions and friends of his youth and early manhood. Though what we mean mingles more or less with nearly all Hazlitt's serious essays, we would especially direct the young reader's attention to the papers entitled 'My First Acquaintance with Poets,' 'Upon the Disadvantages of Intellectual Superiority,' 'The Shyness of Scholars,' 'On the Effeminancy of Character,' 'On Little Things and Great,' 'On the Love of the Country,' and detached parts of many other essays. The writings of Hazlitt, all more or less of the highest excellence and value, are rather voluminous for modern grave authorship. We therefore make no excuse for having dwelt upon them at such length. Indeed, our main regret is, that into works which we esteem so rare and precious, and which are at present nearly debarred to the mass of of readers, we are precluded from entering more fully."—*Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*. 1837. *Vol.* 4. *N.S.* "*Hazlitt as a Critic of the Drama and the Fine Arts*," *pp.* 663, 664.]

Life and Selections from the Correspondence and Autobiography of William Hazlitt. By his Son, W. Carew Hazlitt. 2 *Vols. (with Portraits.)* 1866.

[The above work was announced, but not published, at the date of the printing of this sheet, October, 1866.]

ADDENDA.

Lectures on the English Comic Writers. *(See p.* 56.*)*

["These lectures on our great comic writers are introduced by a maxim chosen appropriately from one of the most delightful of them—Sir Richard Steele—which remarks that 'it is a very good office one man does another, when he tells him the manner of his being pleased." The late Mr. Hazlitt's good offices in this respect are by no means among the least admirable and excellent of his literary services; indeed, of the many valuable essays and commentaries, worthy of being treasured up with the subjects of which they treat, that have been left to us by the acute and earnest author of this volume, we know of few much worthier either in matter or in manner than these lectures. How qualified he was to write on 'Wit and Humour;' how keen his relish, and how genuine his understanding of them, the introductory essay affords abundant proof; for in that, notwithstanding its perverse and paradoxical outbreaks here and there, we have rich traces of a mind from whose fine critical perceptions few of the profounder truths that lurk under the light graces and gaieties of our best comic writers could be hidden, while it was equally alive to the playfulness of the humour, and the enjoyment of the wit amidst which those deeper beauties lay to be detected."—*Examiner*, 1840, *p.* 775.]

Liber Amoris. *(See p. 62.)*

[Mr. P. G. Patmore ("My Friends and Acquaintances," 3 vols, 1854) devotes a chapter to the origin of the "Liber Amoris," and gives extracts from letters he received from Hazlitt in the extremity of his sufferings; see vol. 3, p. 171.]

Criticisms on Art. *(See p. 63.)*

["Hazlitt was in no department of criticism so fascinating, in none so free from the dogmatizing and wilful spirit which would sometimes cloud his exquisite judgment, as in that of the Fine Arts. The opening sketches of this volume, on the picture galleries of Angerstein, Dulwich, Stafford, Windsor, Hampton, Grosvenor, Wilton, Burleigh, Oxford, and Blenheim, are compositions as charming as those of the best paintings they celebrate, and throw a light upon them warm and rich as their own. The elaborate and eloquent treatise from the *Encyclopædia Britannica* is included in this republication, with an article on Flaxmam, from the *Edinburgh Review*, and some essays (excellent) from the *London Magazine*, on the Elgin Marbles and Fonthill Abbey. The editor has further enriched the volume by an Appendix of Catalogues, some of them original, and till now quite inaccessible, than which he could hardly have made a more welcome present to the lover of art.—*Examiner*, 1843, *p.* 196."]

Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth. *(See p. 58.)*

["The passages in which he undertakes to mention some of the causes of 'such an extraordinary combination and development of fancy and genius' as existed in the period in question (the Elizabethan Era) are of first rate excellence, and the importance of the sentiments equals the eloquence of the language in which they are conveyed."—*London Magazine, February*, 1820. "*Review of 'The Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.'*"]

The following articles from the pen of Hazlitt (with the exception of those marked (?) about which there is some doubt), appeared in the *Edinburgh Review*.

	Dunlop's History of Fiction	Vol. 24	..	Nov., 1814
	Madame D'Arblay's Novels	,, 24	..	Feb., 1815
	Sismondi's Literature of the South of Europe	,, 25	..	Oct., 1815
	Schlegel on The Drama	,, 26	..	Feb., 1816
(?)	Leigh Hunt's Story of Rimini	,, 26	..	June, 1816
(?)	Coleridge's Literary Life	,, 28	..	Aug., 1817
	Letters of Horace Walpole	,, 31	..	Dec., 1818
	The History of Painting in Italy	,, 32	..	Oct., 1819
	Farington's Life of Reynolds	,, 34	..	Aug., 1820
	The Periodical Press	,, 38	..	May, 1823
	Landor's Imaginary Conversations	,, 40	..	Mar., 1824
	Shelley's Posthumous Poems	,, 40	..	July, 1824
	Lady Morgan's Life of Salvator Rosa	,, 40	..	July, 1824
	Flaxman's Lectures on Sculpture	,, 50	..	Oct., 1829
	Wilson's Life and Times of Defoe	,, 50	..	Jan., 1830
	Godwin and His Writings	,, 50	..	Apr., 1830

Articles on Byron and the Scotch Novels are also attributed to him, but the compiler of this list cannot obtain any authentic information about them. In vol. 28 is an article on "Wat Tyler and Mr. Southey," which reads very like one of Hazlitt's. Hazlitt delivered a course of lectures on the "English Philosophers" in January and February, 1812 (not 1813, as stated in "Literary Remains," &c.) He also wrote four "Letters by a Metaphysician," in the *Morning Chronicle*—several articles on subjects connected with the Fine Arts, in *The Champion* newspaper, between 1814 and 1818, and was also a contributor to Richardson's *London Review*, published about 1827 and 1828. In *Fraser's Magazine*, vol. 2, for January, 1831, appears an article on "Capital Punishment," in which is given an extract from a paper by Hazlitt on this subject. The extract is thus introduced by the essayist:—"It forms part of an essay which was written a few years ago by the late W. Hazlitt, at the request of a society then existing in London for obtaining a repeal of that formidable law, and seems to contain pretty much the sum of what might be brought forward against

that punishment by a philosophical reasoner. It has never yet been published." The *New Monthly Magazine* for 1830 contains the two last articles written by Hazlitt; "The Free Admission," and "The Sick Chamber." These have not been reprinted, as already stated. Reference has also been made (p. 58) to an article in the *Examiner* for 1821, on "Guy Faux, with some Observations on Heroism." An admirable article, "The Dandy School," appeared in the *Examiner* of Nov. 18th, 1827, suggested by Disraeli's "Vivian Grey" and Theodore Hook's novels. Neither of these have been reprinted.

Articles on Hazlitt and His Writings have appeared in the following American Periodicals:—

North American Review. Boston. Vol. 8.
American Quarterly Review. Boston. Vol. 26th.
American Whig Review. New York. Vols. 5 and 14.
American Eclectic Magazine. New York Vol. 7.
Analectic Magazine. Philadelphia. Vol. 12.
Southern Literary Messenger. Richmond. Vol. 2.
Museum of Foreign Literature. Philadelphia. Vol. 9.
Little's Living Age. Boston. Vol. 4.

The following passages are from "Past Celebrities Whom I Have Known," by Cyrus Redding. Vol. 1. (Article, "William Hazlitt."):—"His earliest criticisms no theatrical critic in this country has ever yet equalled. . . . I believe, too, whatever faults he had of temper, or manner, or prejudice—and he had his share—when he came to the point, or was brought to it, he admitted it conscientiously. . . . He concealed nothing. His character was perfectly simple, and he expected to find everybody else the same. He had no concealed thought, for he brought all out, good, bad, or indifferent: it was his nature. It was not wonderful that a man who spoke out all he thought should have been abused and shunned. He had a great distaste for the 'Lakers,' as they were then styled, that is for Southey, Wordsworth, and Coleridge. Nor was this wonderful, for excepting Coleridge, the other two he looked upon, not without truth, as finished apostates, who ran counter to and benefited in the vulgarest way by a deliberate apostacy from the generous principles of their youth, by which they had once endeavoured to lead others. They had thus shown their venality and weakness of principle. He loved truth to excess, and, in consequence, even with his own glaring faults of temper, he would not forgive its violation. This was consistent with the simplicity of his character. . . . He had no friendships, as the word is generally understood. He lived alone in the midst of the metropolis, a hermit, among two or three millions of living men. There can be no doubt that much of this was constitutional, strengthened by his habit of deep thinking, and by continual disappointment experienced in the daily contradiction of his love of truth, which he almost worshipped. It bred in him the bitter irritability that was so strong a feature in his character."

Lamb's Defence of Hazlitt.—"The opinion of the world was nothing to him; and when it attacked his friends, he stuck to them closer than a brother. William Hazlitt—to whose great talents proper justice is for the first time paid in this honest volume (Barry Cornwall's 'Memorials of Lamb')—was in his day the best abused man in Great Britain; it was dangerous to be his companion, so many stones were always flying about his ears. But when Hazlitt was reviled by Southey (also a friend of his own), Lamb came out of his corner, and did battle, in print, for the calumniated man in noble words. 'So far from being ashamed of the intimacy,' he says, 'it is my boast that I was able for so many years to have preserved it entire; and I think I shall go to my grave without finding, or expecting to find, such another companion.'"—*Chambers's Journal, Dec.*, 1866. "*The Last Records of Charles Lamb.*"

The last words of the last essay Hazlitt wrote, "The Sick Chamber," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, August, 1830 (he died on the 18th of September of the same year), were:—"If the stage shows us the masks of men and the pageant of the world, books let us into their souls, and lay open to us the secrets of our own. They are the first and last, the most homefelt, the most heartfelt of all our enjoyments."

Specimens of Criticisms on Hazlitt's Writings—from "The Quarterly Review" and "Blackwood's Magazine."

[. . . "vulgar descriptions, silly paradoxes, flat truisms, misty sophistry, broken English, ill humour, and rancorous abuse, &c. . . . a sour Jacobin. . . . We are far from intending to write a single word in answer to this loathsome trash, &c.; but if the creature, in his endeavour to crawl into the light, must take his way over the tombs of illustrious men, disfiguring the records of their greatness with the slime and filth which mark his track, it is right to point him out that he may be flung back to the situation on which nature designed that he should grow."—*Quarterly Review. Article on Hazlitt's "Round Table."* 1817. *Vol.* 17, *pp.* 155, 157, 159.

. . . "More frequently he descends to that simpler style of eloquence which is in use among washerwomen, the class of females with whom, as we learn from the 'Round Table,' he and his friend Mr. Hunt more particularly delight to associate. . . .

"We should not have condescended to notice the senseless and wicked sophistry of this writer, or to point out to the contempt of the reader, &c., had we not considered him as one of the representatives of a class of men by whom literature is more than at any former period disgraced, and therefore convinced that it might not be unprofitable to show how very small a portion of talent and literature were necessary for carrying on the trade of sedition. The few specimens which we have selected of his ethics and his criticisms, are more than sufficient to prove that Mr. Hazlitt's knowledge of Shakespeare and the English language is exactly on a par with the purity of his morals and the depth of his understanding."—*Quarterly Review. Article on Hazlitt's "Characters of Shakespeare's Plays."* 1818. *Vol.* 18, *pp.* 459, 460.

. . . "wages everlasting war against accurate reasoning, just observation, and precise or even intelligent language. . . . predatory incursions on truth and common sense. . . . He seems to think that meaning is a superfluous quality in writing, and that the task of composition is merely an exercise in varying the arrangement of words. . . . ever hovering on the limits between sense and nonsense. Not one gleam of light is thrown upon the subject. . . . accumulation of incoherent notions. . . .

"Upon the whole, the greater part of Mr. Hazlitt's book is either completely unintelligible, or exhibits only faint and dubious glimpses of meaning; and the little portion of it that may be understood is not of so much value as to excite regret on account of the vacancy of thought which pervades the rest. . . . They are of that happy texture that leaves not a trace in the mind of either reader or hearer. . . . an incoherent jumble of gaudy words."—*Quarterly Review.* 1818. *Article on Hazlitt's "Lectures on the English Poets." Vol.* 19, *p.* 424.

. . . "The death's head hawk-moth bears some resemblance to him. Its favourite object is always the plunder of a hive, and its solé safeguard in accomplishing its purpose are its startling appearance and disagreeable noise. . . . the unqualified detestation which we have always entertained, and which we still entertain, for the spirit which pervades his volumes, &c. . . . ludicrous egotism . . . forlorn drudge of the *Examiner* . . . few characters in England of distinguished eminence whom he has not slandered. . . . This slanderer of the human race . . . the value of the objects which it seemed to be his nature to defile, &c."—*Quarterly Review.* 1819. *Vol.* 22. *Article on Hazlitt's "Political Essays," &c., p.* 158.

"Mr. Hazlitt's character as a writer may, we think, be not inaptly designated by a term borrowed from the vocabulary of our transatlantic brethren, which, though cacophonous, is sufficiently expressive. . . . The word to which we allude, SLANG-WHANGER, is interpreted in the American dictionary to be 'One who makes use of political or other gabble, vulgularly called slang, that serves to amuse the rabble.'"—*Quarterly Review*, 1822. *Vol.* 26. *Article on Hazlitt's "Table Talk," &c., p.* 103.

"The whole surface of these volumes is one gaping sore of wounded and festering vanity; and in short, to use the language of the revered author of that excellent work, 'The Miseries of Human Life,' our table-talker 'is rather AN ULCER THAN A MAN.' . . .

"Now, it is one thing to feel sore, and a bad thing it is there is no denying; but to tell all the world the story of one's soreness, to be continually taking off the bandages, and displaying all the ugly things they ought to cover, is quite another, and a far worse affair. The one is a misfortune, the other is a fault. Mr. Hazlitt, who has not youth to plead, should know that this world is, to pity-beseeching authors, a hard-hearted world, Nobody likes the sight of an odious, maimed, bruised, battered, half-putrid, and shrunken limb, exposed in bright sunshine close beneath the Duke of Devonshire's wall . . . One cannot away with your fellows that write with stumps, and play the fiddle with their great toe. You fling them a few coppers, and are off like lightning. Who will buy a book that is full of lamentation about the cruelty of the reviewer?

"Your dirty imagination, Mr. Hazlitt, is always plunging you into some dirty scrape . . . vocabulary of vapid pollution . . . You really are a disgusting set, &c." . . . .—*Blackwood's Magazine.* 1822. *Vol.* 3. *Hazlitt's "Table Talk," pp.* 157, 163.

"The shame of having seen himself (Jeffery) mentioned in print as a friend and boon companion of such an animal as the author of this odious and loathsome piece of lewdness and profligacy ('The Liber Amoris') &c.

. . . "This low, vulgar, impudent gentleman of the press—the writer of that filthy book, which, but for its dulness and the obscurity of the author, must long ere now have been burnt by 'the hands of the common hangman,' &c. . . .

. . . "A mere ulcer, a sore from head to foot, a poor devil, so completely flayed, that there is not a square half-inch of healthy flesh on his carcass . . . an overgrown pimple, sore to the touch, . . . he feels that he is exiled from decent society."—*Blackwood's Magazine.* 1823. *Vol.* 4, *pp.* 220, 221.

"He of 'Table Talk' has never risen higher than the lowest circle of the Press-gang—Reporters fight shy—and the Editors of Sunday Newspapers turn up their noses at the smell of his approach."—*Blackwood's Magazine,* 1826. *Vol.* 20, *p.* 786.]

OPINIONS OF LEIGH HUNT'S CHARACTER, GENIUS, AND WRITINGS.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE'S IMPRESSIONS OF LEIGH HUNT.

Leigh Hunt, for example, would be pleased, even now, if he could learn that his bust had been reposited in the midst of the old poets whom he admired and loved; though there is hardly a man among the authors of to-day and yesterday whom the judgment of Englishmen would be less likely to place there. He deserves it, however, if not for his verse (the value of which I do not estimate, never having been able to read it), yet for his delightful prose, his unmeasured poetry, the inscrutable happiness of his touch, working soft miracles by a life-process like the growth of grass and flowers. As with all such gentle writers, his page sometimes betrayed a vestige of affectation, but, the next moment, a rich, natural luxuriance overgrew and buried it out of sight. I knew him a little, and (since, Heaven be praised, few English celebrities whom I chanced to meet have enfranchised my pen by their decease, and as I assume no liberties with living men) I will conclude this rambling article by sketching my first interview with Leigh Hunt.

He was then at Hammersmith, occupying a very plain and shabby little house, in a contiguous range of others like it, with no prospect but that of an ugly village street, and certainly nothing to gratify his craving for a tasteful environment, inside or out. A slatternly maid-servant opened the door for us, and he himself stood in the entry, a beautiful and venerable old man, buttoned to the chin in a black dress-coat, tall and slender, with a countenance quietly alive all over, and the gentlest and most naturally courteous manner. He ushered us into his little study, or parlor, or both,—a very forlorn room, with poor paper-hangings and carpet, few books, no pictures that I remember, and an awful lack of upholstery. I touch distinctly upon these external blemishes and this nudity of adornment, not that they would be worth mentioning in a sketch of other remarkable persons, but because Leigh Hunt was born with such a faculty of enjoying all beautiful things that it seemed as if Fortune did him as much wrong in not supplying them as in withholding a sufficiency of vital breath from ordinary men. All kinds of mild magnificence, tempered by his taste, would have become him well; but he had not the grim dignity that assumes nakedness as the better robe.

I have said that he was a beautiful old man. In truth, I never saw a finer countenance, either as to the mould of features or the expression, nor any that showed the play of feeling so perfectly without the slightest theatrical emphasis. It was like a child's face in this respect. At my first glimpse of him, when he met us in the entry, I discerned that he was old, his long hair being white and his wrinkles many; it was an aged visage, in short, such as I had not at all expected to see, in spite of dates, because his books talk to the reader with the tender vivacity of youth. But when he began to speak, and as he grew more earnest in conversation, I ceased to be sensible of his age; sometimes, indeed, its dusky shadow darkened through the gleam which his sprightly thoughts diffused about his face, but then

another flash of youth came out of his eyes and made an illumination again. I never witnessed such a wonderfully illusive transformation, before or since; and, to this day, trusting only to my recollection, I should find it difficult to decide which was his genuine and stable predicament,—youth or age. I have met no Englishman whose manners seemed to me so agreeable, soft, rather than polished, wholly unconventional, the natural growth of a kindly and sensitive disposition without any reference to rule, or else obedient to some rule so subtile that the nicest observer could not detect the application of it.

His eyes were dark and very fine, and his delightful voice accompanied their visible language like music. He appeared to be exceedingly appreciative of whatever was passing among those who surrounded him, and especially of the vicissitudes in the consciousness of the person to whom he happened to be addressing himself at the moment. I felt that no effect upon my mind of what he uttered, no emotion, however transitory, in myself, escaped his notice, though not from any positive vigilance on his part, but because his faculty of observation was so penetrative and delicate; and, to say the truth, it a little confused me to discern always a ripple on his mobile face, responsive to any slightest breeze that passed over the inner reservoir of my sentiments, and seemed thence to extend to a similar reservoir within himself. On matters of feeling, and within a certain depth, you might spare yourself the trouble of utterance, because he already knew what you wanted to say, and perhaps a little more than you would have spoken. His figure was full of gentle movement, though, somehow, without disturbing his quietude; and as he talked, he kept folding his hands nervously, and betokened in many ways a fine and immediate sensibility, quick to feel pleasure or pain, though scarcely capable, I should imagine, of a passionate experience in either direction. . .

I rejoiced to hear him say that he was favoured with most confident and cheering anticipations in respect to a future life; and there were abundant proofs, throughout our interview, of an unrepining spirit, resignation, quiet relinquishment of the worldly benefits that were denied him, thankful enjoyment of whatever he had to enjoy, and piety, and hope shining onward into the dusk,—all of which gave a reverential cast to the feeling with which we parted from him. I wish that he could have had one full draught of prosperity before he died. As a matter of artistic propriety, it would have been delightful to see him inhabiting a beautiful house of his own, in an Italian climate, with all sorts of elaborate upholstery and minute elegancies about him, and a succession of tender and lovely women to praise his sweet poetry from morning to night. I hardly know whether it is my fault, or the effect of a weakness in Leigh Hunt's character, that I should be sensible of a regret of this nature, when, at the same time, I sincerely believe that he has found an infinity of better things in the world whither he has gone. At our leave-taking, he grasped me warmly by both hands, and seemed as much interested in our whole party as if he had known us for years. All this was genuine feeling, a quick, luxuriant growth out of his heart, which was a soil for flower-seeds of rich and rare varieties, not acorns, but a true heart, nevertheless. Several years afterwards I met him for the last time at a London dinner-party, looking sadly broken down by infirmities; and my final recollection of the beautiful old man presents him arm in arm with, nay, if I mistake not, partly embraced and supported by, another beloved and honored poet, whose minstrel-name, since he has a week-day one for his personal occasions, I will venture to speak. It was Barry Cornwall, whose kind introduction had first made me known to Leigh Hunt.—*Nathaniel Hawthorne; "Our Old Home: 'Up The Thames.'"*

THOMAS CARLYLE.

We are fortunate in being able to lay before our readers the terms in which the writer, who differs the most widely from Leigh Hunt in his manner of regarding all human affairs, expresses his admiration and respect. Many years ago, Mr. Carlyle had occasion to put on record his estimate of Leigh Hunt; we extract the following passages for the instruction of our readers :—

"Mr. Hunt is a man of the most indisputably superior worth; *a man of genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies; of brilliant, varied gifts; of graceful fertility; of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike, open character, also of most pure and even exemplary private deportment; a man who can be other than *loved* only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

"Well seen into, he *has* done much for the world; as every man possessed of such qualities, and freely speaking them forth in the abundance of his heart, for thirty years long, must needs do; how much, they that could judge best would perhaps estimate highest."

We extract these two paragraphs from a paper of some length, both because testimony from such a quarter will have weight with the whole world; and because, with characteristic vigour and insight, they paint for us the whole character of the man. Every word tells; and our readers who may have perseveringly attained—with the vaguest notions of what our author was like—to this stage of the present paper, will at least thank us for giving them an opportunity of knowing the man as he was, by reading and re-reading his character by Mr. Carlyle. We wish we were warranted in publishing also what now lies before us—Mr. Carlyle's opinion of the book in which, in the evening of his days, Leigh Hunt gave to the world a completer portrait of himself than was possible, even for him, in any other work—the Autobiography. Neither party would be dishonoured by the widest publication of these tender and beautiful words; but we must not trespass on the private correspondence even of so great a man as Mr. Carlyle. We think we are guilty of no indiscretion, however, in recording that he finds chiefly in that good book—what the reader may find there also if he please—"the image of a gifted, gentle, patient and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger; cannot be drowned, but conquers, and leaves a track of radiance behind it."—*North British Review, November*, 1860.

CHARLES DICKENS.

One of the completest specimens of the almost extinct literary man, in the most rigorous sense of the expression, was Leigh Hunt. He passed the seventy-five years of his life in a region of books; journeying from land to land in that immortal territory, with all the enthusiasm and ever-fresh wonder and delight of the old travellers in the marvel-haunted East, and receiving the very elements of his character from the sources that fed his mind. His recently published correspondence (to which we propose to devote a few columns) shows very clearly the nature and habits of the man, and will remove a world of misapprehension, by simply presenting facts in their right aspect. . . .

Such was the man who was sometimes described, by those who misunderstood the southern vivacity that occasionally ran over in his published writings in the pleasurable glow of composition, as a person of unthinking levity, incapable of perceiving the great facts of life! We have purposely dwelt on

the sadder passages of his existence, because of the singular misapprehensions with regard to his character which have prevailed in many minds. His life was, in several respects, a life of trouble, though his cheerfulness was such that he was, upon the whole, happier than some men who have had fewer griefs to wrestle with. Death and domestic dissensions, as we have seen, often stabbed him in his tenderest affections; and, in addition to those trials, he had to confront the repeated presence of pecuniary distress, owing partly to the heavy fine imposed on account of the libel on the Prince Regent, partly to a want of the business faculty, and partly to the extreme independence of spirit of the man, which, all through his career, kept him to a great extent sequestered from the broad outer world. The fact comes out so frequently in the present volumes, that there need be no delicacy in alluding to it here. Mournfully, however, as a large part of the correspondence strikes upon the reader, it must not be supposed that it refers entirely to painful details. Leigh Hunt's was an essentially human nature, rich and inclusive; and it is reflected with great completeness in the letters here given to the public. We see the writer in their varied contents, as those who knew him familiarly saw him in his every-day life: sometimes overclouded with the shadow of affliction, but more often bright and hopeful, and at all times sympathetic: taking a keen delight in all beautiful things—in the exhaustless world of books and art, in the rising genius of young authors, in the immortal language of music, in trees and flowers, and old memorial nooks of London and its suburbs; in the sunlight which came, as he used to say, like a visitor out of heaven, glorifying humble places; in the genial intercourse of mind with mind; in the most trifling incidents of daily life that spoke of truth and nature; in the spider drinking from the water-drop which had fallen on his letter from some flowers while he was writing; in the sunset lighting up his "little homely black mantelpiece" till it kindled into "a solemnly gorgeous presentment of black and gold;" in the domesticities of family life, and in the general progress of the world.

A heart and soul so gifted could not but share largely in the happiness with which the Divine Ruler of the universe has compensated our sorrows; and he had loving hearts about him to the last, to sweeten both. His letters to his daughters, to his son Vincent, and to some of his grandchildren, are exquisite specimens of parental tenderness—the loving playfulness of a wise and fresh-spirited old age. And the extreme tolerance and charity of his declining years brought him a host of new friends from all parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and even from America; some belonging to political parties totally distinct from that to which he remained unalterably attached to the latest breath he drew. This devotion to liberal ideas, which made him hail the French Revolution of 1848 as something "divine," and which excited in his mind so profound an interest in the recent uprising of Italy that he inquired eagerly of its progress only an hour or two before his death, contrasts very agreeably with the fluctuations of other authors.

It has been said occasionally that Leigh Hunt was a weak man. He had, it is true, particular weaknesses, as evinced in his want of business knowledge, and in a certain hesitation of the judgment on some points, which his son has aptly likened to the ultra-deliberation of Hamlet, and which was the result of an extreme conscientiousness. But a man who had the courage to take his stand against power on behalf of right—who, in the midst of the sorest temptations, maintained his honesty unblemished by a single stain—who, in all public and private transactions, was the very soul of truth and honour—who never bartered his opinion or betrayed his

friend—could not have been a weak man; for weakness is always treacherous and false, because it has not the power to resist.

From all such misunderstandings he is now released by death; and, in closing this article, we cannot do better than repeat the passage from his beloved Spenser which has been happily selected as the motto of his Correspondence—a passage which, though put by the poet into the mouth of Despair, is in truth full of a fine suggestion of a hope beyond the hopes of earth:

> What if some little payne the passage have,
> That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
> Is not short payne well borne that brings long ease,
> And lays the soule to sleep in quiet grave?
> Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
> Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please.

"*All the Year Round*," *April* 12, 1862.

[In "All the Year Round," of December 24, 1859, is an article by Mr. Dickens, called forth by a statement that Mr. Leigh Hunt was the original of *Harold Skimpole*, in "Bleak House." In *The Critic* of January, 1860, p. 86, appears an article on "The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," in which the reviewer questions Mr. Dickens's assurance that he did not draw the bad parts of the *Skimpole Philosophy* from Mr. Leigh Hunt. After giving his reasons for this opinion, with extracts from "Bleak House," *The Critic* says:—"We are puzzled to understand how he (Mr. Dickens) can reconcile those passages with the statement that he has not magnified the failing of the real man into the vice of the ideal character."]

LORD MACAULAY.

We have a kindness for Mr. Leigh Hunt. We form our judgment of him, indeed, only from events of universal notoriety, from his own works, and from the works of other writers, who have generally abused him in the most rancorous manner. But, unless we are greatly mistaken, he is a very clever, a very honest, and a very good-natured man. We can clearly discern, together with many merits, many faults, both in his writings and in his conduct. But we really think that there is hardly a man living whose merits have been so grudgingly allowed, and whose faults have been so cruelly expiated. In some respects Mr. Leigh Hunt is excellently qualified for the task which he has now undertaken. His style, in spite of its mannerism, nay, partly by reason of its mannerism, is well suited for light, garrulous, desultory *ana*, half critical, half biographical. We do not always agree with his literary judgments; but we find in him, what is very rare in our time, the power of justly appreciating and heartily enjoying good things of very different kinds. He can adore Shakspeare and Spenser, without denying poetical genius to the author of "Alexander's Feast," or fine observation, rich fancy, and exquisite humour to him who imagined Will Honeycomb and Sir Roger de Coverley. He has paid particular attention to the history of the English drama, from the age of Elizabeth down to our own time, and has every right to be heard with respect on that subject.—*Lord Macaulay.* "*Essays contributed to the Edinburgh Review.*" ("*The Dramatic Works of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar; with Biographical and Critical Notices, by Leigh Hunt.*" 1840.)

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

To my taste, the author of "Rimini" and editor of the *Examiner* is among the best and least-corrupted of our poetical prose writers. In his light but well-supported columns we find the raciness, the sharpness, and sparkling effect of poetry, with little that is extravagant or far-fetched, and no turgidity or pompous pretension. Perhaps there is too much the appearance of relaxation and trifling (as if he had escaped the shackles of rhyme), a caprice, a levity, and a disposition to innovate in words and ideas. Still,

the genuine master-spirit of the prose-writer is there; the tone of lively, sensible conversation; and this may in part arise from the author's being himself an animated talker. Mr. Hunt wants something of the heat and earnestness of the political partizan; but his familiar and miscellaneous papers have all the ease, grace, and point of the best style of essay writing. Many of his effusions in the *Indicator* show that, if he had devoted himself exclusively to that mode of writing, he inherits more of the spirit of Steele than any man since his time.—*William Hazlitt.* "*The Plain Speaker;*" "*On the Prose Style of Poets.*" 1826.

From great sanguineness of temper, from great quickness and unsuspecting simplicity, he runs on to the public as he does at his own fireside, and talks about himself, forgetting that he is not always among friends. His look, his tone are required to point many things that he says: his frank, cordial manner reconciles you instantly to a little over-bearing, over-weening self-complacency. "To be admired, he needs but to be seen;" but perhaps he ought to be seen to be fully appreciated. No one ever sought his society who did not come away with a more favourable opinion of him: no one was ever disappointed, except those who had entertained idle prejudices against him. He sometimes trifles with his readers, or tires of a subject (from not being urged on by the stimulus of immediate sympathy)—but in conversation he is all life and animation, combining the vivacity of the school-boy with the resources of the wit and the taste of the scholar. . . . He is the only poet or literary man we ever knew who puts us in mind of Sir John Suckling or Killigrew, or Carew; or who united rare intellectual acquirements with outward grace and natural gentility. Mr. Hunt ought to have been a gentleman born, and to have patronised men of letters. He might then have played, and sung, and laughed, and talked his life away; have written manly prose, elegant verse; and his "Story of Rimini" would have been praised by Mr. Blackwood. As it is, there is no man now living who at the same time writes prose and verse so well, with the exception of Mr. Southey (an exception, we fear, that will be little palatable to either of these gentlemen). His prose writings, however, display more consistency of principle than the laureate's: his verses more taste. We will venture to oppose his third canto of the "Story of Rimini" for classical elegance and natural feeling to any equal number of lines from Mr. Southey's Epics or from Mr. Moore's "Lalla Rookh." In a more gay and conversational style of writing, we think his "Epistle to Lord Byron," on his going abroad, is a master-piece: and the "Feast of the Poets" has run through several editions. A light, familiar grace, and mild unpretending pathos, are the characteristics of his more sportive or serious writings, whether in poetry or prose. A smile plays round the features of the one; a tear is ready to start from the thoughtful gaze of the other He perhaps takes too little pains, and indulges in too much wayward caprice in both. A wit and a poet, Mr. Hunt is also distinguished by fineness of tact and sterling sense: he has only been a visionary in humanity, the fool of virtue. What then is the drawback to so many shining qualities, that has made them useless, or even hurtful to their owner? His crime is, to have been editor of the *Examiner* ten years ago, when some allusion was made in it to the age of the present king, and that, though his Majesty has grown older, our luckless politician is no wiser than he was then!—*William Hazlitt*; "*The Spirit of the Age; or, Contemporary Portraits.*" 1825.

W. J. FOX.

The author of "Leigh Hunt's Poems" has rendered valuable service to the cause of political freedom and human progress, by the fact that he

is Leigh Hunt, and that the *Examiner* newspaper blends his name with recollections of an important period in the history of our country, and of a faithful, earnest, and honourable advocacy of the rights and interests of the people. His poems do not come into our hands unconnected with associations and recollections. They do not show themselves to the world after the manner of the stage direction: "Enter a song, and sings itself." They have in them a truth, freshness, and beauty, in which they will live; which will long render them—especially such poems as his "Story of Rimini," and his play, "A Legend of Florence"—which will long render them valuable, and a source of mental refreshment and enjoyment to numerous readers. But they cannot be separated from our recollection of the man, and what he has done, deserved, and, I may add, suffered, in the people's cause: for at the time when, under his editorship, the *Examiner* was the champion of every good object—when it feared not to expose any iniquity in high places—when it grappled with every question in an honest and inquiring spirit—at that time people were living under a very different state of things with regard to the public press from what prevails in our own day. Those were really times of peril. The power which Pitt established, when he quelled the first great efforts in the cause of reform, was yet exercised in its plenary influence and its wide extent. The nation was mad with the war-spirit: what were most looked for in the newspapers were reports of the last battle, The statistics of that day were returns of killed and wounded: the maps of that day were chiefly of the seat of hostilities. A more rigid hand was held by government over whatever could be brought within the net—the large net—of the libel law. Proprietors and editors of papers had to lay their account with penalties and imprisonments; and, as Leigh Hunt himself found, it was not safe even to jest at a royal Adonis. He was, as he himself has said of the *Examiner*, the Robin Hood of the cause, in all things except plunder; living in the green places of poetry, with sharpened arrows to pierce every flitting folly, or every giant iniquity. Severe to the luxurious hypocrite or the proud oppressor, generous towards the poor, always at hand for an act of friendship and kindness to individuals or classes that needed such a demonstration, and gathering round himself a body as distinguished in literature as the merry men of Robin Hood in the annals of song.

For it was one remarkable character of the *Examiner*, that it brought so many men into notice, or afforded a sphere for the exercise of their powers. There it was that Hazlitt wrote those true and fine criticisms which made the public understand the genius of Kean. There it was that Charles Lamb had often inserted some of those wise pleasantries of his, which, whilst they played around the imagination, penetrated into the heart; there that Shelley became first known to the British public; and Keats—the gentle Keats—whose soul was doomed afterwards to feel so much of a different spirit of criticism; and there that others of name in after times first made their exertions in the public cause. Why, the earliest proclamations of Daniel O'Connell to "hereditary bondsmen" were in the pages of the *Examiner*. And over all, the true and guiding mind of the editor gave to the paper a character which, raising it in the literary world, augmented its force in the political world; making the time when, throughout the country, the truest reformers used to look on its appearance with delight and satisfaction—a time that cannot cease to live in their recollections.

One is glad to see men uniting the characters of poet and politician; showing that the conflicts of political strife are not mere brute exertions, irreconcilable with whatever is gentlest in feeling or most playful

in fancy. There is a harmony in the blending, which tends to enhance our enjoyment of both exertions; which makes the denunciations of the politician sound more truly and deeply, and fall with greater fulness upon the ear; at the same time that the songs of the poet receive an enhancement of earnestness that detracts not from their sweetness. . . .

Companionship is the constant sensation that we have in Leigh Hunt's writings. He does not come out in state; he does not appear, as a deity used in the old plays, just to cut the knot and bring about the catastrophe; he does not show himself fully armed for the conflict, and, having routed the enemy, retire out of sight; he does not present himself merely in his singing robes to chant his lay, and then to be seen no longer; but he walks with us, talks with us, sits with us, eats with us, drinks with us. and reads with us. There is a feeling of companionship in whatever he does, made perfectly familiar by his frequent allusion to homely things, giving us an abiding sense of it, so that we feel there can be no better or more sociable companion than a book of his, whether we are travelling or idling, or want to refresh the mind in the intervals of work; there is at all times a geniality that charms, like that of one who is bodily present, and present in smiles and good humour, and sure to say something that is refreshing and agreeable.—"*Lectures addressed chiefly to the Working Classes*," *by W. J. Fox.*

JUDGE TALFOURD.

It is impossible to look back on the long and brilliant series of Mr. Leigh Hunt's literary efforts, from the time when first in the *Examiner* he began to rouse the tone of periodical composition, and to shed grace and beauty among its sharpest controversies, without acknowledging a debt of gratitude, which it is delightful, in some small measure to repay. Since then, how many domestic circles has he gladdened by importing a livelier consciousness of their happiness; how many else vacant and listless hours has he made populous with pleasant thoughts; with what living pictures of nature has he startled our solitude; and how often with fine and dexterous touch has he pierced our selfishness, and quickened our lazy sympathies into generous action? Had he been contented to subdue his style to the approved forms of composition; to lose the peculiarities of his thought and feeling in the established common-places of sentiment; and to sacrifice the nicer varieties of opinion to the creed of any powerful party, he would not now need the assistance of those who can appreciate that strong originalty of conception, which, when associated with correspondent vividness of expression, will often deprive a man of genius, who is obstinately true to himself, of the needy acceptance of the world. One circumstance in the history of his mind, however, was calculated to affect and to conciliate all—that an unusual measure of contumely and sorrow, instead of irritating, has mellowed and softened the spirit of his writings—so that although his later productions are not less sparkling than those of his youth, they are far less severe, and instinct with a finer humanity, a deeper and more considerate wisdom. His last effort to secure a provision for his family by the establishment of a daily journal, almost wholly the product of his own brain—which he once described as "a germ of precious promise of shelter for many heads"—was the bravest I can remember; and the three volumes of the *Tatler*, which he actually achieved, form, in the circumstances under which they were written, one of the most beautiful of literary curiosities. I do not so esteem them because they contain papers written at midnight, after the exhaustion of attendance at theatres, full of the most charming illustrations, and the profoundest suggestions of criticism; nor because day after day, the demand on vigorous thought was

made and answered; but because written in the midst of sickness, poverty, and unspeakable anxieties, they teem with the brightest and the gayest images, and were inspired by the very spirit of enjoyment to make the happy happier. . . . His beauty and pathos will live when all topics of temporary irritation have expired; one who has been "true as steel" to the best hopes of human nature; a poet, a wit, and an honest man.—*Letter from T. N. Talfourd, in Examiner, April* 1, 1832.

R. H. HORNE

(Author of "Orion;" "A New Spirit of the Age;" &c., &c.)

Leigh Hunt, the poet of "Foliage" and the "Story of Rimini," the author of some of the most exquisite essays in the English language, of a romance ("Sir Ralph Esher") full of power and beauty, and of the "Legend of Florence," a production remarkable for dramatic excellence and a pure spirit of generous and refined morality, is likely to be honoured with more love from posterity, than he ever received, or can hope to receive, from his contemporary public. Various circumstances combined to the ruffling of the world beneath his feet—and the two years of his imprisonment, for libel, when he covered his prison walls with garlands of roses, and lived, in spite of fate and the king's attorney-general, in a bower—present a type, in the smiling quaintness of their oppositions, of the bitterness and sweetness, the constraint and gay heartedness of his whole life besides. At the very time he was thus imprisoned, his physician had ordered him much horse-exercise, his health having been greatly impaired by sedentary habits. Still, he covered the walls of his room with garlands.

On a survey of the ordinary experiences of poets, we are apt to come hastily to a conclusion, that a true poet may have quite enough tribulation by his poetry, for all good purposes of adversity, without finding it necessary to break any fresh ground of vexation: but Leigh Hunt, imprudent in his generation, was a gallant politician, as well as a genuine poet; and, by his connection with the *Examiner* newspaper, did, in all the superfluity of a youth full of animal spirits, sow the whirlwind and reap the tornado. We have also heard of some other literary offences of thirty or forty years ago, but nobody cares to recollect them. In religious feeling, however, he has been misrepresented. It is certain that no man was ever more capable of the spirit of reverence; for God gifted him with a loving genius—with a genius to love and bless. He looks full tenderly into the face of every man, and woman, and child, and living creature; and the beautiful exterior world, even when it is in angry mood, he smothes down softly, as in recognition of its sentiency, with a gentle caressing of the fancy—Chaucer's irrepressible "Ah, benedicite," falling for ever from his lips! There is another point of resemblance between him and several of the elder poets, who have a social joyous full-heartedness; a pathetic sweetness; a love of old stories, and of sauntering about green places; and a liking for gardens and drest nature, as well as fields and forests; though he is not always so simple as they in his mode of describing, but is apt to elaborate his admiration, while his elder brothers described the thing—and left it so. He presses into association with the old Elizabethan singing choir, just as the purple light from Italy and Marini had flushed their foreheads; and he is an Italian scholar himself, besides having read the Greek idyls. He has drunk deep from "the beaker full of the warm South," and loves to sit in the sun, indolently turning and shaping a fancy "light as air," or—and here he has never had justice done him—in brooding deeply over the welfare, the struggles, and hopes of humanity. Traces of this high companionship and these pleasant dispositions are to be found like lavender between the leaves of his books;

while a fragrance native to the ground—which would be enough for the reader's pleasure, though the lavender were shaken out—diffuses itself fresh and peculiar over all. He is an original writer: his individuality extending into mannerism, which is individuality prominent in the mode. When he says new things, he puts them strikingly; when he says old things, he puts them newly—and no intellectual and good-tempered reader will complain of this freshness, on account of a certain "knack at trifling" in which he sometimes chooses to indulge. He does, in fact, constrain such a reader into sympathy with him—constrain him to be glad "with the spirit of joy" of which he (the poet) is possessed—and no living poet has that obvious and overflowing delight, in the bare act of composition, of which this poet gives sign. "Composition" is not a word for him—we might as well use it of a bird—such is the ease with which it seems to flow!

Yet he is an artist and constructor also, and is known to work very hard at times before it comes out so bright, and graceful, and pretending to have cost no pains at all. He spins golden lines round and round and round, as a silk-worm in its cocoon. He is not without consciousness of art—only he is conscious less of design in it, than of pleasure and beauty. His excessive consciousness of grace in the turning of a line, and of richness in the perfecting of an image, is what some people have called "coxcombry;" and the manner of it approaches to that conscious, sidelong, swimming gait, balancing between the beautiful and the witty which is remarkable in some elder poets. His versification is sweet and various, running into Chaucer's cadences. His blank verse is the most successfully original in its freedom of any that has appeared since the time of Beaumont and Fletcher. His images are commonly beautiful, if often fantastic—clustering like bees, or like grapes—sometimes too many for the vines—a good fault in these bare modern days. His gatherings from nature are true to nature; and we might quote passages which would disprove the old bygone charge of "Cockneyism," by showing that he had brought to bear an exceeding niceness of actual observation upon the exterior world. His nature, however, is seldom moor-land and mountain-land; nor is it, for the most part, English nature—we have hints of fauns and the nymphs lying hidden in the shadow of the old Italian woods; and the sky overhead is several tints too blue for home experiences. It is nature, not by tradition, like Pope's nature, nor quite by sensation and reflection, like Wordsworth's: it is nature by memory and phantasy; true, but touched with an exotic purple. His sympathies with men are wide as the distance between joy and grief; and while his laughter is audible and resistless, in pathos and depth of tender passionateness he is no less sufficient.

The tragic power of the "Story of Rimini" has scarcely been exceeded by any English poet, alive or dead; and his "Legend of Florence" is full of the "purification of pity," and the power of the most Christian-like manhood and sympathy. We might have fancied that the consciousness of pleasure in composition, which has been attributed to this poet, and the sense of individuality which it implies, would have interfered with the right exercise of the dramatic faculty—but the reason of tears is probably stronger in him than the consciousness of beauty. He has in him, and has displayed it occasionally, an exaltation and a sense of the divine, under a general aspect: a very noble dramatic lyric on the liberation of the soul from the body, published within the last seven years, has both those qualities in the highest degree.

If Leigh Hunt had never written a line as a poet, his essays would have proved him an exquisite writer, and established his claim upon posterity. As it is, he has two claims; and is not likely to be sent back

for either of them, not even as the rival of Addison. The motto to his "London Journal" is highly characteristic of him—"To assist the enquiring, animate the struggling, and sympathise with *all*." The very philosophy of cheerfulness and the good humour of genius imbue all his prose papers from end to end; and if the best dreamer of us all should dream of a poet at leisure, and a scholar "in idleness," neither scholar nor poet would speak, in that air of dreamland, more graceful, wise, and scholar-like fancies than are written in his books.—"*A New Spirit of the Age*," *by R. H. Horne*. 1844.

MISS MITFORD.

The days are happily past when the paltry epithet of "Cockney Poets" could be bestowed upon Keats and Leigh Hunt; the world has outlived them. People would as soon think of applying such a word to Dr. Johnson. Happily, too, one of the delightful writers who were the objects of these unworthy attacks has outlived them also; has lived to attain a popularity of the most genial kind, and to diffuse, through a thousand pleasant channels, many of the finest parts of our finest writers.—*Miss Mitford;* "*Recollections of a Literary Life.*"

S. C. HALL.

Mr. Hunt has been an ardent, though never an ungenerous, political partisan, and has suffered in almost every possible way for the advocacy of opinions, which, whether right or wrong, he has lived to see in a great measure triumph. . . .

The poetry of Leigh Hunt has been, and ever will be, appreciated by all who love nature and sympathise with humanity. It is liable to the charge of occasional affectation; and it is to be lamented that, at times, he defaces the beauty of a composition by some trifling puerilities. Mr. Hazlitt appears to have divined the cause of these defects. "From great sanguineness of temper, from great quickness and unsuspecting simplicity, he runs on to the public as he does at his own fireside, and talks about himself, forgetting that he is not always among friends." His disposition, however, is also the main source of his success. His nature is essentially *good*, and what he writes makes its way to the heart. The models he consults are the true old English poets, and the gayer spirits of Italy. He is a scholar and "a special lover of books," yet we never find in him a touch of pedantry. His poetry is like his mind—a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness; and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping, as to be far nearer allied to resignation than repining. Perhaps there is no poet who so completely pictures himself: it is a fine, and natural, and all-unselfish egotism, and a glorious contrast to the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some bards have laboured first to acquire, and then to portray.—*S. C. Hall;* "*The Modern Poets and Artists of Great Britain.*" 1838.

JAMES HANNAY.

(Author of "Satire and Satirists," &c., &c.)

It has been disputed by moralists whether it is an advantage to a man to attain old age, but whatever the true opinion may be, nobody can doubt that Leigh Hunt was fortunate in the privilege of reaching length of years. He outlived his early faults. He developed successfully all the nobler parts of his nature. He triumphed over misfortune. And not only did he keep his fame alive to the last, which as Dr. Johnson once said, is no inconsiderable success, but he enjoyed in advanced life an Indian summer of

fame, not less brilliant and far more soft and agreeable than that of his youth. His was altogether a pleasant old age,—a *jucunda senectus* such as the ancients loved to look forward to; and one felt inclined, watching the unabated vivacity of the old poet, to address him in the words of Anacreon to the grasshopper,—

"τὸ δὲ γῆρας οὔ σε τείρει
σοφέ, γηγενής, φίλυμνε,
. . . . .
σχεδὸν εἶ Θεοῖς ὅμοιος."

Old age certainly failed to wear him out in spirit, and he remained intelligent, cheerful, and song-loving to the last.

His place in English literature is not difficult to define, and it is a very honourable one. He was, take him all in all, the finest belles-lettrist of his day. Isaac Disraeli, the only contemporary belles-lettres man worthy of being put in comparison with Leigh Hunt, was assuredly a man of genius; and he was more learned than Leigh. But though Disraeli has sometimes exquisite felicities of criticism and expression, his inferiority in poetic genius places him altogether on a lower level. We cannot say, of course, that Leigh Hunt was a great poet. But, then, his poetry was of a fine and delicate quality, and it permeated all that he did, his criticism, his humour, his gossip, giving these a certain grace and airiness not to be obtained through any meaner gift. His natural branch of literature was that of ornament, and he was guided in producing it, equally by fresh vivid feeling and a cultivated taste. So that, though he could not claim to rank either with the chief poets or prose writers of the age, his influence in promoting the amenities, the higher amusements, of letters, was substantially exerted in their cause, and in the same intellectual region. He did much good by helping to make the great men of his generation known to many who would not otherwise have appreciated them so soon; and by reviving a love of the older writers whom the eighteenth century had allowed to fall into oblivion. To use a homely image, he was an admirable *taster*. . .

This correspondence is properly a companion to Leigh Hunt's "Autobiography," one of the most charming and instructive of all his works. We can follow him by the help of both books through his whole life, and see the history of his mind, from the turbid fervour of his boyhood to the calm, cheerful, enlightenment of his old age. . . . Leigh Hunt was most honourably active in repairing the errors of his early days; and was kindly and charitable in every line he wrote. . . . Yet, having lived down so much, he also lived down these things, and died at peace with all the world, in what was an *euthanasia* for a man of his long warfare with the cares of life. A true lover of letters and of mankind,—friendly, genial, and essentially honourable in nature,—Leigh Hunt has left a good and pleasant memory behind him; and his books will long be remembered among the gayest and gracefullest contribution to the Belles Lettres of England.—*Characters and Criticisms: a Book of Miscellanies: by James Hannay, author of "Satire and Satirists," &c.*, 1866. *Article on "The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt," pp.* 219 *to* 229.

EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

Hunt has had bitter enemies and warm friends; but, from his position as a liberal, his enemies have possessed the advantage of arraying against him the prejudices of party, as well as skilfully availing themselves of the weak points in his transparent nature. For many years he was pursued with the fiercest animosity of political and personal hatred. His name

has been used by a clique of unscrupulous writers as a synonyme of everything base, stupid, brainless, and impudent. His poems have been analyzed, parodied, misrepresented, covered with every epithet of contempt, pierced by every shaft of malice. Men like Gifford and Wilson have sacked the vocabulary of satire and ridicule, have heaped together all phrases and images of contumely, to destroy his reputation, and render him an object of universal scorn. It must be confessed that the faults of his mind and manner, the faults of his taste and conduct, the presumption with which he spoke of his eminent cotemporaries, the flippancy with which he passed judgments on laws and government, laid him open to animadversion, and were, in some instances, apologies for the malice and severity of his adversaries. For a number of years he was so pertinaciously attacked in "Blackwood's Magazine," in connection with his friends, Keats and Hazlitt, that it almost seemed as if the prominent object of that flashing journal was to crush one poor poet and his associates. He was stigmatized as the founder and exponent of the "Cockney school of poetry." His poems were held up as a strange compound of vulgarity and childishness—as a sort of neutral ground between St. Giles and the nursery. His style was represented as a union of all in expression which is coarse and affected, with all that is feeble and babyish. . . . His perception of the poetry of things is exquisitely subtle, and his fancy has a warm flush, a delicacy, an affluence, which are almost inimitable. He is full of phrases and images of exceeding beauty, which convey not only his thoughts and emotions, but also the subtlest shades and minutest threads of his fancies and feelings.—"*Essays and Reviews*," *by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston*, 1851.

HENRY T. TUCKERMAN.

Whatever may be deemed the success, as that term is popularly used, of Leigh Hunt, in literature, he may claim the happy distinction of interesting his readers in himself. Let critics pick as many flaws as they will, the pervading good nature and poetic feeling of the author of "Rimini" will ever be recognised. In an age like our own, it is no small triumph for a writer to feel that, both in practice and precept, he has advocated a cheerful philosophy; that he has celebrated the charms of refined friendship, the unworn attractiveness of fields and flowers, the true amenities of social life, and the delights of imaginative literature. The spirit of our author's life and writings, like that of his friend Lamb, is cheering and beautiful, He manifests a liberal and candid heart. His influence is benign and genial; and the thought of him, even to the strangers to his person on this side of the ocean, is kindly and refreshing.—"*Thoughts on the Poets*," *by Henry T. Tuckerman. New York*, 1846

"NORTH BRITISH REVIEW."

"The animosities are mortal, but the humanities live for ever." So says Christopher North, very finely; and no one was more ready to concur in that generous sentiment than the old enemy of whom he was thinking when he uttered it. But it is seldom that the heartiest reconciliation can do away with the effects of war. Beat your sword into a pruning hook as you may, and you will not heal the scars it once inflicted, nor restore the limbs it has lopped off. We fear that the literary enmities of the last generation form no exception to the general rule. In some respects, at least, they may serve, as well as any other text, to illustrate the terrible tenacity of life that there is in the evil that men do. Professor Wilson and Leigh Hunt could well afford to forget the feuds they had outlived; the one could welcome,

with exuberant applause, works which, twenty years earlier, he would probably have assailed with invective as unmeasured; the other could receive the kindly criticism of his ancient opponent, with all the greater pleasure because of the quarter from which it came; but the united generosity of both could not altogether obliterate the effects of the old hostility. We have no wish to rake up forgotten quarrels. But, since we believe that Leigh Hunt's admirable genius is far less generally appreciated than that of any other writer of his own age and of equal mark, we are bound to say that we trace his exclusion from his rightful place in the estimation of his contemporaries, mainly to the implacable pertinacity of abuse with which his political opponents assailed him; nor does it seem to us at all unlikely, that the same cause should continue to operate, though in a different way, even in the minds of the present generation. . . .

Leigh Hunt was so long and so shamefully misrepresented, that people came almost of necessity to share in the antipathy who had no share whatever in the original dissensions which gave rise to it. To the great body of the public, his name was made familiar only in connection with accents of contempt, and indignation, and reproach; and even when, under the gentle influence of time, people who had heard nothing of him but slander, came to think somewhat better of the man, it would have been strange if the old prejudice had not retained vitality enough to make them undervalue the writings. . . .

It was nothing to revile his opinions, his writings, his public conduct. Every weapon of controversy was directed against these—the bitterest sarcasm—the broadest ridicule—the fiercest abuse—the most reckless misrepresentation. But his assailants never dreamed of restricting themselves within such limits as these. No ground was too sacred: his private life, his dearest relationships, his very person and habits, were made subjects of attack; and under the wildest misconception with regard to them all. This beautiful poet, this exquisite critic and essayist, this most amiable, accomplished, and high-minded man, was denounced to our fathers, in the most influential publications of their day, not merely as an ignorant democrat, who was for pulling down everything that other men revered—not merely as an irreligious and bad writer—but as the most hateful, contemptible, nay, loathsome of human beings. . . .

Leigh Hunt's egotism is so kindly—so simple and manly—so full of all love, and hope, and cheerfulness—it has its roots in so hearty and general a sense of fellowship with all mankind—in so genuine and diffusive a sympathy with all things, animate and inanimate, with whatever is good and beautiful in nature, great or small; in short, to use a favourite word of his own and Lord Bacon's, there is so much "universality" in his very egotism that we should no more dream of applying the term in its offensive sense to him, than to Montaigne, or Isaac Bickerstaff, or to his own and all men's well-beloved Charles Lamb.

He was able to say, ten years ago, that his old views were the same "as those now swaying the destinies of the country," and obtain them how he might, he held them seriously, earnestly, like a man. He was not playing with these questions. He was no sham martyr. When, in his old age, he gave the world the story of his life, he showed that he had not passed through its many troubles without learning to acknowledge frankly his own foibles and vanities, as well as to smile very kindly at those of others. But one merit, amid many confessions and regrets, he felt fairly entitled to claim, viz.—that as a public political writer, animated by a single-hearted zeal for the public good, he was ready to shrink from no sacrifice, or suffering, that might lie between him and his object. Our readers know how soon and

how thoroughly his willingness to make sacrifices for principle, was put to the test. The story is told in his own modest and touching narrative of his life; and so told that no reader of any party—*Tros Tyriusve*, what does it matter now? we have left the prejudices of both far behind—can help feeling how genuine was the honesty, how real the suffering, which he had to endure.

But this keenness of sensibility, with which wanton and unnecessary pain affects him, vanishes when the inevitable evils of his own life are to be met. The first of his serious mishaps he might have avoided by a sacrifice of integrity. Before sentence was pronounced on the libeller of the Prince Regent, he was made to understand that, by making certain concessions, he might escape imprisonment if he pleased. He preferred to carry his self-respect with him to jail. The calamity which this sentence inflicted was formidable enough in itself; it was doubled to him by ill health, and the results of ill health—melancholy and hypochondria. His physicians had recommended exercise on horseback, and the fresh sea-breezes of Brighton, and the painfulness of the disorder was not likely to be lessened when ten or eleven locked doors lay between the sufferer and his cure. "The first night I slept there," he tells us, "I listened to them, one after another, till the weaker part of my heart died within me. Every fresh turning of the key seemed a malignant insult to my love of liberty." But since those accumulated evils could not be avoided, the force of them must be broken by a brave resistance. The dreaded fits of nervousness he resolved to meet by taking such violent exercise as was possible, "pacing backwards and forwards for the space of three hours." Those who know anything of hypochondriacal anxieties, will not underrate this evidence of vigour; and the energy with which he threw off all of calamity that could be thrown off, was equalled by that with which he endeavoured to neutralise its inevitable effects, by some counterbalancing enjoyment. He reckons up the blessings which he owes to his imprisonment: friends that never might have come to him otherwise—experiences of love and sympathy which a lifetime might not otherwise have brought him. He finds an inexhaustible interest in the new characters, with whom adversity makes him acquainted; the absurd dignity, cunning, and vulgar acuteness of one jailer; the good heart and rough outside of another; the strange delicacy of a turnkey's wife, going through the most unpleasant duties with the nerves of a fine lady and the patience of a martyr; the debtors roaring out old ballads with obstreperous jollity; the felons singing just as merrily, while they beat their hemp. A hundred little dramas are revolving themselves perpetually before him: the mass of men pass such things by, without suspecting their interest or their existence; he makes himself a delighted spectator (and now at length us also), and forgets his own troubles while he does so. Even the poor little bower of roses, which we were much inclined to laugh at before, becomes admirable when we look at it in this light. It is a noble ingenuity, which is bent on extracting comfort and consolation from trivial sources.—*North British Review, November*, 1860.

"QUARTERLY REVIEW."

In one of his most delightful essays, entitled "My Books," Hunt, speaking of the great writers who were book-lovers like himself, exclaims, "How pleasant it is to reflect that all these lovers of books have themselves become books." And after pursuing that thought through "links of sweetness long drawn out," concludes with a modest pathos, "May I hope to become the meanest of these existences. . . . I should like to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself I

could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing, as I do, what a treasure is the possession of a friend's mind when he is no more."

We think few can read this very lovely passage and not sympathise cordially in the wish so nobly conceived and so tenderly expressed. Something not to be replaced would be struck out of the gentler literature of our century, could the mind of Leigh Hunt cease to speak to us in a book.—*Quarterly Review, January*, 1867. *Vol.* 122, *p.* 17. *Article*, "*Charles Lamb and Some of his Contemporaries.*"

"MONTHLY REPOSITORY."

It has been his misfortune, and his glory, that he has been as little given to worship the powers that be, in matters political, as in matters poetical. Hence has arisen a system of literary persecution, the like of which has not often disgraced the educated world The poet has suffered martyrdom for the heresies of the politician. Yet these heresies, like some others which it is sufficient to allude to, have been such, in many respects, as to do credit to the heretic's heart and understanding. The world is gradually discovering that they were truths in disguise. But had they even been otherwise, most earnestly should we deprecate, most unsparingly should we stigmatize, the spirit in which such disgraceful persecutions originate. We can conceive of nothing more utterly disingenuous and unmanly. Why should a freeman's political errors, great or small, real or imaginary, be suffered to affect his reputation as a poet? But such things are; and of this the author of "Rimini" is a too notorious example. The Billingsgate of vulgar literature has discharged its whole lexicon at his head. Every phrase of contempt and vituperation has been poured upon him without remission or remorse; and all this because he was the early and open advocate of those opinions which are now becoming the political creed of the world, and will eventually be its political redemption. We can scarcely believe, when we read of such transactions, that we are Englishmen living in the nineteenth century of Christianity.—*Monthly Repository*, 1833. *Vol.* 7, *p.* 179.

THE "EXAMINER."

To the best intellect of the time he was attracted in his youth; his mind was part of it. With all that is fine-hearted and generous he was in youth and age allied; with all that is mean, at war. Hazlitt and Charles Lamb were his companions; Shelley and Keats were his closest friends. He was their friend before the world had recognised their genius. He it was who, by the refined taste of his criticism, first made the world attentive to their song. He shared the evil that was spoken of them, and lived through a storm of obloquy to be honoured and loved by men who had been his most vigorous antagonists. A generation passed away, and a new race of men of genius arose; among them all Leigh Hunt was prominent, and each was happy to possess him as a friend. Acquaintanceship with him ripened into inevitable friendship as it grew.

This was true also of Leigh Hunt as a writer. When he wrote he felt himself to be the personal friend of his reader; and, with the cordiality of friendship, he was glad often to assume its pleasant license. Not willingly confined to the expression of those one or two salient points of any subject which might usefully be urged in a few paragraphs, his refinement was sometimes conspicuous where a rude vigour would, in fact, have better served the interests of truth. Quick in perception, generous of impulse,

he saw little evil destitute of good, and was at all times intent on the full showing of his individual impression. He could not thoroughly work, in the character of journalist, as one man in a mass, endeavouring to forward the attainment of a public recognition for some one essential point in the main view of any question. His own feeling, and not public feeling, was his guide in the selection and the treatment of the topics he discussed. His mind fastened only too readily upon the less essential delicacies of detail, which obscure, by their excess of refinement, public reasoning upon political affairs. But his fault as a journalist was his charm as an essayist; and as an essayist Leigh Hunt will never be forgotten. His genial and determined personality—his nice observation of the ways of men—his keen sensibility to subtleties of art—and the full cultivation of his mind by intercourse with the best poets of England and Italy—gave to him an abiding eminence among the authors of our time. As a dramatist and poet he has written verses that will live. The simple beauty of such tales as the "Story of Rimini" has been, for the present, incompletely felt, because it does not happen to accord with the manner of the poets in our day; but coupled as it is with a most exquisite delicacy of expression, that simplicity assures the lasting of their charm. Charles Lamb alone excels Hunt as an essayist, and he, although superior in manner of expression, did not everywhere excel or equal him in range of thought.

For there was in Leigh Hunt a bold substantial earnestness that often made his work important. He was firm to his own point of view, and it is hardly to be called a blot upon his far-seeing charity that he was slow to apprehend the meaning of a life planned from some point of view opposed entirely to his own. Although considerate to a fault, he was fearless in asserting what he knew to be his right, and he was especially a journalist when courage and independence were the highest and perhaps the rarest qualities a journalist could show. Extraordinary delicacies of theatrical criticism, a refined literary taste, and a most rare felicity of expression, he could, indeed, bring to the support of any journal; but when, almost half a century ago, the rights of public journalism being most imperfectly acknowledged, he brought also to the political columns of this paper a high spirit of independence, not to be starved by fine or imprisonment, and declining to be fed by a subscription list, he brought what the times needed most, and bravely passed through an ordeal to which, in our day and country, public writers cannot be again exposed.

It was Leigh Hunt's good fortune that he lived to see much of the change in public feeling and opinion that he had helped to hasten. The English government, which had condemned him to a prison, found him at last worthy of a pension. Men of all parties hold his reputation in their keeping.—*Examiner, September* 3, 1859.

"SPECTATOR."

The readers of this journal need hardly be informed that they now see the heading of "The Occasional" for the last time. The hand which has furnished all the papers under that title, from time to time during the present year, even to so late a date as this day fortnight, now lies beneath the earth; the genius of Leigh Hunt can no longer animate the pages of the *Spectator*; and it is fit that the name of the particular division in which we are now writing should pass away with him who originated and sustained it. It is also thought fitting not to allow it to cease without some words of farewell, uttered, as it were, over the grave of the departed.

The writer to whom has been assigned the mournful task of pronouncing that farewell had many opportunities of seeing Leigh Hunt in his

most domestic moments, and is therefore, perhaps, so far better qualified to speak of the complete being—author and man—than those who only knew him through his books. This twofold knowledge is particularly necessary in the case of one who put so much of his own personality into the productions of his pen. Sincerity and sympathy were the two central principles of the whole of Leigh Hunt's writings and actions. They were the secret of the love which he inspired in all who knew him; and they were at the same time the cause of the misapprehensions with respect to him which at one time prevailed, but which time has brushed away. His sense of truth was so strong that he could not, as most periodical writers do, sink his own identity in the identity of the paper for which he might be working; nor would he equivocate with any opinion which he held. He was therefore pinned down, as indeed he desired to be, to the letter of everything he wrote; and people who did not like the writings vented their dissatisfaction on the man. But, if this entailed a penalty, it also brought a blessing. No author has so frequently inspired in his readers a feeling of personal regard, and a wish for friendly intercourse; no one so completely realized in private life the ideal suggested by his works. For many years he drew to his house, as to a place of pilgrimage, visitors from all parts of England, Scotland, Ireland, and even America; and bashful young verse-writers from the provinces have not unfrequently thrown themselves on the kindness and allowance of the veteran poet of "Rimini."

It has been sometimes objected that the writings of Leigh Hunt are not sufficiently dogmatic—that they are too prone to leave questions undecided, and, mooting all conceivable possibilities, to leave everything unsettled. The assertion is merely an exaggerated form of stating what in truth is the most valuable characteristic of his works—or rather of his later works, for his earlier are certainly not wanting in hard blows, strenuously and skilfully directed against the enemies of progress and of liberal opinion. As the heat of the contest abated, the natural kindness and geniality of the writer triumphed over the battle-sternness he had often been compelled to assume; and thenceforth the writings of Leigh Hunt became conspicuous for the depth and largeness of their charity. To those who would rather they had retained their original character, it is sufficient to say, without disparaging that kind of writing (which is really necessary in the rough work of the world), that plenty of it may be found in our standard literature, plenty in the columns of the daily and weekly press, plenty in the utterances of the pulpit. It is surely an advantage, a gain, a something special, fresh, and original, to have a series of works, of which the animating soul is a belief in the divine possibility of goodness under all forms of evil. We have smiters and denunciators out of number; the glowing and generous dogmatism of Carlyle has called up a host of imitators, who, while quite as positive as their master, possess neither his brain nor his heart: let us also accept and reverence the Apostle of Charity - the man whose poems and essays were all written in the anticipation of a Future of love and wisdom, such as many have dreamt of, but few believed in and worked for with such constancy as he. There is not too much of sentiment in the world; there is no excess of faith, as a vital principle distinct from orthodox routine; nor are men likely in this commercial land to forget the realities of life for the graces of fancy. Certainly they will find no teaching with that object in the writings of Leigh Hunt. But they *will* find what is most necessary and healthful as a counterpoise to the hardening effects of the ordinary intercourse of business—a love of beauty, as one of the tangible revelations of God; a love of Love, as the higher, intangible revelation, uttered perpetually to the human heart; a belief in the perfectability of the species;

a proneness to make allowances for others, as the only means by which we can earn the right to make allowances for our own short-comings and many errors; a reverence for the truly religious duty of cheerfulness, as a golden clue through the darkness and perplexity of sorrow; a disposition to recognize friendship and self-sacrifice as the first of duties, and a regard for Nature, and for the amenities of books and art, as the first of pleasures. Various as were the writings of Leigh Hunt—wide as was their range over many departments of literature—we have summed up in that sentence the leading principles which run through all. Of what other writer could the same things be said, with such complete applicability? And is it not an advantage, even to the affluent literature of England, to have received the addition of a domain at once so novel and so noble in its characteristics?

Leigh Hunt was neither a partisan in his politics, nor a bigot in his religion, nor a mere author in his writings. In whatever he did he had the good of the human race at heart, as the first and chief consideration. It was this tendency, as shown even in the early days of the *Examiner*, which attracted to him the friendship of Shelley. The journalist suffered for many years on account of that friendship; for the phalanx of Tory writers chose to identify him with the whole of Shelley's opinions, though it was known that he dissented from some, while on all points recognizing the noble nature of the poet of the "Cenci." But he always regarded it as a privilege to suffer on behalf of such a man; and it was a fitting close to his life that the last words he wrote in public should have been in vindication of his dead friend from what he regarded as a misapprehension, and that the very last words of any kind to which he put his pen should have been a letter also having reference to Shelley. That letter was written no longer ago than Thursday week—less than three days before his death.

One characteristic of Leigh Hunt, for which few gave him credit, was his great capacity for work. His writings were the result of immense labour and painstaking; of the most conscientious investigation of facts, where facts were needed; and of a complete devotion of his faculties towards the object to be accomplished. Notwithstanding his great experience, he was never a very rapid writer. He corrected, excised, reconsidered, and elaborated his productions (unless when pressed for time), with the most minute attention to details. The habit increased as he grew older; and some of his later poems are as near perfection as anything human can be.

A week ago, Leigh Hunt was still gladdening the hearts of his friends, who, though they had some cause for fearing the worst, could hardly believe that the end was so near. But, though they can never again answer the grasp of the true hand, nor meet the cordial eyes, let them not forget that the world is endowed with the legacy of his genius, and those who knew him with the memory of his life.—E. O. [*Edmund Ollier?*]—*Spectator*, *September 3rd*, 1859.

"ATHENÆUM."

The announcement that Leigh Hunt is dead will cast a gloom over many a heart, "in which his genius had made sunshine." There was such a happy cheerfulness in all his writings,—the brightness of his spirit shone so clearly in every line he penned, that those who knew him only by his books will feel pain in trying to realise the sadness of death in association with a library companion—a fireside friend—whose genial fancy made the driest disquisition pleasant, and who was always so ready to sympathise with human joy. His name, even met by chance in a newspaper, recalled pleasant readings; and the notices of his death will be the first purely sad thoughts to which his name has been prefixed. . . .

As a prose writer, Leigh Hunt is more known to modern readers by his purely literary essays than by the political writings which flowed from his pen in the vigour of early manhood. This is scarcely just to his powers. Many who have known him as the gentle man and thoughtful essayist have wondered to think that he should have had aggressive energy enough to attack the Regent in the day of his power; and they have made the memory of the Prince blacker than it is by regarding him as the oppressor of a mild and unprovoking poet. They forget that Leigh Hunt wielded one of the most vigorous lances in the forlorn hope of Liberals, who, long before "Reform" was popular, fought against the civil and religious bigotry of the time. His articles in the *Examiner* denouncing the Prince Regent were as bitterly hostile as any that came from the pen of Junius. Assuredly Leigh Hunt showed no weak shrinking when his hand laid on the lash. and it is in no way surprising that the Government were provoked into retaliation. It is said in "compiled" biographies of Leigh Hunt that he was imprisoned for two years for calling the Regent "an Adonis of Fifty;" but the cause of offence was much more serious. The article for which Leigh Hunt was indicted appeared in the *Examiner* of March 22, 1812.

[The writer here quotes the article, and comments upon it, remarking, "The stinging power of this tirade is unquestionable. Junius gives a greater sense of vigorous attack, but this paints the scandal of the Regent's life as a poet would paint it; you think not of the writer's opinion, but of the involuntary contempt and aversion of Englishmen of every class. . . This is no ordinary newspaper invective. They are 'words that burn' because Hunt believed them to be true. . . . Of the energy of Leigh Hunt's attack there can be no doubt. Quite apart from the vices of the Prince Regent (and of these there is little question now), it seems to our mind a masterpiece of invective."]

Leigh Hunt's essays on general and literary topics were too many and too various to be all good. In his Autobiography he confesses to the emotions—sometimes keenly painful—of composition, and it may be said that on many subjects he felt too deeply to be perfect master of the best modes of expression. In many of his writings the sentiment is too much for the style. Just as emotion weakens the voice, the expression becomes involved and the sentences lag, because behind the words is the consciousness of a thought still unexpressed—still as it were glowing in the author's mind, but not yet cooled enough to come out cast in a solid figure. This is more especially the case with Leigh Hunt's favourite subjects—country walks, flowers, and old poetry: the colouring overruns the outline. But through all his prose writings there is the sunshine of a very happy spirit and the grace of a genuine scholarship: he could brush the dew off a spring flower and turn over the leaves of an old rare book with the same loving and knowing touch. He is not in his prose writings so much a part and parcel of English literature as his more ardent admirers might desire; but though not embodied among the rare good books of modern English prose (a small collection) he has given a prevailing flavour to the current literature of the day.

It is not easy to assign the rank of Leigh Hunt as a poet. He is associated with Keats and Shelley among the poets of intense human feeling. He has not Shelley's magnificent command of words; but he has not his fault of soaring high above common sympathy. He has much of Keats's tenderness; but he has not the straying discursiveness which makes all Keats wrote (save perhaps "Hyperion") like a fine garden half-smothered in rich wild grass. Hunt's great fault is the excessive effort to express very nice distinctions of feeling, and he—the least sensual of men and of poets—

seems forced to be sensuous in imagery that he may express shades of meaning with more impressiveness. Some of his shorter poems are quite free from any error of the kind; and those devoted to the home affections are models of natural and manly simplicity. His poetry, as a whole, is but little quoted; it has few passages fit to pass into familiar use by writers wanting a compact phrase or verse to add emphasis or illustration to their own thoughts. But his poems—especially his "Story of Rimini" and his Italian translations—are read by many poets themselves, who insensibly borrow the rich Southern perfume of his verse and take a lesson from its power of suggesting a whole picture by strong light thrown on one or two points.

As a critic, Leigh Hunt has, we think, his most solid claim to a place in our standard English literature. Even his ephemeral notices of plays and players in the *News* (a journal which preceded the *Examiner*) were stamped with the fairness and freedom which marked his critical writings throughout his life. But, independently of the honesty of his nature, he possessed every requisite for superior criticism. He was a man of various reading, a good scholar, was catholic in taste, and widely sympathetic in feeling. The purely literary essays—the *Indicator* and its companion publications—and the volumes, "Wit and Humour" and "Imagination and and Fancy" are fine, almost faultless, specimens of genial criticism.

The distinct peculiarity of Leigh Hunt, however, seems to us that he has left on our literature and on our minds an impress greater than any of his single works—or than his collected works—will seem to justify. The truth is, that to those who knew the man nothing that he ever wrote seemed equal to himself. He seemed always to have reserved something better than anything he had spoken or written. This was, in fact, only the influence of his character, expressing itself without effort on his part, on the minds of all who came near him. Even those who only knew him by his writings seemed able to read "between the lines" the noble spirit superior to the words. His whole life, known only in its more prominent actions, or in its minor details, was up to a very high standard. "He did nothing low or mean." He was a poet and a man of genius, and yet no plodding bookseller's hack ever possessed more patience in collecting materials. He thought no toil too great in hunting out small facts that he might do his literary tasks with conscientious workmanship; a few pages of his antiquarian works (such as "The Town; or, the Old Court Suburb") represented weeks of the most diligent drudgery in searches over parish registers and local records. As he advanced in life, from youth to middle age, he was a living refutation of the worldly maxims which attribute generosity to youth, and harder virtues to maturity and old age. In literature, as in daily life, as he grew older he became kindly and considerate to a fault. When he had passed fifty, he no more could have written the philippic against the Regent than he could have fought a duel. The indignation against wrong-doing would be as warm, the courage to face a prison would be as high, but to the "pith of the moment" of the young journalist would be added "the pale cast of thought" of the man who had known suffering both physical and mental, and who could not, without some compunction, deliver his "swashing blow," as in the days of youth. This tenderness and delicacy were no signs of intellectual decay; they were the evidence of growth in one who was no mere literary partisan, but a man, sharing human sympathies and not able to carry into discussion the intensity of hot youth seeing no right save on its own side. We think there is something like a poem in this twofold life of Leigh Hunt—known to one generation as the fearless martyr to truth, to the other as a tender poet, an essayist touching nothing that he did not brighten.

In private intercourse Leigh Hunt was at first timid and reserved, almost to shyness—not from any mental awkwardness, but because of later years he never had robust health. Meeting strangers was always a kind of trial to him, though always ready to receive any with any claim on his attention. His conversation, at first broken and tentative, required but the full consciousness of sympathetic auditors and interlocutors to swell into as pleasant a stream of talk as ever

> worked out its way to the light
> Thro' the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Not that Leigh Hunt was witty nor in any absolute sense humorous, but that when animated he said everything happily, and could give a quaint, curious turn to the most commonplace conversation. There never was a man who more needed loving hands and voices around him; and it is a happiness to think that he never wanted them. It was joyous to see how, when sitting silent and depressed,—for physical delicacy affected his spirits,—he would brighten up at the pressure of a friendly hand, would answer readily to a cheery voice, and would share in any talk—the chit-chat of the day, the nonsense of the hour—with a zest which showed that his heart beat strongest in response to human love. We often thought that Leigh Hunt was more fitted for the old days of the patron than the modern times of the publisher. When a book was a great event,—when the writer was a man personally sought out and cherished for what he wrote,—Leigh Hunt would have been the personal darling of the few, whose love would have been brought home to him,—he would have "heard" reviews instead of reading them,—he would have received affectionate homage instead of publishers' cheques. It is pleasant to record that to a great extent the latter days of his life were saved from any serious pecuniary trouble by the pension of £200 a year, granted by the Queen, at the instance of Lord John Russell, in 1847. Up to the last he took an interest in the literature and news of the day, and within the last few weeks he contributed some remarks on Shelley to the *Spectator*. He was passionately fond of music. Almost his last words were in applause of an Italian song sung by his daughter in the next room, and at the final moment he passed away without pain.—*Athenæum*, *September* 3, 1859.

THE "GLOBE."

As an essayist, Leigh Hunt had occasionally flashes of that odd humour which, in Charles Lamb's writings, is so irresistible and unique, but their prevailing characteristic was a delicate sensitiveness of thought which seemed sometimes carried to excess. To readers who love bold positive dogmas, Leigh Hunt seemed always too considerate, too capable of seeing many sides of a question; but the peculiarity was evidently the result of very wide-spread sympathies, and a thorough conscientiousness in literary expression. Those who knew him personally, also, recognised in his writings the natural gentleness and "charity that thinketh no evil," which marked him as a man. There probably were few men more ready to admit the possible and probable possession of virtues and redeeming qualities in others (even in those most clearly convicted of offences) than Leigh Hunt, and this tendency weakens the force of expression in many of his written opinions. It gave to hasty observers an impression prejudicial to his manliness, but Leigh Hunt proved his moral courage more decisively than by denunciation of opinions adverse to his own. In days when liberal opinions were dangerous, he expressed them firmly and fearlessly; and he suffered, with calm constancy, an imprisonment which a slight submission could have easily evaded.—*The* "*Globe*," *August* 29, 1859.

"THE LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW."

All that wit, humour, imagination, or fancy have provided for human pleasure in chaste but exuberant forms, have been ushered by his wand of enchantment in a thousand different masks, appearing now in single, and now in associated, beauty, and lovely alike in every combination and attitude.—*The London Quarterly Review, December*, 1853, *p.* 511.

THE "MANCHESTER EXAMINER."

Of all living English writers, there is not one towards whom there exists a more general feeling of kindliness and gratitude than Leigh Hunt. With some, this feeling amounts to something stronger, of which we have just had an instance in the following expressions used by a friend, writing from a remote part of the country. "I feel so indebted to him for many a pleasant hour and many a kind genial thought, during the last winter, that, in common gratitude (and my feeling towards him is more like affection than mere gratitude), I must wish him peace and plenty." We know that this feeling is shared by many who will at once recognise the truth of our remark, should this notice happen to come under their eye. This friendly gratitude towards Leigh Hunt has arisen from the peculiar characteristics of his writings—from their sympathy and genuine cordiality—their cheerful, hopeful tone—in short, their fulness to overflowing, with that spirit which is best expressed by the beautiful but neglected old English word "Loving-kindness." We know of no writer who has done more to make hearths and homes happy by peopling them with pleasant thoughts; for he quickens us into a livelier consciousness of our blessings, and communicates to our ordinary duties, and the simple objects of our daily wayside walk, a freshness and interest which it becomes a kind of grateful duty to him to acknowledge.

The tendency of all that Leigh Hunt has written is to *cheerfulise* existence. He reconciles us to ourselves, draws off our minds from remote visions of some future possible good, or painful remembrances of the past, and fixes our attention upon the actual blessings and privileges about us. It was once very justly remarked by some one, that the effect of his writings was to cause the flat, dull surface of common life to rise into beautiful *basso relievo*. He is one of the best teachers we know of that kind of contentment and gratitude which arises from a thankful recognition of those minor joys by which all of us are more or less surrounded, and to the value of which most of us are by far too insensible. And then with what a delicate and fine touch he pierces our selfishness! In what a kindly way he convinces us of our uncharitableness, and puts to rout our self-indulgent fallacies! With what a jovial hilarity he banters us out of our moroseness and laughs at our ill-humour, until at last we are ashamed of our weakness, and determine to be wiser and better for the future! We never rose from a few hours' perusal of any of his charming books without a sense of obligation to him for stimulating to a desire of generous activity those sympathies which habit and daily contact too often render languid and inert. Every thing that comes from his pen is refreshing, and full of good-will to all the world. A belief in good, the recognition of universal beauty, and "a brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance," will be found pervading every essay he has writen. To minds disturbed, or set on edge by crosses and disappointments, we know of no more effectual soother than "a course" of Leigh Hunt. His own buoyant spirit is a fine example of the impossibility of crushing the heart of a true man, be his misfortunes and hardships ever so severe; and no man has suffered the rubs of fortune more bravely than he has done. A popular writer once spoke of him as "the gray-headed boy whose heart can never grow old." Those who are

65597

familiar with his writings will recognise the truthfulness of his remark, and remember how this perpetual youthfulness of feeling shows itself, in a thousand different ways, throughout all his works.

Another winning peculiarity of Leigh Hunt's writings is their frank, friendly, conversational tone—the pleasantly-egotistical and almost confidential manner in which he tells us every now and then of his own private notions and sentiments—so that we begin to fancy he is addressing *ourselves* in particular, and not his readers in general. There is such an easy, fireside-way about him, that it is like talking with an old intimate friend. He runs on from one theme to another with the most sprightly exuberance—now discussing with hearty sympathy the merits of Chaucer or Spenser, or some other old poet, and pointing out to us the beauty and true meaning of a favourite passage; now bringing out the sentiment of an ancient classical story, or dwelling upon his first impressions of the Arabian Nights Entertainments—then, perhaps, entering into a curious speculation regarding "Persons one would wished to have seen," Shakspere, for instance, or Petrarch, or Mahomet, or Cromwell, or Sir Philip Sydney—or, in a more gossiping vein, relating some characteristic anecdote of Cowley, or Pope, or Lady Wortley Montagu, or Colley Cibber, or Mrs. Centlivre; or reporting snatches of racy court scandal from the Diary of Samuel Pepys. Then he will get into a philosophical humour, and discourse "Of the slow rise of the most rational opinions," and quote wise and stately sentences from Lord Bacon's Essays or Milton's Areopagitica. On another occasion, he comes to us when he is running over with news of the fields and the woods, and can speak of nothing but May-day, and May-poles, and the young spring-flowers. He will give an hour's description of the pleasures of breakfasting in the country on a fine summer morning, with open window looking out upon a bright green lawn, with the air breathing in, fresh and balmy, the sun-light streaming through the foilage, and casting its chequering shadows upon the favourite books and pictures with which the parlour walls are adorned; upon the table, a few pansies freshly plucked, contrasting well with the snow-white cloth; and a bee humming about from cup to cup, seeking to partake of the honey which he himself probably assisted to furnish. At another time, perhaps, when some calamity has overtaken you, and affliction lies heavy upon a household, he comes in the guise of an old and tried friend of the family, with all a friend's privileges; and sits by your hearth, and suggests many a tender and solemn thought about death and immortality. His manner has more than its usual kindness; his voice sounds gravely, yet there is almost cheerfulness in its tone when he says that "the best part of what you loved still remains, an indestructible possession—that although the visible form be taken away, yet that was only lent for a season, whereas the love itself is immortal, and the consciousness of it will ever abide to strengthen your faith and soothe you amid the stir and fever of life." Or, it may be that he speaks of "The Deaths of Little Children," and then he almost makes you feel as if his true friend's hand were pressing your own, as he goes on to tell you that "those who have lost an infant, are never, as it were, without an infant child—that the other children grow up to manhood and womanhood, and suffer all the changes of mortality; but this one alone is rendered an immortal child; for death has arrested it with his kindly harshness, and blessed it into an eternal image of youth and innocence." In the rough winter time again, "when wind and rain beat dark December," he will tell you of "A Day by the fire" which he had not long since—with all its home comforts and accompaniments—the pleasant hour before the candles are lighted—the gazing meditatively into the fire—the kettle "whispering

its faint under-song," and the cheerful tea-table with its joyous faces, and the pleasant hours between tea-time and bed-time spent in free utterance of thought as it comes, with a little music perhaps, or the reading of some favourite passages to stimulate the conversational powers of the circle: while every now and then the rain rattled against the windows, and the wind howled in such a way as to make everybody think of the sea and the poor sailors, and people who have to be out of doors in such weather; and, last of all, the quiet half-hour after every one had retired but himself—when all around was silent, the cares of the day gone to sleep, and the fading embers reminding him where he should be;—all these and a thousand things else, in-doors and out of doors, in books, in nature, and in men, he talks about in a way so natural, easy, and colloquial—so marked by a pervading kindness of feeling—entering so heartily into all our tastes and thoughts, and enlisting all the while so thoroughly our sympathies, that we cannot but class him in the foremost rank of our most genial essayists, and place his writings among our choicest "parlour-window seat books," to be taken up in the brief intervals of active and social life, sure to find in them something which appeals to our most cherished tastes, and meets with our immediate appreciation.

Our space will not permit us to enter upon Leigh Hunt's intellectual characteristics. We have dwelt more upon the social and moral features of his writings, and hope that what we have said may induce such of our readers as are yet unacquainted with his works, to repair to them forthwith, assured that they will find in them a storehouse of delightful thoughts. They will find in them, not only all the qualities we have mentioned, but in addition, a rich and rare fancy, much quaint and dainty humour, an exquisite perception of poetical beauty, great fulness and delicacy of thought, and at times a deep and tender pathos, which comes in every now and then like an undertone of thoughtful sadness to moderate the natural gaiety and sprightliness of his manner. Wit and scholarship show themselves everywhere in his writings. There is also observable in them a fine spirit of chivalrous gallantry, a constant assertion of the claims of the natural over the conventional, and a wide and catholic look-out upon humanity. The general spirit of the whole is eminently healthy and cheering. Cheap pleasures, blessings about our feet, all those "stray gifts of beauty and wisdom" which are scattered far and wide, and are only waiting to be found by the loving seeker,—are the themes of Leigh Hunt's genius. He shows how true taste ever leads to true economy; for true taste, as some one beautifully says, always strives to produce great and good effects by small and almost unnoticed means. One might say that Hunt teaches better than any other English writer "*how to neutralise the disagreable, and make the best of what is before us.*" His own life has been one long example of the effect of a cheerful reliance upon Truth and Goodness. He has kept his mind ever open to a love of the beautiful, and he has found his reward. What Keats felt and said at twenty—"a thing of beauty is a joy for ever!" his friend still feels and believes in at thrice that age; and should a score more years of life be still in reserve for him (which it is our fervent hope may yet be vouchsafed), may he even then, in his honoured old age, be found at his task, diffusing happy thoughts among our children's children, and inculcating to the last, what he has nearly half a century been teaching so well:—

> "That Beauty, Good, and Knowledge, are three sisters
> That doat upon each other, friends to man,
> Living together under the same roof,
> And never can be sunder'd without tears."
>
> . . . . . .

As a poet Leigh Hunt has no pretensions to be placed in the first rank. To that select band, "to whom, as to the mountain and stars, our souls seem passive and submiss," he does not claim to belong; but for sparkling and exquisite fancy, delicate and often profound pathos, powers of fresh and vivid portraiture, and for a felicity of expression at times unsurpassable, we should be inclined to say that his best poetical works entitle him to take rank with any English poet not belonging to the highest order. His "Story of Rimini" is as sweet and touching a tale as ever was written, and those who know it not are almost to be envied the pleasure that awaits them in a first perusal. . . .

In the Essay, however, Leigh Hunt more peculiarly "lives and moves and has his being." He makes it just whatever he likes—and whatever he makes it, it is always thoroughly characteristic. It is sometimes a satire or a sermon—an ingenious speculation—a chapter of precepts—an outpouring of the heart to a friend—a genial criticism—a lively description of Christmas, or some other holiday season—a bit of gossip—a finger post to the choicest regions of our literature, whether elder or modern—a gallery of portraits—a chat over a book-stall in Covent Garden—a looking-in at the shop windows—a landscape by Wilson or Gainsborough—a portfolio of gem-like drawings—a sketch from the romance of real life—a classical fable with its moral—or a fanciful soliloquy. Those who are deeply read in his *Indicator*, and *Companion*, and *London Journal*, well know that they contain essays which have these and a thousand other characteristics. Surely never did a brace of volumes hold within them more varied and pleasant reading than the *London Journal*, with its felicitous motto—"To assist the enquiring, animate the struggling, and sympathise with all." . . .

And now we must leave this pleasant subject, but not without expressing a hope that ere long we may see half-a-dozen little pocket volumes selected from Leigh Hunt's prose works, and brought out at a cheap price. Nothing could be more appropriate to the spirit of all he has written. "I should like," he says, "to remain visible in this shape. The little of myself that pleases myself, I could wish to be accounted worth pleasing others. I should like to survive so, were it only for the sake of those who love me in private, knowing as I do what a treasure is the possession of friend's mind, when he is no more." Such a selection would circulate widely, and do an incalculable amount of good to the rising generation. It would gladden many a quiet and humble hearth, and direct the nascent tastes of many young ingenuous minds. In this working-day world, we need such books—books that refine and gild for us our leisure moments, and carry us out and away from the turmoil in which our daily avocations necessarily plunge us. The thoughts which such books give are imperishable wealth. They produce actual, visible, *felt* results. Our hearts are quickened by them daily and hourly. They give us a new sense of the good and beautiful. If the sun be shining, they make it even brighter than it is, and if clouds and darkness be around our path, they teach us that "into each day some rain must fall, but *behind* the cloud is the sun still shining." To conclude appropriately with Leigh Hunt's own words:—

> "Fancy's the wealth of wealth, the toiler's hope,
> The poor man's piecer-out; the art of Nature,
> Painting her landscapes twice: the spirit of fact,
> As matter is the body; the pure gift
> Of heav'n to poet and to child; which he
> Who retains most in manhood, being a man
> In all things fitting else, is most a man;
> Because he wants no human faculty,
> Nor loses one sweet taste of the sweet world." A. I.

The Manchester "Examiner," July 6th, 1847. (*"The Genius and Writings of Leigh Hunt."*)

LEIGH HUNT'S HABITS AND PERSONAL APPEARANCE.

(By his Eldest Son).

Those who knew him best will picture him to themselves clothed in a dressing gown, and bending his head over a book or over the desk. At some periods of his life he rose early, in order that he might get to work early; in other periods he rose late because he sat over the desk very late. For the most part however, he habitually came down "too late" for breakfast, and was no sooner seated sideways at the table than be began to read. After breakfast he repaired to his study, where he remained until he went out to take his walk. He sometimes read at dinner, though not always. At some periods of his life he would sleep after dinner; but usually he retired from the table to read. He read at tea-time, and all the evening read or wrote. In early life his profession led him, as a critic, to the theatres, and the same employment took him there at latter dates. In the earlier half of his existence he mixed somewhat in society, and his own house was noted, amongst a truly selected circle of friends, for the tasteful ease of its conversation and recreation, music usually forming a staple in both the talk and the diversion. It was at this period of his life that his appearance was most characteristic, and none of the portraits of him adequately conveyed the idea of it. One of the best, a half-length chalk drawing, by an artist named Wildman, perished. The miniature by Severn was only a sketch on a small scale, but it suggested the kindness and animation of his countenance. In other cases, the artists knew too little of their sitter to catch the most familiar traits of his aspect.

He was rather tall, as straight as an arrow, and looked slenderer than he really was His hair was black and shining, and slightly inclined to wave; his head was high, his forehead straight and white, his eyes black and sparkling, his general complexion dark. There was in his whole carriage and manner an extraordinary degree of life. Years and trouble had obscured that brilliancy when the drawing was made of which a copy is prefixed to the present volume; but it is a faithful portrait, in which the reader will see much of the reflection, the earnestness, and the affectionate thought that were such leading elements in his character. As life advanced, as his family increased faster than his means, his range of visiting became more contracted, his devotion to labour more continuous, and his friends reduced to the small number of those who came only to steal for conversation the time that he would otherwise have given to his books. Such friends he welcomed heartily, and seldom allowed them to feel the tax which they made him pay for the time thus consumed. Even at seasons of the greatest depression in his fortunes, he always attracted many visitors, but still not so much for any repute that attended him as for his personal qualities. Few men were more attractive "in society," whether in a large company or over the fireside. His manners were peculiarly animated; his conversation, varied, ranging over a great field of subjects, was moved and called forth by the response of his companion, be that philosopher or student, sage or boy, man or woman; and he was equally ready for the most lively topics or for the gravest reflections—his expression easily adapting itself to the tone of his companion's mind. With much freedom of manners, he combined a spontaneous courtesy that never failed, and a considerateness derived from a ceaseless kindness of heart that invariably fascinated even strangers. In the course of his newspaper career more than one enemy has come to his house with the determination to extort disavowals or to chastise, and has gone away with loud expressions of his personal esteem and liking.—*Introduction to the last edition of "Autobiography of Leigh Hunt," by his Eldest Son.*

A Chronological List of the Writings of Leigh Hunt, with Explanations and Opinions.

Juvenilia; or a Collection of Poems; written between the ages of twelve and sixteen, by J. H. L. Hunt, late of the Grammar School of Christ's Hospital, and dedicated, by permission, to the Hon. J. H. Leigh, containing Miscellanies, Translations, Sonnets, Pastorals, Elegies, Odes, Hymns, and Anthems. 1801.

["For some time after I left school, I did nothing but visit my schoolfellows, haunt the book stalls, and write verses. My father collected the verses; and published them with a large list of subscribers, numbers of whom belonged to his old congregations. I was as proud perhaps of the book at that time, as I am ashamed of it now. The French Revolution, though the worst portion of it was over, had not yet shaken up and re-invigorated the sources of thought all over Europe. At least I was not old enough, perhaps was not able, to get out of the trammels of the regular imitative poetry, or versification rather, which was taught in the schools. My book was a heap of imitations, all but absolutely worthless. But absurd as it was, it did me a serious mischief; for it made me suppose that I had attained an end, instead of not having reached even a commencement; and thus caused me to waste in imitation a good many years which I ought to have devoted to the study of the poetical art, and of nature. Coleridge has praised Boyer for teaching us to laugh at 'muses,' and 'Castalian streams;' but he ought rather to have lamented that he did not teach us how to love them wisely, as he might have done had he really known anything about poetry, or loved Spenser and the old poets, as he thought he admired the new. Even Coleridge's juvenile poems were none the better for Boyer's training. As to mine, they were for the most part as mere trash as anti-Castalian heart could have desired. I wrote 'odes' because Collins and Gray had written them, 'pastorals' because Pope had written them, 'blank verse' because Akenside and Thomson had written blank verse, and a 'Palace of Pleasure' because Spenser had written a 'Bower of Bliss.' But in all these authors I saw little but their words, and imitated even those badly. I had nobody to bid me to go to the nature which had originated the books."—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 97.]

Papers in the "Traveller" Newspaper, about 1804-5.

["My father, with his usual good-natured impulse, making me a present one day of a set of the British classics, which attracted my eyes on the shelves of Harley, the bookseller in Cavendish-street, the tenderness with which I had come to regard all my school recollections, and the acquaintance which I now made for the first time with the lively papers of the *Connoiseur*, gave me an entirely fresh and delightful sense of the merits of essay-writing. I began to think that when Boyer crumpled up and chucked away my 'themes' in a passion, he had not done justice to the honest weariness of my anti-formalities, and to their occasional evidences of something better.

"The consequence was a delighted perusal of the whole set of classics (for I have ever been a 'glutton of books'); and this was followed by my first prose endeavours in a series of papers called the 'Traveller,' which appeared in the evening paper of that name (now the *Globe*), under the signature of 'Mr. Town, *junior*, Critic and Censor-General,'—the senior Mr. Town, with the same titles, being no less a person than my friend of the *Connoiseur*, with whom I thus had the boldness to fraternise. I offered them with fear and trembling to the editor of the *Traveller*, Mr. Quin, and was astonished at the gaiety with which he accepted them. What astonished me more was a perquisite of five or six copies of the paper, which I enjoyed every Saturday when my essays appeared, and with which I used to re-issue from Bolt Court in a state of transport. I had been told, but could not easily conceive, that the editor of a new evening paper would be happy to fill up his pages with any

decent writing; but Mr. Quin praised me besides; and I could not behold the long columns of type, written by myself, in a public paper, without thinking there must be some merit in them, besides that of being a stop-gap.

"Luckily, the essays were little read; they were not at all noticed in public; and I thus escaped the perils of another premature laudation for my juvenility." *Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 124.]

Early Theatrical Criticisms, in the "News," 1805.

["My brother John, at the beginning of the year 1805, set up a paper, called the *News*, and I went to live with him in Brydges-street, and write the theatricals in it. [Between quitting the Bluecoat School, and the establishment of the *News*, Leigh Hunt had been for some time in the law office of his brother Stephen.] . . . We saw that independence in theatrical criticism would be a great novelty. We announced it, and nobody believed us: we stuck to it, and the town believed everything we said. The proprietors of the *News*, of whom I knew so little that I cannot recollect with certainty any one of them, very handsomely left me to myself. My retired and scholastic habits kept me so; and the pride of success confirmed my independence with regard to others. I was then in my twentieth year, an early age at that time for a writer. The usual exaggeration of report made me younger than I was: and after being a 'young Roscius' political, I was now looked upon as one critical. To know an actor personally appeared to me a vice not to be thought of; and I would as lief have taken poison as accepted a ticket from the theatres.

"Good God! To think of the grand opinion I had of myself in those days, and what little reason I had for it!"—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 138.]

Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres, including general Remarks on the Practice and Genius of the Stage, by the Editor of the "Examiner." 1807.

[It contains, among others, Strictures on Mrs. Siddons, Miss Pope, Miss Smith, Mrs. Mattocks, Mrs. H. Siddons, Mrs. H. Johnston, Miss Duncan, Miss Mellon, and Mrs. Jordan; Messrs. Elliston, Raymond, Pope, Kemble, C. Kemble, Johnstone, H. Johnston, H. Siddons, Munden, Fawcett, Emery, Simmons, Lewis, Liston, Mathews, and Bannister.

"A portion of these criticisms subsequently formed the appendix of an original volume on the same subject, entitled 'Critical Essays on the Performers of the London Theatres.' I have the book now before me; and if I thought it had a chance of survival, I should regret and qualify a good deal of uninformed judgment in it respecting the art of acting, which, with much inconsistent recommendation to the contrary, it too often confounded with a literal, instead of a liberal imitation of nature. I particularly erred with respect to comedians like Munden, whose superabundance of humour and expression I confounded with farce and buffoonery. Charles Lamb taught me better."—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 143.]

Classic Tales; Serious and Lively—with Critical Essays on The Merits and Reputation of the Authors. 5 *vols.* 1807.

[This was a joint speculation of Mr. C. H. Reynell and Mr. John Hunt. The tales were published in monthly parts, at 2s. 6d. Mr. Leigh Hunt was the selector of the tales, as well as the author of the Preface and the Introductory Essays on Mackenzie, Goldsmith, Brooke (author of "The Fool of Quality"), Voltaire, and Johnson. Three Essays—on Marmontel, Hawksworth, and Sterne—do not bear Leigh Hunt's name, as the others do, and were written (as the compiler of this list has been told) by Mr. Thomas Reynell.]

The Examiner, a Sunday Paper on Politics, Domestic Economy, and Theatricals. Motto: "Party is the madness of many for the gain of a few."—Swift. The first number appeared on January 3, 1808.

["At the beginning of the year 1808, my brother John and myself set up the weekly paper of the *Examiner* in joint partnership. It was named after the

Examiner of Swift and his brother Tories. I did not think of their politics. I thought only of their wit and fine writing, which, in my youthful confidence, I proposed to myself to emulate; and I could find no previous political journal equally qualified to be its godfather. Even Addison had called his opposition paper the *Whig Examiner*.

"Some years afterwards I had an editorial successor, Mr. Fonblanque, who had all the wit for which I toiled, without making any pretensions to it. He was, indeed, the genuine successor, not of me, but of the Swifts and Addisons themselves; profuse of wit even beyond them, and superior in political knowledge. Yet, if I laboured hard for what was so easy to Mr. Fonblanque, I will not pretend to think, that I did not sometimes find it; and the study of Addison and Steele, of Goldsmith and Voltaire, enabled me, when I was pleased with my subject, to give it the appearance of ease. At other times, especially on serious occasions, I too often got into a declamatory vein, full of what I thought fine turns and Johnsonian antitheses. The new office of editor conspired with my success as a critic to turn my head. I wrote, though anonymously, in the first person, as if, in addition to my theatrical pretensions, I had suddenly become an oracle in politics; the words philosophy, poetry, criticism, statesmanship, nay, even ethics and theology, all took a final tone in my lips. When I remember the virtue as well as knowledge which I demanded from everybody whom I had occasion to notice, and how much charity my own juvenile errors ought to have considered themselves in need of (however they might have been warranted by conventional allowance), I will not say I was a hypocrite in the odious sense of the word, for it was all done out of a spirit of foppery and 'fine writing,' and I never affected any formal virtues in private; but when I consider all the nonsense and extravagance of those assumptions, all the harm they must have done me in discerning eyes, and all the reasonable amount of resentment which it was preparing for me with adversaries, I blush to think what a simpleton I was, and how much of the consequences I deserved. It is out of no 'ostentation of candour' that I make this confession. It is extremely painful to me.

"Suffering gradually worked me out of a good deal of this kind of egotism. I hope that even the present most involuntarily egotistical book affords evidence that I am pretty well rid of it; and I must add, in my behalf, that, in every other respect, never, at that time or at any after time, was I otherwise than an honest man. I overrated my claims to public attention; but I set out perhaps with as good an editorial amount of qualification as most writers no older. I was fairly grounded in English history; I had carefully read De Lolme and Blackstone; I had no mercenary views whatsoever, though I was a proprietor of the journal; and all the levity of my animal spirits, and the foppery of the graver part of my pretensions, had not destroyed that spirit of martyrdom which had been inculcated in me from the cradle. I denied myself political as well as theatrical acquaintances: I was the reverse of a speculator upon patronage or employment: and I was prepared, with my excellent brother, to suffer manfully, should the time for suffering arrive.

"The spirit of the criticism on the theatres continued the same as it had been in the *News*. In politics, from old family associations, I soon got interested as a man, though I never could love them as a writer. It was against the grain that I was encouraged to begin them; and against the grain I ever ever afterwards sat down to write, except when the subject was of a very general description, and I could introduce philosophy and the belles lettres.

"The main objects of the *Examiner* newspaper were to assist in producing Reform in Parliament, liberality of opinion in general (especially freedom from superstition), and a fusion of literary taste into all subjects whatsoever. It began with being of no party; but Reform soon gave it one. It disclaimed all knowledge of statistics; and the rest of its politics were rather a sentiment, and a matter of general training, than founded on any particular political reflection. It possessed the benefit, however, of a good deal of reading. It never wanted examples out of history and biography, or a kind of adornment from the spirit of literature; and it gradually drew to its perusal many intelligent persons of both sexes, who would, perhaps, never have attended to politics under other circumstances."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 155.

The following is from an article by Leigh Hunt in the *Monthly Repository* for 1837, then edited by him, entitled "Explanation and Retrospection; the *Examiner* Twenty Years Ago:"—"It had little political ability in detail, no statistics, nothing that Cobbett, for instance, had, except purpose and greater courage. We may say so without immodesty, or even self-reference; for one of its proprietors (if it be not an egotism in a brother to say so) was a man of an heroical nature, prepared for any sufferance, and proving it through sick-

ness and trouble, by imprisonment on imprisonment, with tranquil readiness, for which he deserves well of his country. We never knew a fault in him but reserve, and a zeal for justice towards individuals so great as sometimes made him not quite mindful enough of the claims of those whom he thought opposed to them. As to ourselves, with but half his courage (for, to give it no harsher term, which might be thought a vanity, we even had a tendency to the luxurious and self-indulgent, which it required some excessive principle of friendship or *cosmopolity* to overcome), we had great animal spirits, an extraordinary equipoise of sick feelings and healthy, or levity and gravity; and between us both the *Examiner*, by its combination of a love of literature with politics, and its undoubted honesty, introduced a regard for Reform in quarters that otherwise would not have thought of it, and became the father of many a journalist of the present day, especially in the provinces. It was the Robin Hood of its cause, plunder excepted; and by the gaiety of its daring, its love of the green places of poetry, and its sympathy with all who needed sympathy, produced many a brother champion that beat it at its own weapons. Hazlitt, in its pages, first made the public sensible of his great powers. There Keats and Shelley were first made known to the lovers of the beautiful. There Charles Lamb occasionally put forth a piece of criticism, worth twenty of the editors', though a value was found in those also; and there we had the pleasure of reading the other day one of the earliest addresses to the public of a great man, who, with a hand mighty with justice, has succeeded in lifting up a nation into the equal atmosphere which all have a right to breathe—Daniel O'Connell. . . . The powers of its present editor no man can appreciate with greater readiness than ourselves, or have oftener joined in praising. He is a wit of the times of Queen Anne, with greater political detail, though less general sympathies; and we always feel grateful to him for carrying on the reputation of the paper, which he does with far more political ability than its former editor;—but with respectability in the eyes of the conscientious, he could not, nor with greater encouragement from the respected."

The following passages are taken from the preface to the 1st volume of the *Examiner*, January, 1808:—"It is with some pride that the *Examiner* can close his first volume, not only with a complacent retrospect towards his prospectus, but with the approbation of those subscribers who, as they were the first to doubt, are now the most willing to trust him. . . . It will be allowed me, however, for that very reason, while I sketch a slight review of what has been done, to explain what I have attempted without promising; and this consists of two endeavours: first, an humble attempt, exclusive of mere impartiality in great matters, to encourage an unprejudiced spirit of thinking in every respect, or, in other words, to revive an universal and *decent philosophy, with truth for its sole object;* and, second, an attempt to improve the style of what is called fugitive writing, by setting an example of, at least, *a diligent respect for the opinion of literary readers.* . . . And a freedom from party spirit supposes in some degree this necessary enlargement of reason; for he that looks continually, even on the most brilliant leader of a faction, is in as much danger of being unable to see anything else properly as he that fixes his eye on red, or yellow, or any other brilliant or violent colour; but to look generally on mankind, and on the face of things, leaves the perception as keen and as distinct as to look on the colour of green, which is the general hue of nature. Freedom from party-spirit is nothing but the love of looking abroad upon men and things, and this leads to universality, which is the great study of philosophy, so that the true love of inquiry and the love of one's country move in a circle. This is the "zeal according to knowledge" which I would be an humble instrument of recommending. . . . As theatrical criticism is the liveliest part of a newspaper, I have endeavoured to correct its usual levity by treating it philosophically; and as political writing is the gravest subject, I have attempted to give it a more general interest by handling it good-humoredly. . . . Little miscellaneous sketches of character and manners have been introduced into the *Examiner* as one small method of habituating readers to general ideas of the age. The fine arts also have met with an attention proportionable to their influence and national character, as well as to their rapid improvement in this country. Their improvement, indeed, is at once an honour and a disgrace to the nation, for it is the sole work of individuals. *The politicians and the government have not yet acquired the art, which they must acquire, of looking about them with enlarged eyes, and fighting the great enemy with his only good weapon and his only real glory—the cultivation of the human intellect.*"

The following is from the postscript to the *Examiner* for the year 1810:—"The *Examiner* closes its third volume under circumstances precisely similar

to those at the conclusion of the two preceding years,—an increase of readers and a prosecution by the Attorney-General. These circumstances may not be equally lucrative to the proprietors, but they are equally flattering, and alike encourage them to persevere in a line of conduct which enables them to deserve the one and to disdain the other. Twice has the Attorney-General been foiled on these occasions; and it is not improbable that his amiable perseverance may be fated to sustain a similar shock for the third time. But be the event what it may, the proprietors will ever feel proud and happy in reflecting, that as the writings for which they have been attacked have advanced nothing that is not strictly constitutional and fit to be spoken by Englishmen, so the furtherance of their publicity and the discussion of their principles must tend to keep alive the old English spirit, and to retard, if they can do no more, the fatal period, when the stoppage of the public voice shall announce the death of our freedom."

"The *Examiner* must be allowed (whether we look to the design or execution of the general run of articles in it) to be the ablest and most respectable of the publications that issue from the weekly press."—*Edinburgh Review. May*, 1823. *Vol.* 38, *p.* 368. "*The Periodical Press.*"

"The *Examiner*, that journal which may be fairly called an honour to the English press—from the greatness of the intellect it has long commanded—from the acknowledged subtlety and depth of its literary criticisms—and from the exquisite reasoning and the terse wit with which it enlivens the hackneyed common-places of party warfare."—*Sir E. Bulwer Lytton.* "*Memoir of Laman Blanchard.*"

"As a politician, there is a great debt of gratitude due to Leigh Hunt from the people, for he was their firm champion when reformers certainly did not walk about in silken slippers. He fell on evil days, and he was one of the first and foremost to mend them."—*William Howitt; Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent English Poets.* "*Leigh Hunt.*"

"Few of the public, I fear, duly consider the debt of gratitude we owe to the first editors of the *Examiner*, Messrs. John and Leigh Hunt, for the noble example of editorial independence which they displayed, when such examples were more rare, and consequently more valuable than at present; at that time a system of tyranny and 'espionage,' on the part of a borough-mongering government, rendered it dangerous for an editor to publish or write with independence of spirit. Those who judge of the risks and responsibilities of editors of newspapers in these piping times of comparative liberality, can form no idea of the dangers which attended the task thirty years ago. . . . The *Edinburgh Review* and the *Examiner* were the vanguard of that periodical phalanx, which has since rendered such signal service to the cause of literature and public liberty. They were the first to give that impulse to the public mind which has since produced such wonderful results. They taught the people to think and judge for themselves in matters which, up to that period, had been left in the hands of trading and selfish politicians, whose chief object was not the public good, but the public plunder."—*Letter in the Examiner, March* 11, 1832, *signed M. F.*]

THE SERVICES AND CLAIMS OF LEIGH HUNT.

["It is with sincere satisfaction that we have heard of the movement now making in London to secure a provision for the declining years of Leigh Hunt. Every one acquainted with the history of the press is aware of the services rendered by Mr. Hunt to the cause of reform, not to speak of those contributions by which he has enriched our literature with a series of genial effusions which take their place beside the works of our most admired essayists. It is our intention at an early period to give a critical analysis of his genius, as well as some account of his voluminous writings, but at present, it is with the political career and services of Mr. Hunt that we have to do; and more particularly with his sufferings, both in purse and person, in the cause of reform. During the ascendancy of toryism, in the very worst days of the Castlereagh administration, no journal in the kingdom advocated liberal principles with more invincible courage than the *London Examiner*. Every liberal measure, without a single exception, which has since become the law of the land, from Catholic Emancipation down to the Repeal of the Corn Laws, did Leigh Hunt plead for and support in the *Examiner*; and that too at a time when, from the

rampant power of toryism, *to speak out* with even one-tenth of the boldness which any liberal paper may now do with impunity, was almost certain to subject a political writer to the severest pains and penalties of the law. Indeed the *London Examiner* was one of the very boldest of that small but gallant band which maintained through evil and disastrous times its allegiance to constitutional liberty, and kept alive the spirit of reform and progress. Leigh Hunt and his brother threw themselves heart and soul into the thick of the struggle, and fought for years in the foremost rank, with a self-devotion which almost puts to shame the petty sacrifices of our modern politicians.

"Such of our readers, however, as are not cognisant of the facts, will hardly believe it possible that an action was brought against Leigh Hunt, by the government then in power, for making use of the following words: 'Of all monarchs since the Revolution, the successor of George the Third will have the finest opportunity of becoming nobly popular.' An indictment was also laid against him for copying from a provincial paper a paragraph against military flogging, not nearly so severe as what was recently uttered against it, day after day, in almost every journal in the kingdom. He was acquitted, not, however, without suffering severe pecuniary loss, as he had to submit to the infamous injustice of paying the expenses of the prosecution, although the government had failed to establish the grounds of it. But this was nothing in comparison with another act of capricious tyranny on the part of the Sidmouth administration, to which Mr. Hunt and his brother were subjected. He was condemned to pay a fine of five hundred pounds, and suffer two years' imprisonment,—for what? Not for treason,—not for instigating to insurrection,—not for an attack upon the government,—but for an offence far more heinous than any of these in the eyes of those then in power—for throwing ridicule upon the Tory flatterers of the Prince Regent, and saying that if the said Prince was an 'Adonis,' he was 'an Adonis of fifty.' To use Mr. Hunt's words, in speaking of this subject—'Though this jest was accompanied by graver and severer words, it is well understood that the sting of the objection lay in the venerableness of the dandyism, and that if his Royal Highness's pretensions had been less founded on external appearance, he could have afforded to forgive the rest. Our remarks on the Prince Regent were excited, not only by the most preposterous adulations of his new friends' absolute assertions of his being a pattern of loveliness in "shape and face," but by the concurrent indignation of all his quondam friends for his having broken his promises to the Whigs in general and the Irish Catholics in particular.'

"The fine exacted from the two brothers in conjunction, in the case of the Prince Regent affair, was ONE THOUSAND POUNDS, while the other legal expenses on the three indictments, and the cost of the two years' imprisonment, brought their losses altogether to nearly TWO THOUSAND POUNDS. Mr. Hunt mentions that 'one of the worst consequences to himself was the deterioration of a delicate state of health from which he afterwards severely suffered, and which threw the greatest difficulties in the way of a retrieval of his finances.'

"Considering what he has done for the cause of reform, no man has higher claims upon an administration calling itself liberal, than Leigh Hunt; but, although the matter has for some time past been fully discussed in political and literary circles, no indication has been given of any willingness on the part of the government to take Mr. Hunt's case into consideration. He has lived to see realised the most important of those great principles for which he so ably contended in former days, and has had the satisfaction besides of finding many of his bitterest enemies not only change their opinions, but make him honourable amends by becoming his warmest public friends. 'But,' to use his own expressive words, 'while opinions are changing, people grow old; and this it is which gives an old soldier a right to look on his wounds, and think it would be no dishonour to those he has fought for to heal them.'

"The Whigs are under deep obligations to Mr. Hunt, and owe much as a party to the influence of his writings in bygone days. As, however, our Whig administration shows no disposition to succour the declining years of this veteran, it is befitting that literature should take up his cause and come to the aid of her old and faithful servant.* From an announcement made last Saturday in the London *Athenæum*, we observe that Charles Dickens, Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, of the *Examiner*, and a number of gentlemen connected with literature and art, have resolved to give two performances in one of the large theatres in London for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, and believing that in the North of England his services are duly appreciated, they also intend to give performances in Manchester and Liverpool. We cannot do better than

* A pension was subsequently granted to Mr. Hunt. See extract from *Manchester Examiner* in next page.

quote the words of Mr. Dickens himself in a letter to a friend in this quarter. 'The party of amateurs connected with literature and art, who acted in London two years ago, have resolved to play again, at one of the large theatres here, for the benefit of Leigh Hunt, and to make a great appeal to all classes of society in behalf of a writer who should have received long ago, but has not yet, some enduring return from his country for all he has undergone, and all the good he has done. It is believed that such a demonstration by literature on behalf of literature, and such a mark of sympathy by authors and artists for one who has written so well, would be of more service, present and prospective, to Mr. Hunt, than almost any other means of help that could be devised. And we know that it would be most gratifying to his own feelings.' After stating the proposed arrangements for the London performances, Mr. Dickens proceeds—'But we do not intend to stop here. Believing that Leigh Hunt has done more to instruct the young men of England, and to lend a helping hand to those who educate themselves, than any other writer in England, we are resolved to come down in a body to Liverpool and Manchester, and to act one night in each place.'

"We hope that this generous and well-considered purpose of Mr. Dickens and his friends will meet with cordial support in London. Speaking for Manchester, we are sure that she will heartily respond to the appeal, and prove, in the most substantial manner, that she appreciates the struggles and efforts of those who have fought so nobly in the cause of reform, and received honourable scars in its service. Leigh Hunt is now an old man, but his sympathies with progress are as strong and ardent as ever. When we last saw him, he was full of hope, and looked into the future calmly and cheerfully. Not many weeks ago he uttered the following words:—'Life, upon the whole, though a severely tried, has been a strenuous and cheerful thing with us; and we mean to do our best that it shall remain so to the last. We look upon ourselves as having personally succeeded in the tasks which we set it—namely, the doing some good to the world, and the gaining some portion of repute as a writer; and if we fear that we might have included a greater amount of benefit to young persons who are dear to us, perhaps, by and by, should they have need of its good will, the world will look not without tenderness on our memory.' To render the declining years of such a man free from care and anxiety were indeed a kindly and a praiseworthy act, and Manchester, we are sure, will take upon herself her full share of so grateful a task."—*Manchester Examiner, June* 19, 1847.

"As a journalist no man has done more to raise the tone of newspaper writing, and to infuse even into its keenest controversies a spirit of fairness and tolerance. During his connection with the *London Examiner* (of which he and his brother John were the originators in 1808), in all he wrote he invariably exhibited a gentlemanliness of bearing, and a spirit of gallant candour which gave that paper a position which it has ever since retained among the intellectual and refined. In its political, as well as its literary and theatrical articles, was always apparent the presiding genius of the gentleman, the wit, the scholar, and the honest man. Of its unflinching integrity, and earnest adherence to the noblest hopes of human nature, and of all the trials and troubles into which their devotion to truth and political honesty brought its conductors in days now happily gone by we trust for ever, we shall not now speak, having recently alluded to this subject in bringing his services and claims before our readers. Suffice it to say, that the aid rendered by the *London Examiner*, in past times, to the cause of truth and progress, can never be overlooked by the political historian in reviewing the events and influences of the first quarter of the present century. It is gratifying to find the Prime Minister of England at this moment acknowledging the merits of Leigh Hunt, and while conveying to him the intelligence that a provision is now made for his old age, expressing himself in the following words:—'Allow me to add that the severe treatment you formerly received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement.' Let it ever be remembered, too, that it was in the pages of the *Examiner* that Leigh Hunt first brought before the world specimens of the dawning genius of Shelley and Keats, and that had he done nothing more, he would have been entitled to the gratitude of every lover of youthful genius. The intimacy and cordial friendship which subsisted between him and these two noble spirits, during their brief stay on earth, and his early and just appreciation of their wonderful powers, must ever cause his name to be honourably associated with theirs. It was in the *Examiner*, too, that William Hazlitt and Charles Lamb wrote some of their earliest and raciest pieces, but we must not venture at present to do more than mention their names. The subject is one which would lead us beyond our limits."—*The Manchester Examiner, July* 6, 1847.]

THE PENSION GRANTED TO LEIGH HUNT.

"It gives us peculiar pleasure to be able to state that Lord John Russell has conveyed to Mr. Leigh Hunt Her Majesty's gift (from the Civil List) of a pension of £200 a-year, in consideration of his distinguished literary talents. The long standing claims of this admirable writer, and consistent labourer in the liberal cause, have thus received the recognition to which all parties have of late years felt they were entitled. The announcement will give general and great satisfaction. So rare are the 'opportunities of becoming nobly popular' (to use an expression for which, in the days of Tory-rule, Mr. Leigh Hunt was visited by the Attorney-General), that we rejoice to find the present opportunity has not been lost by a liberal administration. The manner in which the gift was conveyed had the effect of enhancing its value. It was accompanied by expressions of personal sympathy on the part of Lord John Russell for what Mr. Hunt had suffered in times gone by. It was an act of justice handsomely done, and will be remembered to the minister's honour."—*Examiner, June* 26, 1847.

"We last week week adverted to the terms of the letter in which Lord John Russell had conveyed to Mr. Hunt Her Majesty's recent favour towards him. The following is the letter itself. There are few who will not read it with interest and admiration:

"'Downing-street, June 22, 1847.

"'Sir,—I have much pleasure in informing you that the Queen has been pleased to direct, that in consideration of your distinguished literary talents, a pension of two hundred pounds yearly should be settled upon you from the funds of the Civil List.

"Allow me to add that the severe treatment you formerly received, in times of unjust persecution of liberal writers, enhances the satisfaction with which I make this announcement.

"'I have the honour to be, sir, your faithful servant,

"'J. RUSSELL.

"'Leigh Hunt, Esq.'

"Unjust persecution of liberal writers has now, it is to be hoped, taken its place with other unjust persecutions; and in such a letter as this we have an excellent guarantee against its possible return. All writers, no matter what their opinions may be, will know how to value such expressions from the foremost statesman of the time."—*Examiner, July* 3, 1847.

THE LATE MR. JOHN HUNT.

"In our obituary of last week appeared the death of Mr. John Hunt, the brother of the admired poet and essayist, Leigh Hunt, by whom conjointly this journal was founded and for many years conducted. Mr. John Hunt had not the brilliant gifts and talents of his accomplished brother, but his abilities were good, his understanding solid, and his taste of the very highest order. In moral character he was a man of a rare stamp, an honester never breathed. His devotion to truth and justice knew no bounds; there was no peril, no suffering that he was not ready to encounter for either. With resolution and fortitude not to be surpassed, he was one of the gentlest and kindest of beings. His own sufferings were the only sufferings to which he could be indifferent. His part as a reformer in the worst times was unflinching, and he held his course undauntedly when bold truths were visited with the penalties of the prison, which he knew how to face, and how to endure. His way through the world was a rough one, but his constancy was even, and tribulations left him unshaken. He was at arm's length with care throughout the active part of his life, but never mastered by it, for his goodness had a bravery in it which always bore him up. Fortune's buffets, of which he had a full share, left no bruises on him, and extorted no murmur. We never heard him repine, and seldom, on the other hand, had he occasion to rejoice, and never for long. He took what befel him calmly as his portion, and with a manly yet sweet resignation. His faults lay on the side of tenacity and prepossession: when he had taken up a cause, or a quarrel, it was hard to alter his views of the merits by fact or argument; and he was sometimes misled by his sympathy with the weaker to fight the battle not really of the juster, but of the worsted party. Having taken the field when power was carrying every injustice with a high hand, he was apt to believe it afterwards in the wrong whenever called in question. But these errors were few, and might have been fewer still had they been less detrimental to his interest. There never was a question in John Hunt's mind as to the side to be taken in any discussion but the question of

justice, which he determined to the best of his judgment, and acted upon the conclusion at all risks. Unconscious prejudice might enter into his views occasionally, but they were honest according to his lights: and in the days of martyrdom, a martyr he would cheerfully have been for what he deemed the truth. He had fought the battle in the front ranks, when the battle was the hottest, but he passed into retirement in the very hour of victory as if he had done nothing, and deserved nothing of the triumphant cause. The ever-kind Lord Holland, however, did not forget him, and procured him an appointment in the West Indies for one of his sons, an excellent young man, who was doing well and promising to be a stay for his father's old age, when he was suddenly cut off by one of the diseases of the climate. Many profited by the services of John Hunt in the press, but to few was the height of his merits known, shadowed as they were by his modesty: but by those who knew them profoundly are they prized, and affectionately is he mourned."—*Examiner, September* 16, 1848.]

An Attempt to Show the Folly and Danger of Methodism. In a Series of Essays, first published in the weekly paper called the "Examiner," and now enlarged, with a Preface and Additional Notes. By the Editor of the "Examiner." 1809.

["Essay 1: On the Ignorance and Vulgarity of the Methodists. Essay 2: On the Hatred of the Methodists Against Moral Preaching; On their doctrine of Justification by Faith alone without Morals, their Love of Ignorance, and their Rejection of Reason in Obscure Matters. Essay 3: Of Eternal Damnation and Election. Essay 4: On Methodistical Inspiration. Essay 5: On the Melancholy and Bigotry of the Methodists. Essay 6: On the Indecencies and Profane Raptures of Methodism. Essay 7: On the Prevention of Methodism."

"We heartily advocated the mild spirit of religious government, as exercised by the Church of England, in opposition to the bigoted part of dissent; and in furtherance of this advocacy, the first volume of the *Examiner* contained a series of 'Essays on the Folly and Danger of Methodism,' which were afterwards collected into a pamphlet. So 'orthodox' were these essays, short of points from which common sense and humanity always appeared to us to revolt, and from which the deliverance of the Church itself is now, I believe, not far off, that in duty to our hope of that deliverance, I afterwards thought it necessary to guard against the conclusions which might have been drawn from them, as to the amount of our assent. A church appeared to me then, as it still does, an instinctive want in the human family. I never to this day pass one, even of a kind the most unreformed, without a wish to go into it and join my fellow-creatures in their affecting evidence of the necessity of an additional tie with Deity and Infinity, with this world and the next. But the wish is accompanied with an afflicting regret that I cannot recognize it, free from barbarisms derogatory to both; and I sigh for some good old country church, finally delivered from the corruptions of the Councils, and breathing nothing but the peace and love befitting the Sermon on the Mount. I believe that a time is coming, when such doctrine, and such only, will be preached; and my future grave, in a certain beloved and flowery cemetery, seems quieter for the consummation."—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 159.]

The Reflector, a Collection of Essays on Miscellaneous Subjects of Literature and Politics; originally published as the commencement of a Quarterly Magazine, and written by the Editor of the "Examiner," with the assistance of various other hands. 4 *Nos., forming* 2 *Vols.* 1810-12.

[No. 1 contains: The English considered as a Thinking People in reference to late years—The Reformers, or the Wrongs of Intellect: a Fragment of a Political Dialogue—Shakspeare Sermons—On the Pernicious Effects of Methodism in our Foreign Possessions—The Law-Student—On the Claims of Propertius—Stafford's Niobe—Greek and English Tragedy—On Defects and Abuses in Public Institutions—On Opinions respecting the English Constitution—* Account of a Familiar Spirit, who visited and conversed with the Author in a manner equally new and forcible, shewing the Carnivorous Duties of all Rational Beings and the true end of Philosophy—On the Origin of Shakspeare's Tempest—On Early and Late Hours—On the Modes of Living and Thinking about the Middle of Last Century—* On the Spirit proper for a

Young Artist—* The Travels of Reason (translated from the French of Voltaire)—On War—Dr. Bentley—* Atys the Enthusiast: a Dithyrambic Poem translated from Catullus, with Prefatory Remarks—On the Catholic Claims—* Remarks on the Past and Present State of the Arts in England—* Retrospect of the Theatre—Retrospect of Public Affairs—Short Miscellaneous Pieces.

No. 2 contains: Church and Constitution—Remarkable Passages from the Memoirs of the Marshal de Bassompierre—Remarks on Hume's History of England—Greek and English Tragedy—On the English Constitution (continued)—Inquiries concerning Instinct: exhibiting a Brief View of the Mental Faculties of the Lower Animals compared with those of Man; and also the State of Opinions on this Subject—On the Easiest Mode of Learning the Greek and Latin Languages, with Occasional Strictures on the Greek and Latin Grammars taught in Public Schools—On the Connection and the mutual Assistance of the Arts and Sciences, and the Relation of Poetry to them all—* Politics and Poetics, or the desperate Situation of a Journalist unhappily smitten with the Love of Rhyme—Is it justifiable to reprint the Pruriencies of our Old Poets? The Question discussed in a Dialogue (with a Note by Leigh Hunt)—The Law Student—† On the Inconveniences resulting from being hanged—On the Responsibility of Members of Academies of Arts, and in Vindication of the late Professor Barry from the Aspersions of the *Edinburgh Review*—On Theophrastus: prefaced with Some Remarks on the supposed Inferiority of the Ancients to the Moderns in the Arts of Ridicule—† On the Danger of confounding Moral with Personal Deformity, with a Hint to those who have the framing of Advertisements for apprehending Offenders—On the probable Effects of the Gunpowder Treason to this Country if the Conspirators had accomplished their Object—Poets at College—Retrospect of Public Affairs—* On the Public Spirit of the Times, and the State of Parties—* Retrospect of the Theatre—Short Miscellaneous Pieces.

No. 3 contains: * On the present and future Character of the Prince Regent—Reflections on the late Attempt to alter the Act of Toleration—On the Independence of the Judges—On the Right of Dower out of Personalty—Defects in the English Constitution—A Comparison between Thomson and Cowper as descriptive Poets—On the different Grounds of Religious Persecution—† On the Genius and Character of Hogarth—A General Outline of the Philosophy of Sensation and Perception—The Law Student—† On the Custom of Hissing at the Theatres—Greek and English Tragedy—† On Burial Societies—Ψυχης Ιατρειον; or an Analogical Essay on the Treatment of Intellectual Disorders—On the Advantages of the Present Age—Cursory Remarks on the proper Objects in the Education of the Middle and Lower Classes—Retrospect of Public Affairs—On the Talents of Frey and Piranesi, considered with reference to the State of Italian Engraving in the Century which preceded them—* Retrospect of the Theatre—Short Miscellaneous Pieces. One of these ("The True Enjoyment of Splendour—A Chinese Apologue") is by Leigh Hunt.

No. 4 contains: On the Favourites of Princes—On Contempt of Popularity—On the Privileges of a Pedestrian—Defects in Classical Education—Professor Porson Vindicated—Letters on Biography—Why are there so few excellent Poets?—On the best Means of promoting the Fundamental Principles of the English Constitution—† Theatralia. No. 1. On Garrick and Acting—* The Feast of the Poets—Classical Antiquity of the English Language—Reflexions on the Letters of Mademoiselle l'Espinasse—Specimens from the Writings of Fuller, the Church Historian—† A Bachelor's Complaint of the Behaviour of Married People—On the Origin, Progress, Corruptions, and Gradual Improvement of Medical Science—Retrospect of Public Affairs—Project for making Beaux and Belles useful—On the Change of Structure induced on Animals by Domestication—† A Farewell to Tobacco—† Edax on Appetite—† Hospita on the immoderate indulgence of the Pleasures of the Palate—* A Day by the Fire—Athens and England—* Retrospect of the Theatre—† The Good Clerk—Short Miscellaneous Pieces.

The articles marked * are by Leigh Hunt. Those marked † are by Charles Lamb. The one entitled "Theatralia," in the 4th Number, is the celebrated essay, afterwards reprinted in Lamb's works under the title "On the Tragedies of Shakespeare, considered with reference to their fitness for Stage Representation."

"The *Examiner* had been established between two and three years, when [in 1810] my brother projected a quarterly magazine of literature and politics, entitled the 'Reflector,' which I edited. Lamb, Dyer, Barnes, Mitchell, the Greek Professor Scholefield (all Christ-Hospital men), together with Dr. Aikin and his family, wrote in it; and it was rising in sale every quarter, when it stopped at the close of the fourth number for want of funds. Its termination was not owing to want of liberality in the payments. But the radical reformers

in those days were not sufficiently rich or numerous to support such a publication. Some of the liveliest effusions of Lamb first appeared in this magazine; and in order that I might retain no influential class for my good wishers, after having angered the stage, dissatisfied the Church, offended the State, not very well pleased the Whigs, and exasperated the Tories, I must needs commence the maturer part of my verse-making with contributing to its pages the "Feast of the Poets."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 192.]

Reformist's Reply to the "Edinburgh Review." 1810.

["A pamphlet which I wrote in defence of its own reforming principles, which it had lately taken into its head to renounce as impracticable. Reform had been apparently given up for ever by its originators: the Tories were increasing in strength every day; and I was left to battle with them as I could. Little did I suppose, that a time would come when I should be an Edinburgh Reviewer myself; when its former editor, agreeably to the dictates of his heart, would be one of the kindest of my friends; and when a cadet of one of the greatest of the Whig houses, too young at that time to possess more than a prospective influence, would carry the reform from which his elders recoiled, and gift the prince-opposing Whig-Radical with a pension, under the gracious countenance of a queen whom the Radical loves."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 203.]

Report on the Attorney General's Information. 1812.

[The compiler of this list has never seen the above pamphlet. It is placed in the list of Leigh Hunt's works by Mr. Bohn, in his "Bibliographers' Manual." In the *Examiner* of April 26, 1812, is an article headed "Charge of Libel for explaining the True Character of the Prince Regent," from which the following passage is taken:—"We shall therefore merely observe, that the real, unaffected, acknowledged intention of the passage in question was partly to bring into merited disgrace vices that are most pernicious to the country, and that are punishable (if punishable at all) by no other means, and chiefly to keep up among our countrymen, and to *show* that they keep up, that moral and sound English spirit which is superior to bad example however exalted, and upon the strength and survival of which, this nation can alone be saved from the general ruin that has followed the debauchery of Courts and the slavish silence of communities. The question that is asked on occasions like the present is, What good will be effected? We have given our answer. The good to be effected is a very general, but a very great one; it is the preservation of this national spirit by individual proofs of it. If the whole nation is silent upon vices of notorious effect, it is not only sure to suffer bitterly from them in the end, but it has the disgrace in the meantime of suffering to a certain extent without daring to complain, and thus becomes accessory to its own destruction. On the other hand, if it speak out boldly, it may prevent the evil from spreading, though it cannot do it away; public opinion will resume its dignity and its effect, and we shall not perish because we shall not *deserve* to perish." In the *Examiner* of December 12 and 19, 1812, are articles commenting on Lord Ellenborough's charge to the jury on the occasion of the trial of John and Henry Leigh Hunt, which resulted in the fine and imprisonment inflicted on the brothers.]

The Feast of the Poets, with Notes and Other Poems in verse. By the Editor of the "Examiner." 1814. *Second Edition, Amended and Enlarged.* 1815.

[The Poem ("The Feast of the Poets") occupies 25 pages, and the Notes (which include remarks on Pope, Coleman, Sheridan, Rogers, Montgomery, Crabbe, Hayley, Fairfax, Gifford, Scott, Campbell, Moore, Byron, Southey, Coleridge, and Wordsworth) extended to 104 pages. The Translations, Sonnets, &c., occupy 42 pages. The book is dedicated to Thomas Mitchell (translator of Aristophanes). The "Feast of the Poets" first appeared in the "Reflector," Part 4, 1812.

"The 'Feast of the Poets' was (perhaps, I may say, is) a *jeu-d'esprit* suggested by the 'Session of the Poets' of Sir John Suckling. Apollo gives the poets a dinner; and many verse-makers, who have no claim to the title, present themselves, and are rejected.

"With this effusion, while thinking of nothing but showing my wit, and reposing under the shadow of my 'laurels' (of which I expected a harvest as

abundant as my self-esteem), I made almost every living poet and poetaster my enemy, and particularly exasperated those among the Tories. I speak of the shape in which it first appeared, before time and reflection had moderated its judgment. It drew upon my head all the personal hostility which had hitherto been held in a state of suspense by the vaguer daring of the *Examiner*, and I have reason to believe that its inconsiderate, and I am bound to confess, in some respects, unwarrantable levity, was the origin of the gravest, and far less warrantable attacks which I afterwards sustained from political antagonists, and which caused the most serious mischief to my fortunes. Let the young satirist take warning; and consider how much self-love he is going to wound, by the indulgence of his own."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 192.

"The next composition, 'The Feast of the Poets,' was the earliest of my grown productions in verse. I was full of animal spirits when I wrote it, and have a regard for it accordingly, like that for one's other associations of youth. It was, however, a good deal more personal than at present, and showed me the truth of what has been observed respecting the danger of a young writer's commencing his career with satire: for I have reason to believe that its offences, both of commission and omission, gave rise to some of the most inveterate enmities I have experienced. I will honestly confess, especially as I had a nobler field of warfare to suffer in, that I would willingly not have aroused enmity by such means. I acknowledge, also, that a young author was presumptuous in pronouncing judgment upon older men, some of whom made me blush afterwards with a better self-knowledge. I can only offer in excuse that I had not at that time suffered enough myself to be aware of the pain to be given in this way: and that I was a young student, full of my favourite writers, and regarding a satire as nothing but a pleasant thing in a book. To omit this poem in the present collection, appeared to me, for various reasons, improper: but it has been altered to suit my present feelings: and if all the hostile passages have been left out, the retention, under the circumstances, is, I think, not unwarrantable. The passage on the late Mr. Gifford I have a value for, partly because Mr. Hazlitt liked it; but the chief reason why I let this and two others remain is, that if men have a right to quarrel personally with anything, it is with prosperous insincerity, and with inhumanities which neither age nor suffering do away. And I have another reason. I think it necessary for the sake of many interests, to show that I have still arms at my side. I have no desire to use them: never had I so little. But my determination to use them, if insisted upon, never was so great. I have made amends, by long and patient forbearance, for a young mistake; but injuries affecting more than myself, I will repel. This a grave piece of discourse upon so light a subject; but criticism and poetry are apt to be cloud and sunshine."—*The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.* 1832. *Preface.*

"The reader of the 'Feast of the Poets' will be good enough to bear in mind, that it was first written a long time ago, never contained all the names that had a right to be in it, and therefore still less professes to contain them now. The author would have written a new one, on purpose to introduce them, especially Mr. Knowles and his brother dramatists; but the truth is, that these are delicate matters for contemporaries to meddle with; and a young writer will find in after years that he had better have shown his admiration of reigning names in a shape less particular. Circumstances may even conspire to make him fear misconstructions painful on all sides, where acknowledgment of another sort would seem to give double reasons for its extension. Such are the perplexities in preparation for juvenile confidence! The author therefore must beg that the 'Feast of the Poets' may be regarded rather as a fancy of by-gone years than a criticism. The 'Feast of the Violets' is avowedly such. It is not that he thinks less of any of the poets mentioned considered without reference to others, but higher of some than he used; and that the number seated at Apollo's table ought either to have been less or greater. Admiration is a delight and a duty; but when it even implies comparative criticism, it touches upon a peril which among contemporaries is proverbially odious, and not seldom rash and to be repented. A sense of justice, for instance, to a name so great in other respects that it has injured his reputation for poetry (most people finding it difficult to entertain two ideas at once on this subject) compels me to observe, that in fighting hard for the honours of Wordsworth, at a time when the advocacy was not superfluous, I was not sufficiently attentive to those of Coleridge; and that without entering into the comparative merits of the two, or lowering a jot of my estimation of the former, considered in himself, it appears to me, that since the days of Milton there has been no greater name for pure quintessential poetry, than that of the author of 'Christabel' and the 'Ancient Mariner.' This, of course, is stated out of a

sense of what is due on my own part, and not from any overweening supposition that the mere statement of an opinion is to settle the question for others."—*Preface to "The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, containing many pieces now first collected."* 1846.

"We even think that in some instances the poet has used both the pruning and the grafting knife too largely; *e.g.* in the 'Feast of Poets,' which we have compared with the original copy as published in the 'Reflector,' and find guilty of some defalcations which we cannot help regretting. The satire was so playful, that we cannot think it required any palinode. We hope that the poet has attached too much consequence to this elegant and brilliant *jeu-d'esprit*, in imputing to it, as he does, not a few of the animosities which have obscured his fame as a poet, and embittered his lot as a man. We attribute these to a very different origin. But both these causes, we trust, will soon be of the things that were."—*The Monthly Repository*, 1833. "*The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt.*"

"In the 'Feast of the Poets,' the most delightful, fanciful, witty, and impudent of Hunt's poems, there are numerous passages worthy of being garnered in the memory. The judgments of Hunt's Apollo are not always correct; but they have the advantage in sprightliness over most criticisms. At times we are reminded, in the style, of the 'polished want of polish' of Sir John Suckling."—*Essays and Reviews, by Edwin P. Whipple. Boston*, 1851.

"Mr. Hunt excels in playful verse, as every one who has read his 'Feast of the Poets' will freely confess. That is one of the raciest and most sparkling specimens of good-humoured satire in the English language. It is as brilliant with delightful fancies as a morning meadow with dew-drops.

"The admirable description of Apollo, at the commencement of the poem, is a good example of our author's powers in this department of his art. It is too long for the quotation of more than a single passage of delicate description. It speaks of the lustre of the god's eye:

> 'And if, as he shook back his hair in its cluster,
> A curl fell athwart them and darkened their lustre,
> *A sprinkle of gold through the duskiness came,*
> *Like the sun through a tree, when he's setting in flame.'*

Another capital thing is the manner in which the divinity puts to flight the intruding crowd of poetasters. He uses no violence, but simply dazzles them into insignificance by assuming the full glories of his godhead. It at once suggests his overpowering splendour, and their feeble vision, and reminds us of the return of the bats and owls to their caves and hollow trees after an eclipse has passed off.

"The characteristics of the poets are generally well kept up in the few words with which each is introduced. . . . The satire is equally gay and delightful."—*Introduction to the Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, published by Ticknor and Fields, Boston, U.S., by the Editor, S. Adams Lee.*]

The Descent of Liberty; a Mask. 1815.

[The Dedication to Thomas Barnes is dated "Surrey Jail, 10th July, 1814." In the Preface the author says:—"The following piece was written, partly to vary the hours of imprisonment and ill health, partly to indulge the imagination of the author during a season of public joy, when he could realise no sights for himself, and chiefly to express the feelings of hope and delight, with which every enthusiastic lover of freedom must have witnessed the downfall of the great Apostate from Liberty. The romantic nature of the circumstances, which led to and accompanied that striking event, rendered a political allusion more than ordinarily susceptible of poetry; and it was the production of some verses at the moment, which unconsciously assuming something of a dramatic air, suggested the composition of a larger piece on the subject. They are subjoined, on this account, at the end of the succeeding article upon Masks."

Prefixed to the Mask is "An Account of the Origin and Nature of Masks," extending to 36 pages.

"I have spoken of a mask on the downfall of Napoleon, called the 'Descent of Liberty,' which I wrote while in prison. Liberty descends in it from heaven, to free the earth from the burden of an evil magician. It was a compliment to the Allies, which they deserved well enough, inasmuch as it was a failure; otherwise they did not deserve it all; for it was founded on a belief in promises which they never kept. There was a vein of something true in the 'Descent of Liberty,' particularly in passages where the domestic affections were touched upon; but the poetry was too much on the surface.

Fancy (encouraged by the allegorical nature of the mask) played her part too entirely in it at the expense of imagination. I had not yet got rid of the self-sufficiency caused by my editorial position, or by the credit, better deserved, which political courage had obtained for me. I had yet to learn in what the subtler spirit of poetry consisted."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 227.]

The Story of Rimini; a Poem. By Leigh Hunt. 1816.

[Dedicated to Lord Byron, with a Preface of 13 pages.

"Nor had I discovered in what the subtler spirit of poetry consisted when I wrote the 'Story of Rimini.' It was written in what, perhaps, at my time of life, and after the degree of poetical reputation which had been conceded me, I may be allowed, after the fashion of painters, to call my 'first manner;' not the worst manner conceivable, though far from the best; as far from it (or at whatever greater distance modesty may require it to be put) as Dryden's 'Flower and the Leaf,' from the story in Chaucer which Dryden imitated. I must take leave, however, to regard it as a true picture, painted after a certain mode; and I can never forget the comfort I enjoyed in painting it, though I think I have since executed some things with a more inward perception of poetical requirement.

"This poem, the greater part of which was written in prison, had been commenced a year or two before, while I was visiting the sea-coast at Hastings, with my wife and our first child. I was very happy; and looking among my books for some melancholy theme of verse, by which I could steady my felicity, I unfortunately chose the subject of Dante's famous episode. I did not consider, indeed at the time was not critically aware, that to enlarge upon a subject which had been treated with exquisite sufficiency, and to his immortal renown, by a great master, was not likely, by any merit of detail, to save a tyro in the art from the charge of presumption, especially one who had not yet even studied poetical mastery itself, except in a subordinate shape. Dryden, at that time, in spite of my sense of Milton's superiority, and my early love of Spenser, was the most delightful name to me in English poetry. I had found in him more vigour, and music too, than in Pope, who had been my closest poetical acquaintance: and I could not rest till I had played on his instrument. I brought, however, to my task a sympathy with the tender and the pathetic which I did not find in my pattern; and there was also an impulsive difference now and then in the style, and a greater tendency to simplicity of words. My versification was far from being so vigorous as his. There were many weak lines in it. It succeeded best in catching the variety of his cadences; at least so far as they broke up the monotony of Pope. But I had a greater love for the beauties of external nature; I think also I partook of a more southern insight into the beauties of colour, of which I made abundant use in the procession which is described in the first canto; and if I invested my story with too many circumstances of description, especially on points not essential to its progress, and thus took leave *in toto* of the brevity, as well as the force of Dante, still the enjoyment which led me into the superfluity was manifest, and so far became its warrant. I had the pleasure of supplying my friendly critic, Lord Byron, with a point for his 'Parisina' (the incident of the heroine talking in her sleep); of seeing all the reigning poets, without exception, break up their own heroic couplets into freer modulation (which they never afterwards abandoned), and being paid for the resentment of the Tory critics in one single sentence from the lips of Mr. Rogers, who told me, when I met him for the first time at Lord Byron's house, that he had 'just left a beautiful woman sitting over my poem in tears.'

"I was then between twenty and thirty. Upwards of thirty years afterwards I was told by a friend, that he had just heard one of the most distinguished of living authoresses say she had shed 'tears of vexation' on finding that I had recast the conclusion of the poem, and taken away so much of the first matter. Let it be allowed me to boast of tears of this kind, and to say what balm they have given me for many a wound. The portion of the poem taken away I have since restored, under a separate title, in the edition of my 'Poetical Works,' which has appeared in America. By the other alteration I have finally thought it best to abide; and I have thus reconciled as well as I could the friends of the first form of the poem and those of the new.

"I need hardly advert, at the present time of day, to the objections which were made to this production when it first appeared, by the wrath of the Tory critics. In fact, it would have met with no such hostility, or indeed any hostility at all, if politics had not judged it. Critics might have differed about it, of course, and reasonably have found fault; but had it emanated from the

circles, or been written by any person not obnoxious to political objection, I believe there is nobody at this time of day, who will not allow, that the criticism in all quarters would have been very good-natured, and willing to hail whatever merit it possessed. I may, therefore, be warranted in having spoken of it without any greater allusion to quarrels which have long been over, and to which I have confessed that I gave the first cause of provocation."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860, *p.* 229.

"I please myself with thinking, that had the circumstances of my life permitted it, I might have done something a little worthier of acceptance, in the way of a mixed kind of narrative poetry, part lively and part serious, somewhere between the longer poems of the Italians, and the *Fabliaux* of the old French. My propensity would have been (and, oh! had my duties permitted, how willingly would I have passed my life in it! how willingly now pass it!) to write 'eternal new stories' in verse, of no great length, but just sufficient to vent the pleasure with which I am stung on meeting with some touching adventure, and which haunts me till I can speak of it somehow. I would have dared to pretend to be a servant in the train of Ariosto, nay, of Chaucer,

'—and far off his skirts adore.'

I sometimes look at the trusting animal spirits in which the following poems were written, (for my doubts come after I have done writing, and not while I am about it,) and wonder whether or not they are of a right sort. I know not. I cannot tell whether what pleased me at the moment, was mere pleasure taken in the subject, or whether it involved the power of communicating it to the reader. All I can be sure of is, that I was in earnest; that the feelings, whatever they were, which I pretended to have, I had. It was the mistake of the criticism of a northern climate, to think that the occasional quaintnesses and neologisms, which formerly disfigured the 'Story of Rimini,' arose out of affectation. They were the sheer license of animal spirits. While I was writing them, I never imagined that they were not proper to be indulged in. I have tropical blood in my veins, inherited through many generations, and was too full of impulse and sincerity to pretend to anything I did not feel. Probably the criticisms were not altogether a matter of climate; for I was a writer of politics as well as verses, and the former (two years ago!) were as illegal as the sallies of phraseology. Be this as it may, I have here shown, that I have at any rate not enough of the vanity of affectation to hinder me from availing myself of experience, and ridding my volume both of superfluities of a larger sort, and of those petty anomalies of words and phrases which I never thought worth defending."—*The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt*, 1832. *Preface.*

"In order, however, not to confound the show of success with the substance, in any greater degree than it might be in his power to avoid, he has taken the opportunity, in this edition of his poems, to evince a proper respect for a chance of their duration beyond the day, by giving them a careful revision, rejecting superfluities, and correcting mistakes of all kinds. To this end he has rewritten a considerable portion of the 'Story of Rimini,' not because he would give up to wholesale objection what has had the good fortune to obtain the regard of the public, but because he wrote it before he visited Italy, had made it in some respects too English, and, above all, had told an imaginary story instead of the real one. The landscapes are now freed from northern inconsistencies; the moral is no longer endangered, as some thought it, by dwelling too much on the metaphysics of a case of conscience; and the story contains the real catastrophe and the spirit of the probable characters of all the parties, without contradicting the known truth by any of the circumstances invented. He is aware of the objections made to altered poems in general, and heartily agrees with them; but the case, as thus stated, becomes, he conceives, an exception to the rule. Dante, who though a very great poet, had a will still greater than his poetry, and was in all things a partisan, was a friend and public agent of the heroine's father, and he has not told the deception that was practised on her. He left it to transpire through the commentators. This point of the story was at no time omitted in the version which the author, in a fit of youthful confidence, undertook to make from the inimitable original; but, on the other hand, the surprise and murder of the lovers by the husband were converted into a duel with one, and the remorse of both; and not a word was said of the husband's ferocious character and personal deformity. These things, if he is not mistaken, make all the difference on the point in question. He has desired to relate the truth in the poem almost ever since he wrote it; the moral objections of the critics increased the desire; and, indeed, he has long ceased to be of opinion, that an author has a right to misrepresent admitted historical facts. He has often, as a reviewer, had occasion to object

to the licence in others. It appears to him the next thing to falsifying a portrait; and possibly even hazards something of that general inconsistency of features, which is observed to result from the painter's misrepresentation of any one of them.

"Two additional improvements the author hopes he has made in this poem. He has delivered it from many weak lines, too carelessly thrown off, and from certain conventionalities of structure, originating in his having had his studies too early directed towards the artificial instead of the natural poets. He had not the luck to possess such a guide in poetry as Keats had in excellent Charles Cowden Clarke. The mode of treatment still remains rather material than spiritual. He would venture to prefer, for instance, that of the military procession in 'Captain Sword and Captain Pen' to the handling of the same point in the 'Story of Rimini.' But he could not make alterations to such an extent without writing the whole over again; and though he considers Darwin to have been absurd, when he identified poetry with picture, he regards it as a sin of another extreme against the poet's privilege of universality, to dispute his right to the more tangible imagery of the painter. The descriptions, though long, of that procession, and of the forest, and garden, appear to him to have a certain analogy with the luxury of the South, and at once to heighten and alleviate the catastrophe."—*Preface to "The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, containing many pieces now first collected."* 1846.

"I have taken occasion from this collection of my narrative poems to reprint the 'Story of Rimini' according to its first size and treatment. I have done this in compliance not only with my own judgment, but with that (as far as I could ascertain it) of the majority of my readers. The refashionment of the poem was always an unwilling, and I now believe was a mistaken concession, to what I supposed to be the ascertained facts of the story and the better conveyance of the moral. I have since discovered that there are no ascertained facts which disallow my first conceptions of either; and it is with as much pleasure as a modest sense of the pretensions of my performance will allow, that I restore those passages relating to the sorrows of the wife, and to the fatal conflict of the brothers, which have been honoured with the tears of some of the manliest as well as tenderest eyes.

"The occasional alterations or additions which have been made in the context, I hope for the better, are only such as might naturally suggest themselves to an author while giving a republication its last corrections."—*Author's Preface to "Stories in Verse, by Leigh Hunt, now first collected,* 1855."

"Of the 'Story of Rimini,' I am ashamed to say that the mode of the heroine's death having been again brought under my consideration, I have been obliged to reverse the opinion which I had pronounced to be final, and again to substitute the refashionment of the story made in the year 1849, for the form in which it originally stood. Fortunately for me, I cannot but be sensible that the altered form of the poem surpassed the first one in point of strength; though being loth to part with such portions of the first as were honoured with manly as well as womanly tears, I have taken the liberty of printing them apart, on grounds of their own, as though they were fragments of the story of a different family. And as such I beg readers in future to consider them. I am forced to believe, that the lovers in the veritable matter-of-fact 'Story of Rimini,' were slain as Dante has intimated they were. I have therefore restored what I believe to be my own proper version of the story, and set the lovers in the other version wholly apart from any connection with it, giving them even new names. I would fain hope, that I have thus contrived to satisfy such of my old and valued readers as were divided in opinion as to which of the two versions had the better claim to indulgence."—*Introductory Letter from Leigh Hunt to the American Editor of his Poetical Works, S. Adams Lee. May,* 1857, *p.* 12.

"There is a great deal of genuine poetry in this little volume, and poetry, too, of a very peculiar and original character. It reminds us, in many respects, of that pure and glorious style that prevailed among us before French models and French rules of criticism were known in this country, and to which we are delighted to see there is now so general a disposition to recur. Yet its more immediate prototypes, perhaps, are to be looked for rather in Italy than England; at least, if it be copied from anything English, it is from something

much older than Shakespeare; and it unquestionably bears a still stronger resemblance to Chaucer than to his immediate followers in Italy. The same fresh, lively, and artless pictures of external objects,—the same profusion of gorgeous but redundant and needless description,—the same familiarity and even homeliness of diction,—and, above all, the same simplicity and directness in representing actions and passions in colours true to nature, but without any apparent attention to their effect, or any ostentation, or even visible impression as to their moral operation or tendency. The great distinction between the modern poets and their predecessors is, that the latter painted more from the eye and less from the mind than the former. They described things and actions as they saw them, without expressing, or at any rate without dwelling on, the deep-seated emotions from which the objects derived their interest, or the actions their character. The moderns, on the contrary, have brought these most prominently forward, and explained and enlarged upon them at perhaps excessive length. Mr. Hunt, in the piece before us, has followed the ancient school; and though he has necessarily gone something beyond the naked notices that would have suited the age of Chaucer, he has kept himself far more to the delineation of visible, physical realities than any other modern poet on such a subject."—*Edinburgh Review. June*, 1816. *Vol.* 26, *p.* 476. "*Hunt's Story of Rimini.*"

"Mr. Hunt has one other characteristic that we must not neglect to mention. It is the judgment with which he adapts all his images, illustrations, and ornaments to the place in which they occur: so that they never interfere with the predominant impression. A sparkling thought is never suffered to disturb a pathetic feeling—a bright image is never presented to the eye when it should be swimming in tears. From this it results, that the great charm of 'Rimini' consists not so much in its detached beauties, as in its effect as a whole. This praise—and it is no slight one—is of a kind that belongs to very few other poems of the day. Not one occurs to us at the moment, except Campbell's 'Gertrude of Wyoming.' Besides these characteristics, Mr. Hunt's poetry possesses, throughout, a quality which is very rare—and which belongs to his, at least as much as to any poetry of the day—*originality*. Indeed he has avoided the tone, and manner, and language, of any other writer, in a very remarkable degree. In fact, he has done this too much, because too evidently; and because it has been done at the expense of fixing upon him a manner so peculiarly his own, that he probably could not escape from it if he would. Before directing the reader's attention to the immediate subject of our article, we shall endeavour to illustrate something of what we have said by a few extracts from 'Rimini'—without, however, attempting anything like a regular criticism on that poem. The subject of 'Rimini,' though liable to objections, is admirably adapted to the purpose for which it was chosen, namely, that of giving scope for lively and brilliant descriptions of nature and manners, and tender and touching developments of character and passion."—*London Magazine. Vol.* 2, 1820, *p.* 46. "*Mr. Leigh Hunt's Poetry.*"

"The public were surprised and delighted by the appearance of the 'Story of Rimini.' This poem is now before us in a revised and corrected shape. It is a tale of impulse and power from the beginning to the end, discovering at the same time a delightful play of fancy. It perpetually reminds us of the old Italian poetry, and yet more of the muscular freedom and nerve of Dryden; now and then its revealings open to us a depth and delicacy of feeling, which prove how nobly the author is endowed with all the higher qualifications of his art. We scarcely dare commence the pleasurable task of quotation, for in gratifying ourselves we should greatly trespass the bounds allotted to this department of our work. The very first page comes upon us with all the fresh and fragrant loveliness of a clear spring morning. We extract it. . . . What beautiful description!—at once so natural and so full of poetry!—so rich, yet so homely! The description of Evening is scarcely inferior; and throughout the poem Nature appears as in her prime, playing at will her virgin fancies. The poet must have felt all the beauty he so exquisitely describes; but the human interest of the poem is its mightiest charm. . . . .

"The reader will perceive in these extracts how different the verse of Mr. Hunt is from that of his imitators—how fresh—how clear—how vigorous. There is this characteristic of his style which is common also to the tales of Dryden; verses, that from their homeliness and familiarity seem bad if you open the page suddenly upon them—appear well-placed and felicitous when read in connexion with the rest. The seeming want of art is in Mr. Hunt often the highest proof of it, for he, more than most poets, not only of the present day but of our English tongue, consults the whole rather than its parts; and is free from that passion for meretricious and fragmentary ornament which makes the generality of modern poems at once tawdry and unreadable.

"If poetry be a quick perception of the beautiful, and a rich power to embody it, we know not any pages that we have lately read where it is to be met with in so glowing an abundance as in those before us. There seems to be in the poet's mind an exquisite persuasion of the better nature of mankind, and the undying harmonies of the world;—his attachment to liberty is enthusiasm, not acerbity,—and seems rather born from his love of mankind than his hatred against their rulers. That 'wide-bosomed Love,' which Parmenides and Hesiod tell us was created before all things—before the night and the day—produces in the various world of his poetry all its shadows and its lights,—it is 'its first great cause.'"—*New Monthly Magazine. Part I., for* 1833, *p.* 297. *Article: "Leigh Hunt's Poetical Works," by E. L. Bulwer.*

"We well remember the time of the publication of 'Rimini,' and some of its beautiful fragments yet 'stick at our heart.' Nothing can 'pluck them thence.' He apeared one of the most original poets of his day; but it was only because he had borrowed from a more recondite fountain. He was the idolator of the past. He belonged neither to the Satanic school, nor to the Lake school, nor to the Chivalrous school, nor to any other school of modern bardism. He was the emulator of old English poetry at large. Something compounded of Chaucer, of Spenser, and of Dryden, would have been, if he could have hit it, his beau ideal of poetic excellence; infusing into it a strong tincture of the old Greek mythology, and another equally strong of Italian romance. Forming himself upon such models, he produced a style of his own, very unlike anything in the writings of his day and generation. Nevertheless we repeat, that his apparent originality was in great part the effect of more distant imitation. The burning instinct of song was not the master-passion of his being. If Chaucer, Spenser, and Dryden had not written, we should not have had the 'Story of Rimini.' Yet in this seeming censure there is rare praise. He dared to go back to the fine antique models, and verily he has had his reward. He has produced things of uncommon beauty and tenderness. The praise be his of scorning to form himself upon recent or fashionable examples. If he is not a giant himself, he has breathed the air of the giant world. He has not stooped to the spirit in which the author of 'Childe Harold' condescended to write the 'Corsair.' He has not consulted the sale of his productions, the attainment of ephemeral reputation and hot-pressed morocco-gilt glory, at the expense of that which every true poet would seek for, though he knew he was to be a loser in immediate profit and praise. Leigh Hunt has not done this; and this is much to say in this age of versifiers and poetasters. He has not 'cried aloud in worship of an echo.' . . .

"The bias of this writer towards our early literature has produced a two-fold good effect upon his poems. It has, in the first place, given to his versification a harmony and a variety, which, perhaps, no recent composer in the fine old heroic couplet has equalled. It cannot be a reproach to him, that he is one of those rhymers who has Pope's 'tune by heart.' Monotony is a stranger to his free and changeful verse Its variations of structure and of pause continually keep the ear awake, and fill it with unwearying melody. In the second place, the same bias has had the still superior good effect of keeping him aloof and apart from that bane of all good poetry, the conventional poetic dialect, its gaudy and glittering Euphuism. True poetry derives its power not from the words, but from the thought with which they are charged. The thunder does not make the lightning, but the lightning the thunder. Accustomed as we are to see this principle inverted, we delight to regard a writer whose genius speaks to us in no conventional language, but in that of a purer taste and a better age."—*The Monthly Repository*, 1833. *"The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt."*

"In justice to Mr. Leigh Hunt, I add to these fine translations, of which every lover of Italian literature will perceive the merit, some extracts from his original poems, which need no previous preparation in the reader. Except Chaucer himself, no painter of processions has excelled the entrance of Paulo to Ravenna, in the 'Story of Rimini.' . . . I would fain go on with this procession, which the art of the poet continues to make us see, and hear, and almost feel, so vividly does he describe the pageantry, the noise, and the jostling. But it fills the whole canto."—*Miss Mitford. "Recollections of a Literary Life."*

"Some thirty years ago, three youths went forth one fine summer morning from the quiet town of Mansfield, to enjoy a long luxurious ramble in Sherwood Forest. Their limbs were full of youth—their hearts of the ardour of life—their heads of dreams of beauty. The future lay before them full of brilliant but undefined achievements in the land of poetry and romance. The world lay round them, fair and musical as a new paradise. They traversed

long dales dark with heather—gazed from hill-tops over still and immense landscapes—tracked the margins of the shining waters that hurry over the clear gravel of that ancient ground, and drank in the freshness of the air, the odours of the forest, the distant cry of the curlew, and the music of a whole choir of larks high above their heads. Beneath the hanging boughs of a wood-side they threw themselves down to lunch, and from their pockets came forth, among other good things, a book. It was a new book. A hasty peep into it had led them to believe that it would blend well in the perusal with the spirit of the region of Robin Hood and Maid Marian, and with the more tragical tale of the Scottish Queen, the grey and distant towers of one of whose prison-houses could be descried from their resting-place, clad as with the solemn spirit of a sad antiquity. The book was the 'Story of Rimini.' The author's name was to them then little known; but they were not of a temperament that needed names, their souls were athirst for poetry, and there they found it. The reading of that day was an epoch in their lives. There was a life, a freshness, a buoyant charm of subject and of style, that carried them away from the sombre heaths and wastes round them to the sunshine of Italy, to gay cavalcades and sad palaces. Hours went on, the sun declined, the book and the story closed, and up rose the three friends, drunk with beauty, and with the sentiment of a deep sorrow, and strode homewards with the proud and happy feeling that England was enriched with a new poet. Two of those three friends have for more than five and twenty years been in their graves: the third survives to write this article. . . . I know of no more manly, English, and chastely vigorous style than that of his poems in general. In conformity with the strictures of various critics, he has, moreover, rewritten his fine poem 'Rimini.' It was objected that the story was not very moral, and he has now, in the smaller edition, published by Moxon, altered the story so as to palliate this objection as much as possible, and, as he says, to bring it in fact nearer to the truth of the case. For my part, I know not what moral the critics would have, if wretchedness and death, as the consequence of sin, be not a solemn moral. If the selfish old father, who, deceived into a marriage by presenting to her the proxy as the proposed spouse, is punished by finding his daughter and this proxy-prince, who went out from him with pomp and joy, soon come back to him in a hearse, and with all his ambitious projects thus dashed to the ground, is not held as a sublime warning, where shall such be found? However, the poet has shown his earnest desire to set himself right with the public, and the public has now the poem in its two shapes, and can accommodate its delicate self at its pleasure. I regret that the space allowed for this notice does not permit me to point out a number of those delightful passages which abound in his beautiful and graceful poems. The graphic as well as the dramatic power of 'Rimini,' the landscape and scene-painting of that poem are only exceeded by the force with which the progress of passion and evil is delineated. The scene in the gardens and the pavilion, where the lovers are reading 'Lancelot du Lac,' is not surpassed by anything of the kind in the language; the sculptured scenes on the walls of this pavilion are all pictures, living in every line. . . . Passages of exquisite beauty mark the change from joy to sorrow in one of the loveliest poems in the language. We have in it the genuine spirit of Chaucer, the rich nervous cadences of Dryden, with all the grace and life of modern English."—*William Howitt. Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets.* "*Leigh Hunt.*"

"Leigh Hunt, the friend of Shelley and Keats, had attracted the attention of the world by much that he had done, both in verse and prose, long before the appearance of either. His 'Story of Rimini,' published in 1816, being, as it was, indisputably the finest inspiration of Italian song that had yet been heard in our modern English literature, had given him a place of his own as distinct as that of any other poetical writer of the day. Whatever may be thought of some peculiarities in his manner of writing, nobody will now be found to dispute either the originality of his genius, or his claim to the title of a true poet. Into whatever he has written he has put a living soul; and much of what he has produced is brilliant either with wit and humour, or with tenderness and beauty. In some of the best of his pieces, too, there is scarcely to be found a trace of anything illegitimate or doubtful in the matter of diction or versification. Where, for example, can we have more unexceptional English than in the following noble version of the Eastern tale? ('Sultan Mahmoud.') . . . Other short pieces in the same style are nearly as good; such as those entitled 'The Jaffar,' and 'The Inevitable.' Then there are the admirable modernizations of Chaucer—of whom and of Spenser, whom he has imitated with wonderful cleverness, no one of all his contemporaries probably had so true and deep a feeling as Hunt. But passing over likewise his two greatest works, the 'Story of Rimini,' and the 'Legend of Florence' (published in 1840),

we will give one other short effusion, which attests, we think, as powerfully as anything he ever produced, the master's triumphant hand, in a style which he has made his own, and in which, with however many imitators, he has no rival ('The Fancy Concert')."—*George L. Craik, LL.D.* "*A Manual of English Literature,*" *pp.* 505-7.

"He scarcely obtained such fame as his talents deserve. His 'Rimini,' though not without affectation, has high merit, both in conception of character and conduct of story; there is a singular ease and richness of expression, a quick sensibility and a ready feeling for beauty, both of Nature and life; he drops in, now and then, as if by accident, a homely but expressive phrase, which awakens many fine associations. His prose is gossiping, graceful, and searching, and charms many readers."—*Allan Cunningham.* "*History of the British Literature of the Last Fifty Years.*"

"Although previously well known as an acute dramatic critic, and a clever writer of occasional verses, it was by the production of the 'Story of Rimini' that Leigh Hunt put in his successful claim to a place among British poets. That he is himself truly a poet, a man of original and peculiar genius, there can be no possible doubt; but the fountains of inspiration from which his urn drew much light, were Boccaccio, 'he of the hundred tales of love;' Dante, in whose 'Inferno' is to be found the exquisite episode of 'Francesca,' which he expanded; and Ariosto, from whose sparkling and sprightly pictures he took many of the gay, bright colours with which he emblazoned his own.

"With acute powers of conception, a sparkling and lively fancy, and a quaintly curious felicity of diction, the grand characteristic of Leigh Hunt's poetry is *word-painting;* and in this he is probably without a rival, save in the last and best productions of Keats, who contended, not vainly, with his master on that ground. In this respect, nothing can be more remarkable than some passages in 'Rimini,' and in his collection entitled 'Foliage,'—much of which he has since capriciously cancelled: and he also exercised this peculiar faculty most felicitously in translations from the French and Italian, although, in some instances, he carried it to the amount of grotesqueness or affectation. His heroic couplet has much of the life, strength, and flexibility of Dryden—of whom he often reminds us; and in it he follows glorious John, even to his love for triplets and Alexandrines. Hunt's taste, however, is very capricious; and in his most charming descriptions, some fantastic or incongruous epithet is ever and anon thrust provokingly forward to destroy the unity of illusion, or to mar the metrical harmony. His landscapes are alike vividly coloured and sharply outlined; and his figures, like the quaint antiques of Giotto and Cimabue, are ever placed in attitudes sharp and angular—where striking effect is preferred to natural repose. The finest passages in the 'Story of Rimini' are the descriptions of the April morning with which canto first opens; of the Ravenna pine-forest, with its 'immemorial trees,' in canto second; and of the garden and summer-house in canto third. Indeed the whole of the third canto overflows alike with classic elegance and natural feeling; and it would be difficult anywhere to find, in an English poet, an equal number of consecutive lines so thoroughly excellent. The account of the funeral procession of the lovers, at the conclusion of the poem, is also conceived in a spirit of picturesque beauty, as well as of solemn and deep-toned tenderness."—*Sketches of Poetical Literature of the Past Half Century, by D. M. Moir (Delta),* 1852.

"A kindly tone of fellowship, and a quick relish of delight, gave a fascinating interest to much of his verse. He has aimed to make poetry more frank and social, to set aside the formal mannerism of stately rhyme, and introduce a more friendly and easy style. He eschews the ultra-artificial, and has frequently succeeded in giving a spontaneous flow and airy freedom to his lines, without neglecting beauty of thought, or degenerating into carelessness. This is an uncommon achievement. There is a species of verse between the song and the poem, combining the sparkling life of the one with the elaborate imagery of the other, uniting an extemporaneous form with a studied material. In this department Mr. Hunt is no common proficient. . . .

"Mr. Hunt's ablest production in verse is the 'Story of Rimini.' It is an attempt to convey an affecting narrative through the medium of more idiomatic cast of language and freer versification than is common to English poetry. Thus regarded, it may justly be pronounced a highly-successful poem. Open to criticism, as it unquestionably is, considered abstractly, when viewed with reference to the author's theory, and judged by his own law, no reader of taste and sensibility can hesitate to approve as well as admire its execution. The poet seems to have caught the very spirit of his scene. The tale is presented as we might imagine it to have flowed from an *improvisatore.* Its tone is singularly familiar and fanciful. It is precisely such a poem as we love to read

under the trees on a summer afternoon, or in a garden by moonlight. All appearance of effort in the construction is concealed. Some of the descriptive passages are perfect pictures, and the sentiment is portrayed by a feeling hand. We can easily imagine the cool contempt with which a certain class of critics would regard this little work. They would rank it with the music of unfledged warblers, and, from the absence of certain very formal and decided traits, confidently assign it 'an immortality of near a week.' But there are some rare felicities in this unpretending poem which will always be appreciated. It will touch and please many a young heart yet: and have its due influence in letting down the stilted style of more amusing rhymers."—"*Thoughts on the Poets,*" *by Henry T. Tuckerman. New York.* 1864.

"We regret that he has been for ever altering this poem. It is very beautiful, both in its original form and in the two or three shapes it has since assumed; but the imagination of the reader will not follow the author in these successive changes. There is almost no amount of deficiency that the accompanying imagination of the reader will not fill up when it is once truly evoked: there is no excess which it will not pardon. But infirmity of purpose in the author, in other words, the want of any intense power of imagination in the mind, which would seek to control ours, is fatal to effect. We admire 'Rimini' exceedingly; but when we look in vain for the passages that charmed us in the original poem, we forbear to make ourselves even acquainted with the work in its new guise. Some small blemishes should be removed—even those to us are not blemishes—and the poem, in any future edition of Hunt's works, be reprinted from the first copy."—*North British Review.* 1851. *Vol.* 14. *Article:* "*Leigh Hunt's Autobiography.*]

The Round Table; a Collection of Essays on Literature, Men, and Manners. 2 Vols. 1817. By William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt.

[See a list of the contents of this work, *ante* p. 50. The following papers are by Leigh Hunt:—Introduction—On Common-Place People—On Chaucer—On the Poetical Character—On Death and Burial—On the Night-Mare—A Day by the Fire (this originally appeared in "The Reflector")—On Washerwomen.

The original series of papers which appeared in the *Examiner* between January, 1815, and January, 1817, under the heading of "The Round Table," contains some articles by Leigh Hunt which were not included in the volume reprinted with that title. These are: Egotism—Defence of the Female Character—On People who have Nothing to Say—Detached Sketches of Men and Things: Portrait of a Washerwoman; an Old Lady; the Maid Servant. (Of these three sketches, the first only was reprinted in the "Round Table" volume; the second and third were reproduced in the "Indicator."

"The following work falls somewhat short of its title and original intention. It was proposed by my friend, Mr. Hunt, to publish a series of papers in the *Examiner*, in the manner of the early periodical essayists, the *Spectator* and *Tatler*. These papers were to be contributed by various persons on a variety of subjects; and Mr. Hunt, as the Editor, was to take the characteristic or dramatic part of the work upon himself. I undertook to furnish occasional essays and criticisms; one or two other friends promised their assistance: but the essence of the work was to be miscellaneous. The next thing was to fix upon a title for it. After much doubtful consultation, that of 'The Round Table' was agreed upon as most descriptive of its nature and design. But our plan had been no sooner arranged and entered upon than Buonaparte landed at Frejus, *et voila la Table Ronde dissoute.* Our little congress was broken up, as well as the great one. Politics called off the attention of the editor from the Belles Lettres; and the task of continuing the work fell chiefly upon the person who was least able to give life and spirit to the original design. A want of variety in the subjects and mode of treating them is, perhaps, the least disadvantage resulting from this circumstance. All the papers, in the two volumes here offered to the public, were written by myself and Mr. Hunt, except a letter communicated by a friend in the seventeenth number. Out of the fifty-two numbers, twelve are Mr. Hunt's, with the signature L. H. For all the rest I am answerable.—W. Hazlitt."—*Preface to the Original Edition of* "*The Round Table.*"

"The reader will, I am sure, thank me for having retained Mr. Leigh Hunt's contributions to this volume. 'The Round Table,' deprived of his presence, would lose very much of its attraction, and I am convinced that, had my father lived to bring out a dozen editions of the 'Round Table,' he would never have separated himself from a companion so full of wit and wisdom."—*Preface to the Third Edition, by the Son of Wm. Hazlitt.*]

Foliage; or Poems, Original and Translated, by Leigh Hunt. 1818.

[The book is dedicated to Sir John Edward Swinburne, Bart. The preface, including cursory observations on poetry and cheerfulness, occupies 31 pages. The first portion of the poems is entitled "Greenwoods; or Original Poems," and consist of The Nymphs—Fancy's Party—Thoughts of the Avon—To T. L. H.—To J. H.—On Hearing a Little Musical Box—Song—His Departed Love to Prince Leopold—Epistles to Lord Byron, Thomas Moore, William Hazlitt, Barrow Field, Charles Lamb—Sonnets on Hampstead—To Mrs. L. H.—Kosciusko—To the Grasshopper and the Cricket—Under a Portrait of Raphael—To Miss K.—To Percy Shelley—To Henry Robertson, John Gattie, and V. Novello—To John Keats—On Receiving a Crown of Ivy—To Hortis Smith—To B. R. Haydon—To J. Hamilton Reynolds—On Receiving a Lock of Milton's Hair—On the Nile—To Thomas Stothard, R.A. The second part is called "Evergreen; or Translations from Poets of Antiquity," viz., Homer, Theocritus, Bion and Moschus, Anacreon and Catullus.

"There is yet another poem for which I must make room. Every mother knows these pathetic stanzas. I shall never forget attempting to read them to my faithful maid, the hemmer of flounces, whose fair-haired Saxon boy, her pet and mine, was then fast recovering from a dangerous illness. I attempted to read these verses, and did read as many as I could for the rising in the throat, the *hysterica passio* of poor 'Lear,' and as many as my auditor could hear for her own sobs. No doubt they have often extorted such praise—the truest and most the precious that can be given."—*(To T. H. L., six years old, During a Sickness.) Miss Mitford. "Recollections of a Literary Life."*]

The Literary Pocket Book, for 1819 *and* 1820.

[The following extracts are from the Introduction to the "Literary Pocket Book" for 1819:—"The intellectual power of society indeed has so much increased of late, and has become so prominent, as one of the ruling or controuling authorities, that it seems proper and necessary it should have a sort of Court Calendar of its own; and the 'Literary Pocket-Book' is an attempt to supply one. There are already quite enough of these useful publications to inform us respecting courts and offices, matters of business, and mere days of the month; but persons of taste or literature felt a want of something else in their Pocket-Companion. . . . In the Diary, opportunity has been taken of the enumeration of each day in the month, to set down such birthdays of men of ORIGINAL genius as we could readily find. Their birth-places will be found on reference to the list that follows; which contains also the eras wherein the great men of antiquity flourished. The birth-days will perhaps come pleasantly upon the reader's eye, when he turns, for his ordinary memoranda, to the Diary, and he may be tempted to make some little homage in the course of the day to the memory of a favourite writer or artist,—to drink it after dinner, or turn to his life or works, or discuss the influence he has had upon taste and opinion. . . . The list of the great names that have enlightened the world may fairly take place of the common chronologies. A copious catalogue of our living authors is now first given in a work of this kind; as well as of the contemporary writers of France, Italy, Germany, and North America. Those of the last-mentioned country will perhaps be regarded with double curiosity, as furnishing the only list that has appeared in Europe. The living artists and musicians of England, France, Italy, and Germany, and the artists of North America, make their proper appearance on the strength of their talents, as distinguished from the ambiguous eminence arising from societies and academies. The musicians and musical performers in particular, have never been publicly enumerated before. A List of the Performers at the Theatres is given also for the first time under any circumstances; and lists of Print and Plaster-cast Shops, as well as Booksellers and Circulating Libraries, have been added, for purposes that will be obvious to people of taste. The selections from celebrated authors at the conclusion have been made upon the principle that wishes to animate all this little publication,—that of exciting a love of intellect, nature, and a generous wisdom."

The following announcement of the "Literary Pocket-Book" for 1820 explains its object and contents:—"The object of this publication is to furnish a Pocket and Memorandum Book for intellectual observers and people of taste. The present number, which is improved both as to size and arrangement, contains, among other matters of useful reference, Lists, enlarged and amended, of the Living Writers, Artists, and Musicians of England, France, Italy, Germany, and America; of eminent persons from the most remote eras; House of Commons; Universities; Musical Performers and Teachers, with their addresses; Medical Lecturers; Teachers of Languages; Performers at the

Theatres, &c.; together with a newly-written Calendar of the Seasons: the Bon Mots of Beau Brummell, now first collected; a Diary, with blank pages for observations; Original Poetry; Walks Round London; Anecdotes and Extracts, &c."—*Examiner*, 1818, *pp.* 792-3; 1820, *p.* 16.]

Hero and Leander, and Bacchus and Ariadne. By Leigh Hunt. 1819.

["It is the less necessary to speak of these at much length, because they are, in fact, of precisely the same character as 'Rimini.' They have the same sweetness and variety of versification,—the same descriptive power, by which pictures are made to start up at once before the mental eye,—the same truth and simplicity of thought, and feeling, and character,—the same cordial, natural, homelike tone, throughout. And we must add that they exhibit the same faults. The inveterate mannerism,—the familiarity reaching sometimes to vulgarity,—the recurrence of careless and prosaic lines, and even whole passages,—and the determination to use old and uncommon words in new and uncommon, and sometimes unappropriate and unintelligible senses. But in spite of all this, Hero and Leander in particular, is a very sweet little poem. The story is simplicity itself. . . . If the other tale contained in this little publication is inferior to Hero and Leander, it is, certainly, a not unworthy companion to that poem. That it *is* inferior, is perhaps to be accounted for by the nature of the story. Mr. Hunt is the poet of real life. The birth-place and the cradle of his genius is the human heart; and it can seldom wander far abroad with advantage, or even with safety. It may sport about the threshold of its chosen and appointed dwelling-place, and even expatiate through the little domains that are attached; but, like a child, it is never quite happy away from home; like a bird, its sweetest song is always poured forth when it is nearest to its nest.—The mere human part of Bacchus and Ariadne,—the beginning of the story, where Theseus leaves his mistress in the desart island—making allowance for a few oversights, and some characteristic faults—is very natural and delightful; and in the latter part there is some excellent descriptive poetry. But, upon the whole, the tale is deficient in interest and passion. . . . His poetry performs what, in these times, is a most acceptable service: It comes to us in our homes on the face of the earth, and makes us content with them; it meets us with a smile, and what is better, makes us meet others with a smile;—it shows us what is good and beautiful, and teaches us to love that goodness and beauty, wherever we find them.—To conclude these scattered and imperfect remarks,—if Mr. Hunt has not that transcendant genius which can lift us from the realities of daily life, into the 'sky of poetry,' he can, at least, make us see the reflections of that sky in the waters of our own earth,—and hear the echoes of its music in the song of our own birds,—and fancy we feel its airs in the breezes that come about us in our own bowers."—*The London Magazine. Vol.* 2. 1820. *pp.* 50, 52, *and* 55. "*Leigh Hunt's Poetry.*"]

The Indicator. 2 *Vols.* 1820-21.

"A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour."—*Spenser.*

["The first number of this periodical appeared on the 13th of October, 1819. Prefixed to the first article is the following, which is repeated at the opening of the seven succeeding numbers:—"There is a bird in the interior of Africa, whose habits would rather seem to belong to the interior of Fairy-land: but they have been well authenticated. It indicates to honey hunters where the nests of wild bees are to be found. It calls them with a cheerful cry, which they answer; and on finding itself recognised, flies and hovers over a hollow tree containing the honey. While they are occupied in collecting it, the bird goes to a little distance, where he observes all that passes; and the hunters, when they have helped themselves, take care to leave him his portion of the food.—This is the Cuculus Indicator of Linnæus, otherwise called the Moroc, Bee Cuckoo, or Honey Bird."

> "There he arriving round about doth flie,
> And takes survey with busie, curious eye:
> Now this, now that, he tasteth tenderly."—*Spenser.*

In the eighth number, and all following it, the three lines from Spenser alone are given. The "Indicator" was continued during sixty-six weeks, viz., from 13th October, 1819, to March 21st, 1821. In the last number Mr. Hunt bade his readers and friends farewell in the following words:—

"THE INDICATOR'S FAREWELL.

"It was the Editor's intention to reserve the above passages and other extracts for the purpose mentioned a few weeks ago, that of filling up his paper

when matter was wanting; but a premature return to his work in general, has brought on such a return of his illness, as compels him, with great reluctance, to give up the paper itself; and here, accordingly, the 'Indicator' takes leave of his readers. He is still recovering; but so slowly, and with so much necessity to be careful, that it would be weakness in him to keep hovering in this manner over a task which he cannot properly pursue. He must complete the repose which was already doing him so much good: but he takes it only in the hope of being able to renew his labours, if not in this shape, in others.—Pleasures he should rather call them, for they are so even when pains and harms. The truth is, his pains have been so literally his pleasures, that although he has not written half what he reasonably might, nor attended a twentieth part as he ought to dispatch and punctuality, yet he has not put enough of his own rural doctrines in practice. He has suffered his imagination to take too many walks for him instead of his legs; has made book-journies about Vaucluse and Hymettus, to the neglect of his much-injured suburbs; and instead of a dozen retreats or so at intervals, which might have saved him the necessity of making these effeminate excuses, has now to keep a holiday of unwilling length and very equivocal pleasure.—Upon casting his eye back upon the numbers of the 'Indicator,' he has little to say but to thank his readers, his correspondents, his defenders, his users, who were always welcome when they were not afraid of being so, and his abusers, who in some instances have also thought fit to be his imitators. What he has written at any time, was at least written sincerely. He has generally had to perform his task without books, often with little comfort but the performance, always in the midst of a struggle of some sort; but if the mention of this is a vanity as well as an excuse, it may serve also to shew how much the cultivation of a natural cheerfulness can do for the entertainment of itself and others, and what riches there must be in that ordinary world above us, whose veriest twigs and commonplaces want but the look of one's own eye to act upon them as a sunshine. If the 'Indicator' has found some honey in places more barren than was expected, it is surely neither his fault nor theirs; nor will he make an apology for what is perhaps, at least, his only merit. To use a phrase of Cowley's, it would be very 'unbirdly' of him.

"And now, returning to his own shape again, though retaining his birdly propensities, he shakes hands at parting with all his readers male, and gives a kiss on the cheek,—nonsense!—on the mouth, to all his fair readers, who have ever had faith in the good intentions of Leigh Hunt."

A new series of the work was commenced (by whom the compiler is unaware) on March 28th, 1821, and continued till October 13, 1821.—in all 28 numbers. In the concluding number a third series is announced, but this the compiler has never seen.

The following are the titles of the chief articles in the "Indicator:" Difficulty of Finding a Name for a work of this kind—A Mistake of Mr. Thomas Paine's upon Learning; and a Word or Two on Translation—Country Houses near Town—The "Indicator" and "Examiner;" Autumnal Commencement of Fires; Mantel-Pieces; Apartments for Study—Godiva—Pleasant Recollections connected with various parts of the Metropolis—The Beau Miser, and what happened to him at Brighton—To the Lares, on the commencement of Fires—Toleration—To Anyone whom Bad Weather Depresses—Charles Brandon and Mary Queen of France—On the Household Gods of the Ancients—Social Genealogy—Angling—Casts from Sculpture and Gems—Ludicrous Exaggeration—Gilbert! Gilbert!—Fatal Mistake of Nervous Disorders for Insanity—Mists and Fogs—More News of Ulysses—Far Countries—A Tale for a Chimney Corner—Thieves, Ancient and Modern—A Few Thoughts on Sleep—The Fair Revenge—Spirit of the Ancient Mythology—Getting-up on Cold Mornings—Extremes Meet, a Tale—The Old Gentleman—Dolphins—Names—Ronald of the Perfect Hand—Scenes from an Unfinished Drama—Hats, New and Ancient—The Lady's Maid—The Seamen on Shore—On the Realities of Imagination—Hoole's and Fairfax's Tasso—Deaths of Little Children—Anomalies of Shape—The Adventures of Cephalus and Procris—Spring; Daisies; Gathering Flowers—May-Day—Shakespere's Birthday—Rousseau's Pygmalion—La Belle Dame sans Mercy—Retrospective Review; Men Wedded to Books; The Contest between the Nightingale and Musician—Of Sticks—Country Little Known—Of the Sight of Shops—A Nearer View of some of the Shops—The Daughter of Hippocrates—The Late Mr. West's Pictures—A Rainy Day—The Venetian Girl—The Egyptian Thief—Description of a Hot Day—Galgano and Madonna Minoccia—On the Slow Rise of the most Rational Opinions—Superfine Breeding—Shaking Hands—On Receiving a Sprig of Laurel from Vaucluse—Shelley's Tragedy of the Cenci—Keat's Lamia, Isabella, The Eve of St. Agnes, &c.—Farinetta and Farinonna—Coaches—Coaches and their Horses—Ariosto's Prison—Andrea del Basso's Ode to a

Dead Body—Thoughts and Guesses on Human Nature—The Nurture of Triptolemus—Return of Autumn—On Commendatory Verses—Upon Indexes—An Old School-Book: Table-Wits; a Breakfast—Of Dreams—The Marriage of Belphegor—The Generous Women—A Human Animal and the Other Extreme—Songs of Robin Hood—April—The Maid-Servant—On the Talking of Nonsense—The Old Lady—Bad Temper, Meanness, and other Disorders—Books with One Idea in Them—Play-House Memoranda—The True Enjoyment of Splendour—Sir Thomas More—The "Dry Book"—Præter-Natural History: The Gabbler; The Glutton; The Howler—Against Fantastical Scrupleness—Translation of Milton into Welsh—Apologies and Primroses—Falstaff's Letters—Charge of Frightened Death-Beds; Deaths of Voltaire, Luther, Calvin, &c.—The Works of Charles Lamb—Valentine Day—A New Pocket Edition of Horace—French and English Drama—The Englishman in Paris—Nautical Poetry—Pulci—Passages from the Old Dramatists.

"Let me console myself a little by remembering how much Hazlitt and Lamb, and others, were pleased with the 'Indicator.' I speak most of them, because they talked most to me about it. Hazlitt's favourite paper (for they liked it enough to have favourite papers) was the one on 'Sleep;' perhaps because there is a picture in it of a sleeping despot; though he repeated, with more enthusiasm than he was accustomed to do, the conclusion about the parent and the bride. Lamb preferred the paper on 'Coaches and their Horses,' that on the 'Deaths of Little Children,' and (I think) the one entitled 'Thoughts and Guesses on Human Nature.' Shelley took to the story of the 'Fair Revenge;' and the paper that was most liked by Keats, if I remember, was the one on a hot summer's day, entitled 'A Now.' He was with me while I was writing and reading it to him, and contributed one or two of the passages. Keats first published in the 'Indicator' his beautiful poem 'La Belle Dame sans Mercy,' and the Dream after reading Dante's Episode of Paulo and Francesco.' Lord Holland, I was told, had a regard for the portraits of the 'Old Lady' and the 'Old Gentleman,' &c., which had appeared in the 'Examiner;' and a late gallant captain in the navy was pleased to wonder how I became so well acquainted with seamen (in the article entitled 'Seamen on Shore'). They had 'sat to me' for their portraits. The common sailor was a son of my nurse at school, and the officer a connection of my own by marriage."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 249.

"Mr. Leigh Hunt's 'Indicator' contains some of the most delicate and subtle criticisms in the language. His kindly and cheerful sympathy with Nature—his perception of the minuter and more latent sources of the beautiful—spread an irresistible charm over his compositions,—but he has not, as yet, done full justice to himself in his prose writings, and must rest his main reputation upon those exquisite poems which the age is beginning to appreciate."—*England and the English. By E. L. Bulwer.* 1833.

"This book is one we love and admire more than we could adequately express by many words. The papers of which it consists are a selection of those that originally appeared under the two titles; and we rejoice that there has been put into the hands of the public by this reprint so much intellectual treasure which so little deserved to perish or be forgotten. Without making comparisons—which the proverb reprobates—we will say that we think there are some of these essays as good as anything of the kind we know in our own or any other language. The book is full of fancies rich and rare, of glances into the heart of things, of pictures, of poetry, of thoughts new and deep, of tenderness, of humour often most quaint and original; and the moral spirit of the whole is as beautiful as ever breathed from prose or verse. We differ from Mr. Hunt in some of the opinions he holds upon important subjects; but he charms us with his toleration and universal charity; the cheerfulness and hope, unconquered by many sorrows, with which he looks upon all things; the warmth of his domestic and social affections; his love of nature; and, let us add, his love of books."—*The Printing Machine. Vol.* 1. *February* 15, 1834. *Review of "The Indicator" and "Companion," by Leigh Hunt (evidently written by Charles Knight).*

"His 'Indicator,' and his 'London Journal,' abound with papers which make us in love at once with the writer and ourselves. There is a charm cast over every-day life that makes us congratulate ourselves that we live. All that is beautiful and graceful in nature, and love-inspiring in our fellow-men, is brought out and made part of our daily walk and pleasure."—*William Howitt. Homes and Haunts of the most eminent English Poets. "Leigh Hunt."*

"His essays will remain among the master-examples of genial humour, as those of Goldsmith and Charles Lamb shall last. . . . The delicacy and

discrimination evinced in his criticisms, indeed, are very remarkable; and although in some few (and they are very few) instances we have had occasion to dissent from his opinions, we can testify to the care, sincerity, and kindness which they invariably exhibit."—*Examiner*, 1844, *p.* 227.

"The prose writings which, to our mind, contain the best and fullest expression of his genius, are the essays in the 'Indicator,' the 'Companion,' and the 'Seer.' It is bare justice to say of these, that they place their author in the first rank of English essayists; the equal companion of Addison and Steele. His merit is different, but not lower than theirs. We do not, indeed, find in the 'Indicator,' or in its brethren, so courtly a scholar and man of the world as Mr. Spectator; we have not to admire the same 'learned spirit of human dealings;' we cannot even claim for Hunt, in any equal degree, the polished wit, the humour, or the pathos either of Steele or Addison. But he is neither equalled nor approached in his own peculiar excellences—in exuberant fancy; in the imagination which invests with poetry the most trivial common-places; in the delicate sensibility with which he feels, and teaches his readers also to understand the inner spirit and beauty of every object of his contemplation. If, indeed, the 'mission' of the poet be to feel and express the beauty of the universe, many of the essays are poems, in every sense of that word which does not involve the idea of metrical rhythm. We do not know—to take a single instance—to what piece of writing that term could be more fitly applied than to the essay in the 'Indicator,' on the 'Realities of the Imagination,' in which he describes how the faculty that solaced so much that was troubled in his own daily life, enriches its happy possessor in the most literal sense, and creates for him images and shapes of beauty.

"One great injustice, among many others, which we do to these essays by describing them, arises from the hopeless impossibility of conveying in our abstract any idea of the evanescent graces of style and manner; or of the natural, spontaneous impulse with which every new topic is suggested. There is a provoking air of malice prepense in a second-hand report of such things. It is like trying to describe a man's conversation, by telling what he talked about. The vivacity of the good talker evaporates, as much in the one case as in the other: and the merits of the one are not more portable than those of the other, simply because they are the same. The 'Indicator' essays, in short, are what we can imagine to have been their author's conversation. They are the natural outpourings of a mind, rich in literary knowledge, overflowing with gaiety, fancy, and good feeling: now chastened with a touch of quiet, unpretending pathos; now rising into a thoughtful lay sermon, on the favourite theme—how to make life more beautiful and happier. . . . Nothing but their actual perusal can give any idea of their style and manner: to break them up into specimens is as injurious as it is to describe them, and they are too long for quotation in their integrity. But we cannot take leave of the subject without noticing another paper, in which the joys and sorrows of the human heart are dealt with in a different way, and far more successfully than when he attemps to embody them in a tale. We allude to the essay on the 'Deaths of Little Children.' Here he is the lay preacher, and a very touching and gentle one; but we must find room for the fine strain of reflection with which he concludes—Addison has said nothing so deep about the vanity of grieving."—*North British Review. November*, 1860. *Vol.* 33. *pp.* 374, 376, *and* 377. *Article*, "*Leigh Hunt.*"

"Of all Leigh Hunt's writings we like best his prose essays, and of these we like best the light and varied lucubrations contained in the 'Indicator.' Than this we do not know a more agreeable book in its own way, nor one that can be read more often with renewed pleasure in reperusal."—*Quarterly Review. January*, 1867. *Vol.* 122, *p.* 16. *Article*, "*Charles Lamb and some of his Contemporaries.*"]

Amyntas, a Tale of the Woods; from the Italian of Torquato Tasso. By Leigh Hunt. 1820.

[Dedicated to John Keats, with a Preface of 25 pages.

"About this time also, I translated the 'Amynta' of Tasso, a poem (be it said with the leave of so great a name) hardly worth the trouble, though the prologue is a charming presentment of love in masquerade, and the 'Ode on the Golden Age,' a sigh out of the honestest part of the heart of humanity. But I translated it to enable me to meet some demands, occasioned by the falling off in the receipts of the *Examiner*, now declining under the two-fold vicissitude of triumphant ascendancy in the Tories, and the desertion of reform by the Whigs."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 240.

"He has done good service to literature in another way, by enriching our language with some of the very best translations since Cowley. Who ever thought to see Tasso's famous passage in the 'Amynta' so rendered? (Ode to the Golden Age.) . . . Who, again, ever hoped to see such an English version of one of Petrarch's most characteristic poems, concerts, and all? (Petrarch's Contemplation of Death in the Bower of Laura.)"—*Miss Mitford. "Recollections of a Literary Life." "Leigh Hunt."*]

The Months; descriptive of the successive Beauties of the Year, by Leigh Hunt. 1821.

["What more felicitie can fall to creature
Than to enjoy delight with libertie,
And to be lord of all the works of nature?"—SPENSER.

The following is prefixed:—"The good-nature with which this Calendar was received on its appearance in the 'Literary Pocket-Book' of 1819, and with which it has since been asked after, has induced its re-publication in a separate form, with considerable additions.

"It is hardly necessary to repeat that it does not supersede the interesting little work of Messrs. Aikin, entitled the 'Natural History of the Year,' the utility of which remains uninjured. The predominant feature of their work is information,—its account of the causes or operation of things; the main one of the present is attraction,—the diffusion of the love of their appearances and effects. But we must not conceal that we are a good deal indebted to it, or to the more elaborate and most entertaining work of the Rev. Gilbert White, called the 'Natural History of Selborne,' to which those gentlemen acknowledge their own obligations."]

Sketches of the Living Poets. Four Articles in the "Examiner." 1821. *W. Lisle Bowles—Lord Byron—Thomas Campbell—S. T. Coleridge.*

The Liberal. Verse and Prose, from the South. 2 *Vols.* 1822, 1823.

[No. 1: Preface—The Vision of Judgment (by Lord Byron)—Letter to the Editor of "My Grandmother's Review"—The Florentine Lovers—Rhyme and Reason; or a New Proposal to the Public respecting Poetry in Ordinary—A German Apologue—Letters from Abroad; Pisa—May-Day Night (from Gœthe's "Faust") by Shelley—Ariosto's Episode of Cloridan, Medoro, and Angelica—Translations from Politian, and Alfieri Epigrams.

No. 2: Heaven and Earth, a Mystery (by Lord Byron)—The Giuli Tre—On the Spirit of Monarchy (by Hazlitt)—The Dogs (with Notes)—Letters from Abroad; Genoa—A Tale of the Passions—Les Charmettes and Rousseau—Longus—On the Scotch Character (by Hazlitt)—Virgil's Hostess—The Suliotes—Minor Pieces—(From Alfieri and Martial; Song, written for an Indian air, by Shelley.)

No. 3: Advertisement to the Second Volume—The Blues, a Literary Eclogue—My First Acquaintance with Poets (by Hazlitt)—Letters from Abroad; Italy—Madame D'Houtetot—Shakespeare's Fools—The Book of Beginnings (with Notes)—A Sunday's Fête at St. Cloud—Apuleius—Minor Pieces (To a Spider Running Across a Room—Southeogony, or the Birth of the Laureate—Lines of Madame D'Houtetot—Talari Innamorati—Rhymes to the Eye—Lines to a Critic—The Monarchs, an Ode for Congress.)

No. 4: Morgante Maggiore, by Messer Luigi Pulci—Letters from Abroad—The Choice—Giovanni Villani—Pulpit Oratory; Dr. Chalmers and Mr. Irving (by Hazlitt)—The First Canto of the Squire's Tale of Chaucer, modernized—Letter Writting—Arguing on a Circle (by Hazlitt)—Minor Pieces (Mahmoud—The Venetian Fisherman—Dialogues from Alfieri—A Blessed Spot—Mouth versus Eyes, from La Fontaine.)

"They were all published during our residence in this part of Italy. Lord Byron contributed some poems, to which his customary publisher had objected on account of their fault-finding in Church and State, and their critical attacks on acquaintances. Among them was the 'Vision of Judgment,' the best satire since the days of Pope. Churchill's satires, compared with it, are bludgeons compared with steel of Damascus. Hazlitt contributed some of the most entertaining of his vigorous essays; and Shelley had left us his masterly translation of the 'May-Day Night' in 'Faust.' As to myself, if I may speak of my own articles after these, I wrote by far the greater number,—

perhaps nearly half the publication; but I was ill; and with the exception of one or two, I hope they were not among my best."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. A Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* p. 311.]

The Literary Examiner; consisting of the "Indicator," a Review of Books, and Miscellaneous Pieces in Prose and Verse. 1823.

[On June 29th, 1823, a notice appeared in the *Examiner* stating that owing to the constant pressure of the various sorts of matter essential to the character of a newspaper, it was found impossible to do justice to the literary notices, either with regard to regularity or quantity. In future they would no longer form a department in the stamped sheet, but would appear in the form of an enlarged and regular review of new publications in an unstamped weekly paper, to be called the "Literary Examiner." A continuation of the "Indicator" is also promised by its original author.

The first number appeared on July 5th, 1823, and is headed as No. 67 of the "Indicator." The publication extended to 27 numbers, the last dated December 27, 1823. The following notice appears in the last number:—

"TO THE READERS OF THE 'LITERARY EXAMINER.'

"We should not be dealing honestly with our readers, if we longer delayed to notice the absence of the 'Indicator' from our columns. While there was a prospect of the continuance of these papers, we filled up, in the best manner we could, the vacuum occasioned by their suspension; but that prospect no longer exists. This publication was set up *chiefly* as a vehicle for the resumption of the 'Indicator:'—ill-health and other circumstances now prevent anything like regular contributions from its author; and we are therefore compelled, notwithstanding the very promising degree of support it has obtained, to discontinue it."

The papers by Leigh Hunt, under the head "Indicator," are only seven, viz.—My Books (2)—On the Suburbs of Genoa, and the Country about London (2)—On the Latin Poems of Milton (3).]

Ultra-Crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford, by Leigh Hunt. 1823.

[The motto is:

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;
The rest is all but leather and prunella."—POPE.

"Assume a barbarous tyranny, to handle
The Muses worse than Ostrogoth or Vandal;
Make them submit to verdict and report,
And stand or fall to th' orders of a court."—BUTLER.

"The following *jeu d'esprit* is the 'stick' which is mentioned in the third number of the 'Liberal,' as having been cut for Mr. Gifford's special use. It would still have been kept where I had laid it up, for the reasons there specified; and to say the truth (being deficient in my duties as a 'hater') I had resolved never to make any use of it at all. But there may be reasons for altering my mind: so, as the man in the play says, 'If I must, I must.' It is but just at all times, and may be necessary at some, that people who make a sport of the lives and fortunes of others, should be made to pay back some of the advantages of which they deprive them. . . . He has been well hacked in prose by Mr. Hazlitt. It may not be amiss to hold him up once more in verse. If he cannot bleed (which is not necessary) he may be made a scarecrow and an example. . . . A word upon his origin. Nothing can be more foreign from my purpose than to treat it with contempt for its own sake. It is he that treats it with contempt, when he sets himself by the side of an overweening aristocracy, and undertakes to be lofty and anti-plebeian. The title of 'Ultra-Crepidarius,' which was invented for him by a friend of mine, came out of one of the humblest as well as noblest spirits that exist. What are called low origins and high origins are equally, to me, matters of indifference. I have literally (whatever I may have had once) no sort of feeling with regard to those 'above' me or 'below' me, but such as are made by moral and intellectual qualities. . . . I would rather, for my part, have been Cowley, the son of a grocer, than all the common-place gentry that ever lived; but much rather would I have been Cowley, the son of a grocer, who was also a man of spirit and consistency and good-nature, than the son of a grocer who has forfeited his title to all three: and I expect all men of spirit, whether lord, grocer, or shoemaker, to agree with me."—*Preface.* There are appended to the poem extracts from Mr. Hazlitt's letter to Mr. Gifford, extending to 16 pages.]

The Wishing-Cap; a series of Papers in the "Examiner," commencing March 28, 1824, *and ending October* 16, 1825.

[The subjects are: Introduction—A Walk in Covent-Garden—Piccadilly and the West End—A Walk in the City—On Seeing a Pigeon Make Love—Spring—Rainy-day Poetry—I and We—My Imprisonment (2)—Whitehall—St. James's Park—Love and War—A Proposal to the Inhabitants of the Metropolis (with regard to the institution of certain grounds and enclosures, for the purpose of restoring the manly games of their ancestors—Body and Mind—Actors and Artists at Rome—Eating and Drinking—Illuminations and Ceremonies at Rome—The Venus de Medici—Plan of Mr. Owen—"Flora Domestica"—Fiction and Matter of Fact—The Valley of Ladies—Love and the Country—Ver-Vert; or the Parrot of the Nuns (2)—A Novel Party (2)—Clarendon's History of the Rebellion (3).

"At Maiano, I wrote the articles which appeared in the *Examiner*, under the title of the 'Wishing Cap.' Probably the reader knows nothing about them; but they contained some germs of a book he may not be unacquainted with, called 'The Town,' as well as some articles since approved of in the volume entitled 'Men, Women, and Books.' The title was very genuine. When I put on my cap, and pitched myself in imagination into the thick of Covent Garden, the pleasure I received was so vivid,—I turned the corner of a street so much in the ordinary course of things, and was so tangibly present to the pavement, the shop-windows, the people, and a thousand agreeable recollections which looked me naturally in the face,—that sometimes when I walk there now, the impression seems hardly more real. I used to feel as if I actually pitched my soul there, and that spiritual eyes might have seen it shot over from Tuscany into York Street, like a rocket. It is much pleasanter, however, on waking up, to find soul and body together in one's native land:—yes, even than among thy olives and vines Boccaccio!"—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. A Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son. p.* 333.]

Bacchus in Tuscany, a Dithyrambic Poem, from the Italian of Francesco Redi, with Notes, original and Select, by Leigh Hunt. 1825.

[The motto is:

"Come, thou monarch of the vine,
Plumpy Bacchus, with pink eyne;
In thy vats our cares be drown'd;
With thy grapes our hairs be crown'd;
Cup us, till the world goes round."

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

It is dedicated to John Hunt. The preface consists of 14 and the poem of 55 pages. The notes extend to 239 pages. An account of the author of the poem, with specimens, will be found in the "Companion," for June 18, 1828.

"When the 'Liberal' was put an end to, I had contributed some articles to a new work set up by my brother, called the 'Literary Examiner.' Being too ill at Florence to continue those, I did what I could and had recourse to the lightest and easiest translation I could think of, which was that of Redi's 'Bacco in Toscana.' The 'Bacco in Toscana' (Bacchus in Tuscany), is a mock-heroical account of the Tuscan wines, put into the mouth of that god, and delivered in dithyrambics. It is ranked among the Italian classics, and deserves to be so for its style and originality. Bacchus is represented sitting on a hill outside the walls of Florence, in company with Ariadne and his usual attendants, and jovially giving his opinion of the wines, as he drinks them in succession. He gets drunk after a very mortal fashion: but recovers, and is borne away into ecstasy by a draught of Montepulciano, which he pronounces to be the King of Wines. I was the more incited to attempt a version of this poem, inasmuch as it was thought a choke-pear for translators. English readers asked me how I proposed to render the 'famous'

'Mostra aver poco giudizio'—

(a line much quoted); and Italians asked what I meant to do with the 'compound words' (which are very scarce in their language). I laughed at the famous 'mostra aver,' which it required but a little animal spirits to 'give as good as it brought;' and I had the pleasure of informing Italians, that the English language abounded in compound words, and could make as many more as it pleased."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. A Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son. p.* 333.]

The Family Journal; a Series of Papers in the "New Monthly Magazine," under the signature of "Harry Honeycomb." 1825.

[The subjects are: Family of the Honeycombs—Beautiful Offspring—The Town—The Country—Love Will Find Out A Way—April Fools—Perukes of King Charles the Second's Time—New May-Day and Old May-Day, &c.—Conversations with Pope; Dinner of Apsley Honeycomb with him—Swift's Mean and Great Figures—Conversation of Swift and Pope—A Country Lodging—Dialogue with a Sportsman—The Feathered Beings Killed by the Feathered Monster—Keeping Christmas.]

Lord Byron and Some of His Contemporaries; with Recollections of the Author's Life, and of his Visit to Italy. By Leigh Hunt. 1828. 4*to. Second Edition*, 1828. 2 *Vols.* 8*vo.*

["In the examples, which I here bring in, of what I have heard, read, done, or said, I have forbid myself to dare to alter even the most light and indifferent circumstances. My conscience does not falsify one tittle. What my ignorance may do, I cannot say."—MONTAIGNE.

"What was to be told of the noble poet, involved of necessity a painful retrospect; and humanize as I may, and as I trust I do, upon him as well as every thing else,—and certain as I am, that although I look upon this or that man as more or less pleasant and admirable, I partake of none of the ordinary notions of merit and demerit with regard to any one,—I could not conceal from myself, on looking over the manuscript, that in renewing my intercourse with him in imagination, I had involuntarily felt an access of the spleen and indignation, which I experienced as a man who thought himself ill-treated. With this, to a certain extent, the account is coloured, though never with a shadow of untruth; nor have I noticed a great deal that I should have done, had I been in the least vindictive, which is a vice I disclaim. If I know any two things in the world, and have any two good qualities to set off against many defects, it is that I am not vindictive, and that I speak the truth. I have not told all: for I have no right to do so. In the present case it would also be inhumanity, both to the dead and the living. But what I have told is not to be gainsaid. Perhaps had I felt Lord Byron's conduct less than I did, I should have experienced less of it. Flattery might have done much with him: and I felt enough admiration of his talents, and sympathy with his common nature, to have given him all the delight of flattery without the insincerity of it, *had it been possible.* But nobody, who has not tried it, knows how hard it is to wish to love a man, and to find the enthusiasm of this longing worse than repelled. It was the death of my friend Shelley, and my own want of resources, that made me add this bitter discovery to the sum of my experience. The first time Lord Byron found I was in want, was the first time he treated me with disrespect. I am not captious: I have often been remonstrated with for not showing a stronger sense of enmity and ill-usage: but to be obliged, in the common sense of the word, and disobliged at the same time, not only in my reasonablest expectations, but in the tenderest point of my nature, was what I could not help feeling, whether I had told the world of it or not. Besides, Lord Byron was not candid with me. He suffered himself to take measures, and be open to representations, in which I was concerned, without letting me know: and I know of no safety of intercourse on these terms, especially where it should be all sincerity or nothing."—*Preface to First Edition.*

"If any man, after reading the whole of my book, be capable of thinking that I have uttered a single thing which I do not believe to be true, or that in what I have uttered I was prompted by any impulses incapable of a generous construction, he is speaking out of his own instinctive meanness, and his own conscious want of veracity; and I return him any epithets he may be inclined to bestow upon me, as equally unfit for me to receive, and himself to part with. If any one can convince me of an error,—I am not in love with error, but truth—and will gladly rectify it. . . . Finally, if any one asks what it is that supports me under the trying circumstances, in which I have to work out (as becomes me) the remainder of my days, I answer, that it is my belief in the natural goodness and capability of mankind, and the testimonies borne to my endeavours in consequence by the love of those who know me most intimately, and the esteem and good word of those who publicly agree with me. I cannot express the sense I have (at least I am not well enough at present to dare to let my heart attempt it) of the eloquent and cordial articles that have appeared in defence of this work in various journals, both in town and

country. What renders them especially welcome is, that the authors of some of them state themselves to have grown up in intimacy with my writings, and to have had their opinions materially affected by them; so that every noble aspiration they utter, and every graceful sentence in which it is clothed, seem to come home to me like golden sheaves of the harvest that I have contributed to sow. This, indeed, makes me feel prouder than self-knowledge will allow me to feel with anything more my own."—*Preface to Second Edition.*

"I would apply this anecdote to some things which I have formerly said of Lord Byron. I do not mean that I ever wrote any fictions about him. I wrote nothing which I did not feel to be true, or think so. But I can say with Alamanni, that I was then a young man, and that I am now advanced in years. I can say, that I was agitated by grief and anger, and that I am now free from anger. I can say, that I was far more alive to other people's defects than to my own, and that I am now sufficiently sensible of my own to show to others the charity which I need myself. I can say, moreover, that apart from a little allowance for provocation, I do not think it right to exhibit what is amiss, or may be thought amiss, in the character of a fellow-creature, out of any feeling but unmistakeable sorrow, or the wish to lessen evils which society itself may have caused.

"Lord Byron, with respect to the points on which he erred and suffered (for on all others, a man like himself, poet and wit, could not but give and receive pleasure), was the victim of a bad bringing up, of a series of false positions in society, of evils arising from the mistakes of society itself, of a personal disadvantage (which his feelings exaggerated), nay, of his very advantages of person, and of a face so handsome as to render him an object of admiration. Even the lameness, of which he had such a resentment, only softened the admiration with tenderness.

"But he did not begin life under good influences. He had a mother, herself, in all probability, the victim of bad training, who would fling the dishes from table at his head, and tell him he would be a scoundrel like his father. His father, who was cousin to the previous lord, had been what is called a man upon town, and was neither rich nor very respectable. The young lord, whose means had not yet recovered themselves, went to school, noble but poor, expecting to be in the ascendant with his title, yet kept down by the inconsistency of his condition. He left school to put on the cap with the gold tuft, which is worshipped at college:—he left college to fall into some of the worst hands on the town:—his first productions were contemptuously criticised, and his genius was thus provoked into satire:—his next were overpraised, which increased his self-love:—he married when his temper had been soured by difficulties, and his will and pleasure pampered by the sex:—and he went companionless into a foreign country, where all his perplexity could repose without being taught better, and where the sense of a lost popularity could be drowned in licence.

"Should we not wonder that he retained so much of the grand and beautiful in his writings?—that the indestructible tendency of the poetical to the good should have struggled to so much purpose through faults and inconsistencies?—rather than quarrel with his would-be misanthropy and his effeminate wailings? The worst things which he did were to gird resentfully at women, and to condescend to some other pettiness of conduct which he persuaded himself were self-defences on his own part, and merited by his fellow-creatures. But he was never incapable of generosity: he was susceptible of the tenderest emotions; and though I doubt, from a certain proud and stormy look about the upper part of his face, whether his command of temper could ever have been quite relied on, yet I cannot help thinking, that had he been properly brought up, there would have been nobody capable of more lasting and loving attachments. The lower part of the face was a model of beauty.

"I am sorry I ever wrote a syllable respecting Lord Byron which might have been spared. I have still to relate my connection with him, but it will be related in a different manner. Pride, it is said, will have a fall: and I must own, that on this subject I have experienced the truth of the saying. I had prided myself—I should pride myself now if I had not been thus rebuked—on not being one of those who talk against others. I went counter to this feeling in a book; and to crown the absurdity of the contradiction, I was foolish enough to suppose that the very fact of my so doing would show that I had done it in no other instance! that having been thus public in the error, credit would be given me for never having been privately so! Such are the delusions inflicted on us by self-love. When the consequence was represented to me as characterised by my enemies, I felt, enemies though they were, as if I blushed from head to foot. It is true I had been goaded to the task by misrepresentations:—I had resisted every other species of temptation to do it;—and, after

all, I said more in his excuse, and less to his disadvantage, than many of those who reproved me. But enough. I owed the acknowledgment to him and to myself; and I shall proceed on my course with a sigh for both, and I trust in the good-will of the sincere.—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 283.

"I will put a case in illustration of my position with Lord Byron, and show the cruelty of it besides, as affected by his character in particular. Suppose a rich merchant invites another merchant out to set up a joint concern with him; and suppose the latter a man with a wife and large family, and at the lowest ebb of his fortunes. The rich merchant advances the other two hundred pounds to bring him out (taking care, nevertheless, to get a bond for it from a friend); and after he has arrived, the loss of the beloved friend who gave this bond forces the poor man to accept from the rich one further sums from time to time, amounting in all to one hundred more. The joint concern, in the meantime, goes on, but is trifled with by the invitor—is even injured by him in a variety of ways; is suffered to be calumniated and undermined by him with his friends, and finally is abandoned by him in the course of the year for an experiment in a remote quarter, and apart from any consideration of the person invited out. It is true the rich man declines receiving his part of the profits of the concern, but it is only because they turn out to be nothing like what he expected; and when he leaves it, and might still do it service, and so keep his own proposed work alive, he never has another word of communication with the person whom he invited out, and whom he had found destitute and left so. This is a literal picture of the state of the case between Lord Byron and myself; but the worst part of the spirit of it remains. . . . Nobody has a right to judge of the spirit of my intercourse with Lord Byron from partial extracts out of the work in question, and I protest against any opinion of it whatsoever, unproduced by an acquaintance with the work itself. . . . But for a complete view of the case I must refer the reader (if he choose to judge the matter) to the work itself, and to all the evidences it contains, for me or against; for of one thing he may be certain—that every jot of it is true. I love truth with a passion commensurate to what I think its desirableness, above all other things, for the security of good to the world: and if I did not, I should love it for the trouble it saves me in having but one story and one answer for all men, and being a slave to nobody. . . . Though I have told nothing but the truth, I am far from having told all the truth, and I never will tell it all. Common humanity would not let me. But I will not have my very forbearance turned against me by those whose sufferings would be tragic to themselves only, and comic to all the rest of the world."—*From a Letter by Leigh Hunt in the "Morning Chronicle," January,* 1828, *transferred to the "Examiner." Vol. for* 1828. *p.* 57.

"When Mr. Moore consented to the destruction of Lord Byron's Memoirs, he does not seem to have considered any more than the persons whose vanity and fears were more immediately interested in their suppression, that he was only exciting, in a higher degree, the curiosity of the public, and leaving it to be gratified in a much more reprehensible manner than by their publication. We have no time to enter into the question at length in the present article, but it is so clear that Mr. Moore's holocaust has not only done mischief by leaving the ground open for memoirs of Lord Byron's life, conversation, and habits, less authentic and at least as objectionable as the noble poets autobiography, but for replies and refutations which could only be made unanswerable by bringing forward facts and expressions that it would have been desirable to bury for ever. Had Lord Byron's own memoirs appeared, all the statements and rejoinders to which we allude would have been works of supererogation and the natural desire which every man has, that his ignominies should not be remembered in his epitaph, would certainly have induced Lord Byron to suppress in his work all that he could not desire to have recorded against him; or at least to have left his manuscript in the hands of a friend, who, like Mr. Moore, was anxious to do not only justice, but honour to his memory; and who could not in our opinion have so effectually done both as by publishing his life, expunging only such parts as the author's spirit, could it have returned to earth, would have wished to suppress. As this has not been done, however, it must be taken for granted that the memoirs were throughout utterly unfit for publication in any shape; and that Mr. Moore and Lord Byron's other friends did not expurgate them, only because they were incapable of expurgation. This is unquestionably the general opinion on the subject; and the public feeling with regard to them has been adopted in all its latitude by many of those persons who have written about Lord Byron, who have not scrupled to give the utmost liberty to their pens in their reports of his conversations real or pretended, persuaded that the world thought

that nothing could be more scandalous than the authentic memoirs. Accordingly, by many persons, whom accidental circumstances brought into momentary contact with his lordship, and many who never saw him, the public has been gratified with a variety of statements, most of them false, many that are 'dash'd and brew'd with lies,' and the few that are true never intended by Lord Byron to meet the public eye, though the incontinence of his tongue was so remarkable that he could not restrain his communications even when he was in the society of persons that were 'setting his words in a note-book' to cast into the public teeth. Mr. Leigh Hunt, however, is not one of these dishonest chroniclers. His position with regard to Lord Byron, and the long and intimate habits of intercourse with him which he enjoyed, enabled him to contemplate the noble poet's character in all its darkness and brightness. Gifted, too, like the subject of his memoir, with very remarkable talents, he is much more to be relied on, both in his choice of points of view and in his manner of handling his subject: he is not likely to spoil a bon-môt, an epigram, or a conversation; and while he can seize all that was really piquant about his lordship, he is infinitely above retailing the low gossip and garbage which some memoir writers have done, in the true spirit of a waiting-maid or a lacquey. He possesses, moreover, one eminent qualification for the task which he had undertaken: he has a stern love of truth; even his enemies will give him credit for being uniformly consistent and honest in the expression of his opinions on all subjects. In his present work he shows himself ready to be devoted as a martyr to truth (for that every word of the book is true, no reader can doubt), and boldly exposes himself to all the vituperation of all the slaves who hated and attacked Lord Byron while living, but who will now come forward with a mock display of generosity and sympathy with the illustrious departed, of whom they will represent Mr. Hunt as the ungrateful reviler.

"From the charge of ingratitude, Mr. Leigh Hunt, in various passages of his book, successfully vindicates himself, and shows that the obligations which Lord Byron has been represented to have heaped on him, have been ludicrously exaggerated, both in number and value. Into matters so delicate, however, we do not intend to enter. We mean only to make a few extracts, relative to the principal subject of the memoir, who, it must be allowed, exhibits a good deal of the petty and the personal in his character: though his biographer is sufficiently indulgent to his faults and peculiarities, and is on all occasions anxious to do justice to his nobler qualities."—*New Monthly Magazine, for* 1828. *p.* 84. "*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries.*"

"Mr. Hunt has done a bold deed by publishing this work. We are not ourselves quite clear that he was right; but, as he is doubtless well aware, he has at all events laid himself open to unmeasured misrepresentation by the literary ruffians from whom he has already suffered so much. . . . After the many statements and insinuations, loud, long, and bitterly injurious to Mr. Hunt, it seems to us neither very wonderful nor very blameable, that he should at last come forward himself, and make public his own defence. . . . All that we read of him in this work before us tends to confirm a view of his character formed long previous to its publication. The intensity of selfishness displays itself through almost everything he does, and even through much of what he says; with here and there an occasional gleam of wiser thought and loftier feeling, the faint relics of that splendid appanage of greatness which originally belongs to the spirit of the poet. On the whole, however, we believe that there is not one living English poet, of whatever school of literature, or party in politics, who would be guilty of the meannesses—there is no other word—which Mr. Hunt in public, and with his name to the assertion, lays to the charge of Lord Byron. . . . There is, in spite of the evident irritation of Mr. Hunt's feelings, which he himself also is quite conscious of, a cheerful kindliness of nature, and an admirable, we had almost said a sublime, confidence in the native powers and excellence of man, which is likely, we think, to be of eminent service to his readers. But the great value of this portion of the work undoubtedly is, that it gives us a far clearer and more consistent view of the character of the singular man and celebrated writer of whom it treats, than any other book that has hitherto appeared. We see him in these pages living and moving before us, not merely with his wings and scars, with the power and desperation of his poetry, but with the circumstances and attributes of ordinary humanity. And it is now, indeed, time that we should begin to judge him calmly and fairly; for the renown, and the all but disgrace which alike filled the air as with an immeasurable crowd, have shrunk, as did the gigantic genius of the Arabian tale, into a narrow urn. It is not more than his errors deserve, to say that they were the rank produce of a noble soil, the weeds which grow among Asphodel and Amaranth, on the summit of Olympus, and around the footsteps of the glorified immortals. It is good for us that books exist

which display the union of poetic ability with a scorn and a selfishness of which literature scarce afforded us any previous example; for the works of Byron may be a warning to every mind, the mightiest or the meanest, that there are failings and vices which will even break the sceptre and scatter to the winds the omnipotence of genius; and there has been at least one great writer whose union of the intensest passion with a triumphant contempt for virtue reminds us of that strange tempest which poured forth over Egypt a flood of mingled ice and fire. . . . On Shelley there is a long and most interesting article. He was the greatest man of all those who are mentioned by Mr. Hunt; he was also his most intimate friend, and the notices we have of him are proportionably valuable. Mr. Hunt's book, from bearing the name of Lord Byron on its title-page, will probably go into the hands of many persons who know nothing of Shelley but the name. We trust that the delightful, and we are sure, most accurate portrait drawn by our author in the book before us, and the exquisite specimens of poetry which he has extracted from Mr. Shelley's works, will induce more detailed acquaintance with the writings of one of the most benevolent men and powerful poets that have lived in any age or country. . . . We will venture to assert that those of his doctrines which are at first sight the most awfully pernicious, are uniformly objectionable for the form, rather than the spirit, the phrase more than the feeling. It is on the other hand, undeniable that his sympathies are the fondest and the best, his aspirations the purest and most lofty. He has never attempted to oppose, by reasoning, any of those eternal first principles of our consciousness, the foundations of our moral and spiritual being. . . . He describes the human soul in a state of greater power and purity than it almost ever has existed in: he views it tried and exercised into a superhuman strength, softened into delight, regenerated into glory. . . . Such was the spirit, clothing in the most glorious forms of beauty the one purpose of purifying and ennobling its kind, on which were poured out all the vials of muddy wrath in the power of the *Quarterly Review*. . . . His information is full and consolatory, and we find in every line the authoritative verification of those conclusions as to Mr. Shelley's reverence and practice of all excellence, and habitual belief in the goodness of the Great Spirit that pervades the universe, which are at once a triumph of candour and charity, and an utter confusion and prostration to the whole herd of selfish bigots. . . . It is written in a remakably pleasant and lively style, without much pretension to dignity,—but with rather an uncommon share of ease, wit, fancy, and heartiness. . . . His eagerness to promote the goodness and the happiness of mankind, his enthusiasm for the beautiful, his reverence for truth, his willingness to sacrifice those merely personal objects of popularity and wealth which his talents certainly put within his power, for the sake of battling against all constituted oppression, and overthrowing every popular prejudice; these are qualities of no ordinary nobility, which break out in every page of his book with a brightness that would well compensate us for ten thousand times more inconsistency and affectation than even a 'Quarterly Reviewer' would dare to charge him with. . . . Its peculiar and destinctive value consists in this, that it brings us nearer to several of the master spirits of our time, and gives us a fairer view of their stature and proportions than any other book we are acquainted with."—*The Athenæum*. 1828. *pp.* 55, 70, 71.

In the *Tatler* for 1831. (Vol. 2) is a review, continued through five numbers, of "Moore's Letters and Journals of Lord Byron," entitled "Lord Byron—Mr. Moore—and Mr. Leigh Hunt, with Original Letters, *not* in Mr. Moore's work." The following passages are taken from it:—"We do not pretend to give a notice of this book after the usual fashion. We shall comment on it, as it may happen; but our great object is to shew that the author is an insincere man of the world, and that neither he nor his hero have a right to scatter charges of vulgarity and unworthiness. Had Mr. Moore's second volume contained no more offence than the first, we should have passed it over, content to let him enjoy the airs he gives himself, and his harmless Irish metaphor of 'venom on a grave.' Nor do we now pay attention to the work, out of any regard for his opinion, as far as he is concerned; but we have resolved, for certain weighty reasons, self-love apart, never to let another attack on us pass without notice. It is a plan we determined on pursuing, when we set up the *Tatler*, and we have already found the benefit of it. Our wish, as we said before, is to attack nobody in person, but to lead quiet tattling lives, if we are allowed to do so; but if not, we shall do our best, for far more sakes than our own, to make the blow recoil on the assailant. We have suffered enough upon all points; we have conceded enough in the case of Lord Byron. We shall concede no more. Our business will now be to give specimens of the blows we have withheld. As to Mr. Moore's opinion of us or our writings the reader will see why we have long ceased to care for it; and we will here briefly tell him the reason, before

we give him the proofs. We shall not deny him justice; but justice will be amply sufficient for our purpose.

. . . . In short, Mr. Moore is no real biographer, no prose-writer, no thinker; there is not one original reflection in all his remarks, not one that has not been made in a better manner before him by writers of his own time; and his poetry is just as good as wit and festivity can make it, and nothing else. His world is the little world of fashion; his notions of liberty those of a Whig-Aristocrat, without the excuse; and the whole secret of his deification of Lord Byron is, that their intercourse was one of flattery and convenience, and that in trumpeting his great craft down the stream, he hopes his 'little sail'

Will join the triumph and partake the gale.

"He is mistaken. His huge book will go down to posterity like many others, for anybody to dig out of the book-shelves who chooses; but it will assuredly be left there, with a great deal even of what Lord Byron has supplied, like the letters of Rochester and others, which nobody now cares about. Extracts will do very well for the collections of those days, but none of Mr. Moore's heavy common-places will accompany them; nor will Lord Byron, though a far greater genius than he, be regarded with anything like his biographer's wholesale astonishment. Does he think that the mighty mind of posterity will busy itself with his bustling details, unless it be as we do with Mr. Pepy's; or look upon a lord with his little eyes? Even now, Lord Byron is not regarded by thousands, in any point of view, as he supposes, or would have us think he supposes. The bad opinion of the noble lord that was entertained years ago by multitudes, even among the aristocracy, is changed—for the worse. The grounds of this deterioration remain undisproved, The very lapse of a few short months has made a difference as to the impression which Mr. Moore might have expected from his book; and to us, the difference has been an enormous one. The second French Revolution has drawn its golden line between the past and the future. Humanity and its rights have emerged into the sunshine; we have beheld the marvellous spectacle (Mr. Moore called the impulse that produced it an 'awful' one, and doubtless must have felt it so) of unworldly power taking its seat on the throne of worldly: and everything in future is *not* to be construed in favour of the great, and disfavour of those they differ with, upon the strength of the old slavish misbelief.

"Observe. Two years ago, if you had been a suffering reformer, if you had persevered in one long work of endeavour for human good, or what you believed to be such, and in the belief that a time would come after you were dead and gone, when the dream should be realised,—if you had sacrificed 'health, fame, and fortune' in the endeavour; if you had encountered every species of opposition and calumny; if your cheeks had sunk; if your heart had been torn to pieces for your children; and if with a weakened frame, and no resources but of your tired thoughts, not even with a sixpence in the world before you, you had been compelled to begin life again, at an age when others begin to look forward to some repose; and if during this time, you had been deceived by false patrons, and forsaken by false friends, and at the close of it had been worked up by a combination of circumstances and of pangs infinite, to utter a syllable of complaint which might have been less excusable in happier hours, and which you yourself should regret,—that one offence would be turned against you as if you had committed a thousand crimes; all that you had ever said, done, or endured in behalf of generous sentiments would be forgotten; and nobody be so loud in your condemnation, as the men whose desertion had helped to sting you into the impulse.

"Now mark on the other hand. If, instead of the enduring reformer, thus beset with misfortunes, you had been a lord,—rich, noted, and spoiled,—with every humour upon earth to indulge, and with the power to indulge it; if you had had no object in life, even when you seemed to have a better one, but to make a show and be talked of;—and if this lord, so spoiled and perverted, partly by the flatteries of the very men who forsake the unfortunate, had been thought to commit almost every crime under the sun; was known to have been guilty of a thousand painful ebullitions of will and selfishness; to have disgusted the class that would have been proud of him, and the reformers with whom he pretended to sympathise; to have calumniated his friends; betrayed his guests to derision; hastened the ruin of the fortunes he pretended to raise, by giving them up to their enemies; and spared neither age nor sex in his resentment;—yet, being a lord, and having a table, and possessing other worldly advantages as well as genius enough to make his opinions and his favour of consequence; what excuse should not be found for *him*? How would not the doctrines of charity, which the other man had preached till he was hoarse, be brought up, solely in his favour? How would not some of his offences be denied with indignation, others contrasted with his good qualities, others secreted, others philosophized upon and excused, and all recommended to the consideration of

our modesty, as the errors of a man of genius, without which, perhaps, he would not have been so great as he was? How many generous sentiments would not be expressed in pity to the man of excessive sensibility, who wounded everybody's feelings? How would not fond servility have trembled at his displeasure, and been glad to take his blows? How would not all his claims, however ostentatious, have been admitted? How his satires and private libels have been treasured up? How his friends resolved not to forsake him, in spite of the insults he dealt to them all round? Nay, how would not his very confessions of offence have been received with fond deprecating smiles as whims of his lordship's not to be thought of,—mystifications of dull rogues, merely at the expense of a few women,—singular jocose humours, in which it pleased his lordship to be tragic,—and generous instances of that desire to be thought ill of, which marked his hatred of hypocrisy, and the extreme simplicity and goodness of heart which was so natural to him.

"Times are changed. They are changed, not because the case itself is altered, but because the assumptions of privileges and worldliness have received a blow such as was thought impossible, and men's hearts have expanded before their new hopes, and will not suffer those who believed in truth and public virtue, to be any longer at the mercy of their calumniators."—The *Tatler, Vol.* 2., 1831, *p.* 441-2.]

The Companion—(Commencing January 9th, and discontinued July 23rd, 1828).

["Something alone, yet not alone, to be wished, and only to be found in a friend."—SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

"The *Companion* consisted partly of criticisms on theatres, authors, and public events, and partly of a series of essays in the manner of the *Indicator*. Some of the essays have never accompanied the republications of that older work. They contained some of what afterwards turned out to be my most popular writings. But I had no money to advertise the publication; it did not address itself to any existing influence; and in little more than half a year I was forced to bring it to a conclusion."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt, Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 72.

Contents: Pantomime—Books, Politics, and Theatricals—Bad Weather—Going to the Play Again—French Plays in London—Fine Days in January and February—New Tragedy of "The Serf"—Italian Opera—Madame Pasta; an Objection to Concerts and Oratorios; The Beauty of Truth, even as an accomplishment—Walks Home by Night in Bad Weather; Watchmen—New Pieces at Drury Lane—The True Story of Vertumnus and Pomona—New Comedy of "The Merchant's Wedding"—Large Bonnets; a New Want of Gallantry; Secret of Some Existing Fashions—Rain out of a Clear Sky—Opera of "The White and Red Rose;" Madame Pasta in "The Lover;" French Dancing—The Mountain of The Two Lovers—Sir John Suckling: Memoir of him, with Specimens of his Poetry—Remarks on French Opera—Dancing Resumed; Dancing in General, with a word for our English Balls—Further Specimens of Sir John Suckling—Remarks Suggested by the Perusal of Mr. Hazlitt's "Plain Speaker: Opinions on Books, Men, and Things"—F. Chapelle's Trip to Languedoc and Provence—The Dinner-Party Anticipated, a Paraphrase of Horace's 19th Ode, Book 3rd—On the Graces and Anxieties of Pig-Driving—An Earth upon Heaven—The Lover's Leap—Sketches from The Club-Book—Sir William Davenant—"Yes and No," and "Brother Lubin," from the French of Marot—Miscellaneous Intentions of the Companion—The Roue—On The First Fit of the Gout—New Splendours at Windsor—Domestic News from China—Mistakes in Matrimony—The "Miserable Methodists"—Lord Holland and the Duke of Wellington—Subjects for Dissection—The Drawing-Room and the Duchess of St. Albans—May Day and Shakspere's Birth-Day—May Day at Holly Lodge—Cruelty to Children—Marriages Royal, and of Doubtful Propriety—Letter of Madame Pasta—Imitations from Moschus; from the French of Madame Deshoulières—Progress of Liberal Opinion, and what becomes of the highest ambition accordingly—Poetry of British Ladies—Anatomical Subjects—"Only Once"—Pasta and Sontag—Musical Ramble—"A Father Avenged"—Johnson and Dryden—Mr. Huskisson and the Duke of Wellington—Pasta in Desdemona—Redis Bacchus in Tuscany—A Walk from Dulwich to Brockham, with an original circumstance or two respecting Dr. Johnson—The Late Fires—The Fencing Master's Choice—The Pantofles (from the Italian of Gozzi)—A Battle of Ants; Desirableness of drawing a distinction between powers common to other animals and those familiar to man—The Companion's Farewell to his Readers.]

The Chat of the Week. Commenced June 5, discontinued August 28, 1830.

[Up to the 7th number, the title was "The Chat of the Week, or Compendium of all Topics of Public Interest, Original and Select." The size was 8vo, printed in close double columns, 16 pages, price 6d. The title was changed in the 8th number to "The Chat of the Week, and Gazette of Literature, Fine Arts, and Theatricals," and the sheet was printed in single column, and better type and paper were used. Three portraits were given in the 8th number, viz.—of Charles X., the Duke of Orleans, and General Lafayette. There were 34 pages, and the price was 7d. After No. 13 (August 28, 1830), the publication was discontinued, and succeeded by the *Tatler*, a daily serial (see next page). The following is the prospectus :—

"The publication here announced has been suggested by the popularity of those departments in newspapers which are devoted to miscellaneous intelligence, and which generally consist of paragraphs equally short and amusing. Many a reader, who cares little for politics, is willing to have as much as an editor can give him of entertaining paragraphs; and those who care for any subject in particular, or for all subjects, would willingly have them divested of what is stale and unprofitable, just as they like to have their lettuces served up without the outer leaves. Now, it will be our business to get rid of the outer leaves of everything, and to serve up the heart and soul of it.

"It is not our intention to be always as short as the *chat* or *multum in parvo* of a newspaper; but as our object is to omit nothing that is of interest, and to retain nothing that is dull, our paragraphs for the most part will be shorter than otherwise.* We have no limits to subject. We shall take the whole round of observation—the state, the drama, the new publications, new music, manners and customs, the town, the country, the 'great world' (meaning a place about three miles long), and the little world (that is to say all the rest of the globe). If the word 'Chat' be thought too humble for some of our pages, it will be an objection we shall be very glad to hear of. Nevertheless, there are few things in this world better than real good chat, plainly so called. We shall be happy if what we write ourselves shall be thought to belong to it. Higher honours will be willingly conceded to those from whom we extract.

"The plan of our pamphlet is this. There will be an *original article* at the head of it, *on the principal subject* of interest that has occurred during the week. This will be followed by a compilation of the best passages in the newspapers relating to *Politics*, the *Houses of Parliament*, &c.: not whole articles (unless the matter is of great interest throughout), but the best passages of articles, as well as any separate paragraphs that may strike us. If we meet with an article, for instance, which contains but one striking passage, or which, however good throughout, contains but one passage that is suitable to our purpose, *that* passage only we select. It will be the same with regard to *Theatricals*, which come next in order—to the *Fine Arts*—to *New Books*, and so on, concluding with the *Miscellaneous* department, which will be the most abundant of any. To such of the paragraphs as suggest remarks of our own, we shall append them by way of comment; so that the publication may be described in general, as a compendium of all topics of public interest, with an original article at the head of it, and *occasional notes throughout*, the whole putting the reader in possession at the least expense, and in the most entertaining manner of the *Facts*, *Opinions*, and *Clever Sayings* of the week. . . .

In No. 8 appears the following address "To the Reader."

"When we said last week that the Stamp Office had left us no alternative but either to pay the duties, or discontinue the main part of our chat, we were not aware that political papers might be continued, provided they amounted to a size above two sheets. The sight of a French publication of that sort printed in London, which has arrived at its 16th No., convinced us to the contrary: our little work accordingly makes its appearance in a new, a larger, and, we hope, in a more acceptable form. . . .

"In our next number we shall begin regular critical notices of new Books, &c. Every new work exciting attention will be touched upon, as soon as it is out—often, we hope, sooner. It will be the same with prints, and (by degrees) with all other novelties interesting to this novelty-loving generation."]

---

* The reader will smile to see how little we have kept our word on this point; but we trust he will not be dissatisfied. The truth is, we were not prepared to meet with so many articles at once so long and so interesting.

The Tatler. A Daily Journal of Literature and the Stage. Folio. "Veritas et Varietas." Commenced September 4, 1830, *and discontinued February* 13, 1832 *(continued under other editorship until October* 20, 1832*).*

["I speak of a literary and theatrical paper called the *Tatler*, set up in 1830. It was a very little work, consisting but of four folio pages; but it was a daily publication: I did it all myself, except when too ill; and illness seldom hindered me either from supplying the review of a book, going every night to the play, or writing the notice of the play the same night at the printing-office. The consequence was, that the work, slight as it looked, nearly killed me; for it never prospered beyond the coterie of play-going readers, to whom it was almost exclusively known; and I was sensible of becoming weaker and poorer every day. When I came home at night, often at morning, I used to feel as if I could hardly speak; and for a year and a half afterwards, a certain grain of fatigue seemed to pervade my limbs, which I thought would never go off. Such, nevertheless, is a habit of the mind, if it but be cultivated, that my spirits never seemed better, nor did I ever write theatricals so well, as in the pages of this most unremunerating speculation.

"I had attempted, just before, to set up a little work called *Chat of the Week*; which was to talk, without scandal, of anything worth public notice. The Government put a stop to this speculation by insisting that it should have a stamp; which I could not afford. I was very angry, and tilted against governments, and aristocracies, and kings and princes in general; always excepting King William, for whom I had regard as a reformer, and Louis Philippe, whom I fancied to be a philosopher. I also got out of patience with my old antagonists the Tories, to whom I resolved to give as good as they brought; and I did so, and stopped every new assailant. A daily paper, however small, is a weapon that gives an immense advantage; you can make your attacks in it so often. However, I always ceased as soon as my antagonists did."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 374.

In an address, in the first number of the *Tatler*, to the readers of "The Chat of the Week," the following occurs:—"The Stamp Office having contested with us the legality of the new shape which we gave to our 'Chat of the Week,' in the hope of accommodating ourselves to that Procrustes bed of the Government, we have thought it better to undergo an entire metamorphosis than vary our efforts to no purpose. . . . The office is very polite; its duties are a scandal to a free country; and if we had money enough, we would contest to the uttermost a point which we think contestable even in law. . . . . We should at all events have the satisfaction of bringing it well before the country; and a new light, we suspect, has come up within these two months, by which the Government would not like their enactments against the press to be examined. Indeed we are of opinion that they will not stand against it long. We have lived to see the most unexpected of all times,—not unexpected by us, because we almost existed upon the hope of seeing it, but certainly very little looked for by those who have less faith in good than ourselves; and it would be remarkable indeed, if so great a good did not include a vast number of lesser ones, or if the paltriest abuses could exist by the side of it. . . .

"We have taken an illustrious title for our new paper; but we are not vain enough to be modest on that score, or deprecate comparison with the original possessor. There is nothing in the humbler nature of our work to provoke it. We borrow the title, simply because the journal, called the *Spectator*, has led the way to this adoption of a popular name; and because in availing ourselves of the example, and being of ripe years enough to choose a clan and a godfather, we prefer the one whose name we are fondest of. If we are not ill-natured, not insincere, and not without an eye to the common good in what may seem to be the most personal of our hostilities, the original would not be ashamed of us. Our first number is a specimen of what the *Tatler* is generally intended to be. It will consist of entertaining extracts from books, with occasional criticism; of theatrical criticism, written with a love of the subject, and an impartiality, for which we shall claim credit at once, from a reputation for honesty in those matters; of a miscellaneous department for stray passages of any kind; and of any light original articles that may suggest themselves, in prose or verse, and which may be thought suitable to a breakfast table. The paper will be published the first thing in the morning, with the newspapers of the day, to which we venture to hope it may not be found an unsuitable companion. The town will thus have, for the first time these many years, a regular daily paper devoted to literature and criticism; and readers will be reminded of old times and names by the aspect of it. 'Poins' had one thing in common with

the Prince of Wales: 'their legs were both of a thickness.' The reader who takes up this paper, and is interested in the title of it, must be informed, that its size and general aspect is that of the original *Tatler* published in 1709: such as Pope and Addison held in their hands, and that Belinda bent over while the Sylphs were fanning her coffee."—*The Tatler. Vol.* 1., *Sept.* 4, 1831.

"His last effort to secure a provision for his family by the establishment of a daily journal, almost wholly the product of his own brain—which he once described as 'a germ of precious promise of shelter for many heads"—was the bravest I can remember: and the three volumes of the *Tatler*, which he actually achieved, form, in the circumstances under which they were written, one of the most beautiful of literary curiosities. I do not so esteem them because they contain papers written at midnight, after the exhaustion of attendance at theatres, full of the most charming illustrations, and the profoundest suggestions of criticism; nor because day after day, the demand on vigorous thought was made and answered; but because written in the midst of sickness, poverty, and unspeakable anxieties, they teem with the brightest and the gayest images, and were inspired by the very spirit of enjoyment to make the happy happier."—*Letter from T. N. Talfourd in "Examiner," April* 1, 1832.

"The *Tatler* was a publication partly on the plan of a newspaper, so far as literature and the arts were concerned, and partly also resembling the *Indicator*. It not only had every appearance of success, but it rallied round Leigh Hunt old friends, and procured him more friends. Amongst its earlier writers was Barry Cornwall, whose contributions were acknowledged in such letters as the one that follows."—*The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt, edited by his Eldest Son. Vol.* 2, *p.* 256.

The following is from the letter alluded to. It is dated 20th May, 1831:—"Your generous packet comes to make me blush. But I will trust to your humanity for my excuse. I have just glanced at your criticisms, but sufficiently to see that I shall enjoy them for their own sakes, as well as for the good they will infallibly do the paper; for they will be *money* to it, depend upon it. I look upon them just as if you had put so much hard cash in my pocket; and I wish you particularly to feel this, and to apprehend with your delicacy all the reasons I may have for saying so."

The following are the titles of the principal original articles and criticisms of new books in the *Tatler*, while under Mr. Hunt's editorship, not to speak of his daily theatrical criticisms, which Talfourd, in contrasting Hazlitt and Hunt, as theatrical critics, thus characterises:—

"He could not, like Mr. Leigh Hunt, who gave theatrical criticism a place in modern literature, apply his graphic powers to a detail of a performance, and make it interesting by the delicacy of his touch; encrystal the cobweb intricacies of a plot with the sparkling dew of his own fancy—bid the light plume wave in the fluttering grace of his style—'or catch ere she fell the Cynthia of the Minute,' and fix the airy charm in lasting words. In criticism, thus just and picturesque, Mr. Hunt has never been approached; and the wonder is, that instead of falling off with the art of acting, he even grew richer; for the articles of the *Tatler*, equalling those of the *Examiner* in niceness of discrimination, are superior to them in depth and colouring."—*Thoughts Upon the Intellectual Character of the late William Hazlitt, by Sergeant Talfourd.*

The literary notices are not in every case Mr. Hunt's, as he was frequently compelled by illness to seek the aid of friendly pens. Besides the articles named, there are many hundreds of interesting letters on literary, social, and political topics (contributed by correspondents), original poems and translations, and a vast number [extending to thousands] of anecdotes and extracts from old and new books, concerning life and manners, literature, historical events, eccentricities in character, singular adventures and remarkable narratives, &c., &c.

Volume 1st, September 4 to December 31, 1830: Galt's Life of Byron—The Child's Own Book—Extraordinary Sign of the Times—"My Lord" and "Your Lordship"—Machinery—Letters on, to, and by the Book-Personage known by the Name of "The Reader"—Lords and their Titles—Lady Morgan's France—The Poetical Works of Collins—Hours of Study—The Play-Bills—Their High Mightinesses the Dutchmen—Death of Hazlitt—Royal and Clerical Titles—Memoir of Madame du Barri—Royal Christianity—On the Existence of Supernatural Beings—Sir W. Scott and the People of Glasgow—Umbrellas—Respectability—Rogers' Italy—Mr. Hazlitt and the Utilitarians—A Treatise on Devils and the Extirpation of Unworthy Notions of God and

Man—Dr. Johnson, the Devil, and Mr. Cobbett—Political Movements, with a Government Obligato Accompaniment—A Few Words on Angels—"Help Yourself, and Heaven will Help You"—Don Juan Van Halen—Giving up the Ghost—Hereditary House of Players—Socrates Out of His Senses—"A Fine Aristocratical Face"—Impressment of Seamen—Belgium and Holland—Personal Reminiscences of Lords—An Account of, and Translations from, the "Lutrin" of Boileau—Temperance Drunk—Lords and Loaves—Wilhelm Meister's Apprenticeship—Lowered Tone of the *Quarterly Review*—Ridiculous Habits of Assumption in the Tory Writers—Doddridge's Correspondence and Diary—Ghosts and Visions—The Philosophy of Sleep—Abolition of the Coming Day—The New Saint Michael—The Confectioner's Oracle—Neatness and Order—The Anatomy of Drunkenness—The Modern Canute—Northcote's Life of Titian—English Genius for Painting—Royal Speeches—Andrew Marvell's Parody of the Speeches of Charles II.—Fine Arts in England—Crowe's History of France—Protestant Nunneries, and Swift's Exquisite Banter upon them—The Essence of Opera—Kotzebue's Voyage Round the World—Knowledge for the People—Original Letters from Baxter, Prior, Bolingbroke, Pope, Cheyne, Hartley, Johnson, &c.—Journey Through Greece—The History of Chemistry—The French Revolution of 1830—Pinkerton's Literary Correspondence—Paine's "Rights of Man"—Fine Arts in England—Letter to His Majesty's Ministers—Giovanni Finati—Körner's "Rosamond"—Consumptive Diseases—Johns's Sermon on the Death of Hazlitt—Life of Lafayette—The Taxes on Literature—The Art of Dancing—A Tour in West Bardland—Race-Horses—Life of Mrs. Jordan—The History of Chivalry—History of the Western World—Life of Bruce, the Traveller—The Rick-Burners—Discovery and Adventures in Africa—The Disturbed State of the Country—The Old Joe Miller Revived—Field Sports of the North of Europe—Anecdotes of the French Revolution—New Plays—Anecdotes of Napoleon—Scott's "Tales of a Grandfather"—Christmas-Day—Two Genuine Love-Letters—The Parishes of St. Giles and St. George.

Volume 2nd, January 1 to June 30, 1831: New Year's Day—Smith's Festivals, Games, and Amusements—The Harmonicon—Military Memoirs of Wellington—Twelfth-Night—The Duty on Coal—Knowledge for the People—Lord Byron, Mr. Moore, and Mr. Leigh Hunt, with original Letters *not* in Mr. Moore's work (extending over five numbers)—Dibdin's Sunday Library—Preliminary Discourse on the Study of Natural Philosophy—Voyages and Discoveries of Columbus—Letter to Lord Althorpe—The Great Theatres and Mr. Arnold—Stebbing's Lives of the Italian Poets—Life of George the Fourth—Crowe's History of France—Godwin's Thoughts on Man—The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*—Cunningham's Lives of British Painters, Sculptors, and Architects—Godwin on the Ballot—The Taxes on Knowledge—Anecdotes of the French Revolution—Tennyson's Poems—Flogging—The Extraordinary Black Book—Gorton's Topographical Dictionary—The State of the Country, and the Agricultural Labourer—Retrospect of Public Affairs—Maritime and Inland Discovery—Life and Travels of Ledyard—Advertisements in the *Tatler;* Dialogue with the Play-goers—The Correspondence of Sir John Sinclair, with Reminiscences of Distinguished Characters—Massenger's Plays—Residence in Normandy—Emancipation of the Jews (by William Hazlitt)—Sir Walter Scott *versus* Reform—Sketches of Venetian History—Sir Walter Scott's Sally against Reform—The Children and the Watch—The Romance of History; France—Sir Walter and his Wrong-Headedness—Dr. Lardner on Hydrostatics—Life and Writings of Fuseli—"The Pilot" and "Caleb Williams"—Bourrienne's Life of Napoleon—Reynolds's "A Playwright's Adventures"—An Autobiographical Hint, by Godwin—Marriage of the Earl of Harrington with Miss Foote—The Public Press—Arcana of Science and Art—Speech of M. D. Hill—Success of Periodicals—Life of Sir H. Davy—*The Edinburgh Review*—The Late Mr. Abernethy—Lives of Napoleon—Abernethy's Lectures—Inquiries of an Emigrant—Specimens of the Old Dramatists; Cyril Tourneur—The Do-Nothings and the Do-Muches—The Chimney-Sweepers—Paganini—Anonymous Criticism—The Last of the Materialists—The Jesuits—The Fagging System—A Walk from the Regent's Park to Finchley—Keightley's Mythology—Sheridan Knowles's "Alfred the Great"—The East Wind—English Politeness—*The Englishman's Magazine*—School of St. Simon—To the Readers of the *Tatler*—*The Quarterly Review*—Society as it is, and as it may be—Recollections of a Lecture of Coleridge's on Progressive Changes in English Prose Literature—Ditto, on Rabelais, Swift, Sterne, &c.—Slanderers "Worse than Housebreakers"—A Page from the "History of The Decline and Fall of the Ancient World"—The Rise and Progress of Scene-Painting in England—Greek Dramas for English Readers—"Surplus Population," a Comedy by W. Cobbett—Inglis's Switzerland and

South of France, &c.—Extraordinary Manifesto against the Bishops—"Atherton," a Novel—Missionaries in Tahiti—Mr. Moxon's Publications—The First French Revolution—The Royal Society of Literature—Montagu's Ornithological Dictionary—Trial of Mr. Carpenter—Light and Colours—Pestalozzian System of Education—Christian Missionaries in India—Shakespeare's Sonnets, and a New Anecdote of him—The Aldine Poets—Unitarian Biography—The Old English Stage—Proposed New Scriptural State of Society—The Study of Nature—Jeremy Taylor—Spines and Tight-Lacing—The Late King—Horticulture and Natural Philosophy—Paganini Events in Polish History—The Married Crusoe—Poland and Kosciusko—Surgeons and Physicians.

Volume 3rd, July 1 to December 31, 1831: Civil Law and Uncivil Universities—Mr. O'Meara *v.* M. de Bourrienne—New and Foolish History of Poland—The Bourbons and the "Good Old Times"—*Metropolitan Magazine;* Association for the Encouragement of Literature—The Distressed Irish—Errors and Anachronisms—Knowledge for the People—Querulous Poetry—The Tithe System; The Dissenters and the Church of England—The late Mr. Elliston—Lives of Celebrated Travellers—The Cholera Morbus—A Russian Novel—*The Westminster Review*—How the Streets of London ought to be Named—Blunders Perpetuated—England and France—An Englishman Resident in Abyssinia—The Danes and Normans—Royal Travellers—The Crisis in France—Matthew Green's Poems—Spaniards at Home—Gold and Silver—Lines Written on a Sudden Arrival of Fine Weather in May—English Composition—*The Englishman's Magazine*; Mr. Elliston; Mr. Huskisson; Modern Schools of Poetry—(in this article, Leigh Hunt, in answer to a writer in the *Magazine*, disclaims the charge of having set up a school of poetry, &c., "unless the inculcation of a love of all good things in prose and poetry, no matter from what classes or even parties they may come, may be called setting up a school. . . . He luckily thinks there are more schools than one,—more mansions in his father's house than the divinest,—or he should have been hopeless of being able to move a tear with a verse; which is the highest poetical triumph he can boast of. Generally speaking, he is something between poetry and prose, a compound of the love of wit and of nature; and if he should be fortunate enough to escape the charms of oblivion to another generation, it will be upon the strength of that anomaly, and of his passionate desire to see a greater enjoyment of the good things before them diffused among mankind.")—Mr. Heaton's Answer to Mr. Beverley—Travels Post-haste—On the Writings and Character of Godwin (three papers, by a correspondent)—Moore's Life and Death of Lord Edward Fitzgerald—Gardening and Botany—Church and State; Crisis in Europe—Mr. Beverley's Second Fierce Attack on the Church—Nobility; Good Old Times; History of Chavagnac—The French Court and Noblesse, and their "Good Old Times"—A Grand Dessert—Modern Women—Further Remarks on the Writings and Character of Godwin (four papers)—Our Change of Price—Our Success—An English Traveller in America—Of Those Who Ought to Read Us—Testimony Extraordinary in Behalf of the *Tatler*—An Absurd Book; Misguided Young Travellers—Manners and Customs in Holland; Marvellous Machine—Statue of Mr. Pitt (two papers)—New London Bridge—English Music (five papers)—The Philosophy of Physic—Portraits of M. P.'s—More of Jenny Cameron, Mistress of the Last Pretender—A Political Handkerchief—Garrick and his Correspondence (four papers)—Lavalette's Memoirs; Interesting Circumstances connected with the First French Revolution—The Late Miss Taylor—Sir Isaac Newton—Desultory Thoughts—Scenes in Scotland; Sir W. Scott's Home—The Abbey Lands—What Will the Lords Do?—The Ashantee War—Smollett and Mr. Cruickshank—Cobbett's Spelling Book—French Homonymes—Poland and Mr. Campbell—"Junius Redivivus" on the *Tatler* and its merits—Presence of Mind in a Servant; Negro Slavery—Presentiments and Physiognomy—Mr. Cobbett—Organised Beings—The Holy Land—Savage Europeans and Civilised Savages—Insect Communities—Lives of Celebrated Travellers—Leicestershire—Family Conversations—Manx Traditions of Fairies—A Visit to Snowdon—Brougham's Speech—The Preservation of Health—Venezuela—Clerical Education—The "Winter's Wreath"—Tales by Various Writers—Cooper's "Bravo"—Health, as Affected by Trades, &c.—Memorable Passages from the "Extraordinary Black Book"—Four-Footed Heroes—The Lakes—Indian Tribes—The Editor to his Readers—Lucretia, a Dramatic Sketch, by Francis Edgworth—Peregrine Pickle—Beethoven—Extraordinary History of a Female Poisoner (two papers)—The Cholera Morbus—Great Increase of Books—"Frankenstein" and the "Ghost Seer"—Mrs. Shelley's Account of the Origin of "Frankenstein"—"A Tale of Tucuman"—To our Correspondent "Junius Redivivus"—Tour of a German Prince (twelve papers)—The "Burking System:" Its Causes and Cure—The French and English at Boulogne—Digestibility of Food—Perplexi-

ties in the Condition of Females—The Swords of Damascus—Philosophy of Digestion; Bolters *v.* Masticators (two papers)—The Annuals—Destruction of Pompeii—"Householders in Danger"—Circumnavigators—English and Foreign Maid-Servants and Mistresses—Fielding and "Tom Jones"—Brown, the American Novelist—Question of Dissection—Defoe's History of the Plague—Death of a Bad Father and Miser—Hogarth—The Domestic Chemist—A Disappointed Dramatist—The Burking System—A Word for Old Bachelors—Progress of the Morality of Usefulness—American Stories—Mr. Wakefield on the Mystery of "Swing"—Frederick the Second (four papers)—Old Bachelors, &c.—Ladies' Hats—New Feature in the *Tatler*—Hampden—The Pantomimes—French Memoirs—Junot and the Buonaparte Family (four papers)—Bonnets in the American Theatres—Sheridan Knowles's Lectures on the Drama.

Volume 4th, January 2 to March 31, 1832: The Musical Drama—The Rights of Morality—Bulwer's "Eugene Aram"—Mr. Abernethy, Mr. Northcote, and the King—Porcelain and Glass—Theatrical Monopoly—Lives of Travellers—The North of Europe—Utility of Beauty, &c.—How to Dress Happily—Joseph Andrews—Times of Charles the Second; Sir Ralph Esher (three papers)—The Ignorant Instructed—The Study of Political Economy Made Pleasant—Dinner in Honour of Burns and the Ettrick Shepherd—*Quarterly Review;* Progress of Misgovernment—Poverty Annihilated—Wieland and Madame de Stael—Birth-Days—Tea and Coffee—The First of the Month—Italian Republics—The Mussulmans of India—S. Knowles's Lectures on the Drama—Tea—The Prose Works of Southey—Memoir of Munden.

The Editor's Farewell to the Readers of the *Tatler* appeared on February 13, 1832, from which the following is extracted:—"I write this address with great unwillingness, and would fain put off the disagreeable moment of parting; for it is not pleasant to quit for ever even a room in which one has been accustomed to meet one's friends, especially if it has been of our own building, and we thought to have passed many happy hours in it, and given them many jovial meetings. The experience of pain, if it has been for a good purpose, does but add to the endearment and regret; and pain as well as pleasure has bound my feelings to this paper. I commenced it in ill health, and quit it in worse. It was the necessity of going to the theatre, night after night, and of writing the criticisms before I went to bed, that broke me down; to say nothing of other anxieties which are apt to accompany most men of letters, who live by their pen. But I believe the paper has done one good for me. It has enabled me to show (what indeed the events of the world have enabled every reformer to show with more advantage than he could have done otherwise) that a life accustomed to hostility in politics does not prevent a man from having a habit of mind inclining to peace and goodwill; and I have reason to think that no kind of hostility will be the worse or less generous for anything the *Tatler* may have done towards it. I may also venture to affirm, that the three volumes, hitherto produced, contain a fund of cheerful wisdom, collected from all quarters, and a hearty recommendation of it, calculated to darken nobody's shelves, but to put a bit of day-light into them, and to strengthen the belief in what is good, endurable, or to be altered. As such, and by way of a parting piece of tattle with its subscribers, I do confess, that I shall put a copy of the three said volumes into as handsome and cheerful a binding as I can, and plant them in a corner of my own book-case, in order to call to mind how much the reader and I were at ease together, and what pleasant things a good intention helps one to forward in the midst of pain; and I may be allowed to say this with the less immodesty, inasmuch as the far greater part of the contents are not my own, and it will be the only work with my name to it that I ever put in the like place.

"I thought to have indulged myself, on the present occasion, in a long chat with the reader; but the indulgences of leave-taking are, the best of them, of a doubtful pleasure; and the same ill health, which has more than once made me stop short in similar undertakings, and forced me upon others of a less exacting description, compels me to economise what repose I can get, even if it be for a day. . . .

"Once more, then, farewell, if farewell it must be. It is the ugliest word, made up of the pleasantest syllables, that ever was invented; and the less it is acted upon the better. At all events, those who do not like to part with an old acquaintance, even for the habit's sake, and who have got accustomed to the tone of certain articles in this paper, may not be unwilling to hear, that they may perhaps find something to remind them of it, in the pages of a new weekly journal, called the *Plain Dealer*.*—Your old friend and companion,

"LEIGH HUNT."

* No trace of *The Plain Dealer* can be found in the British Museum Library. It is therefore probable that Mr. Hunt never carried out his intention of publishing it.

The *Tatler* was continued daily until March 31, 1832. It then became a tri-weekly publication of eight pages, in quarto form. This continued for thirty-eight numbers. Four pages only were given from the 31st to 48th number. On Saturday, July 28, it was again changed—becoming a weekly (3d.) periodical of sixteen pages quarto. An announcement appears in the 59th number (October 6, 1832) that the next number, to be published in a fortnight, will contain an index to the volume, and the conclusion of the book itself. The compiler's copy does not contain this number.

The two principal contributors to the *Tatler*, after Mr. Hunt resigned the editorship, appear to have been M. L. G. (Mrs. Leman Grimston) and "Junius Redivivus." The same features which distinguished it up to the 13th February, 1832, were continued to the end. viz.—Reviews of New Books, Letters, Poems, Extracts, Theatrical Notices, the Play Bills, &c. On March 5, 1832, was commenced an original novel, called "Margaret, or the Daughter's Trial."

It was stated to be written by a young girl brought up in retirement until nearly her twentieth year, and then suddenly introduced into the scenes she describes. The novel is in the form of a series of letters, written during a tour through France, England, Germany, Flanders, &c. Events more intimately connected with the heroine's own history are related in the middle and latter parts of the series. The last letter (No. 43) appears in the number dated September 29, 1832. There is also a series of papers (nine) entitled "Lady M.'s Pony Phaeton"—a gossiping account of a drive in the West of England.

Those who take an interest in the cheap periodical literature of the time (1832) will find, in the 5th vol., several letters on the subject, giving titles and descriptions of the publications then appearing.]

Christianism: or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled; being Exercises and Meditations. "Mercy and Truth have met together; Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." Not for sale: only seventy-five copies printed. 1832.

[Contents: For a Family Assembled—Another—Another. during a Time of Trouble—On Awaking in the Morning—Summary of Daily Duties—On Going to Sleep—Another—For a Case of Conscience—In Sorrow—Addition to the Foregoing, in Case of the Loss of any One that is Dear to us—Of our Duties to Others—Another, being on the Duties commonly called Public—Another, regarding our Duties to Posterity—Of our Duties towards Children—Another, concerning our Duties to Ourselves and Posterity—Another, on the same Subject—Of Pain and Trouble—Another, on the same Subject—Of Endeavour in the Great Work of Improvement—Of Pain as the Result of Vice—Against Excess in Pleasure—Of Knowledge and Goodness Against Pride in Virtue—Of Worldliness and Unworldliness—Of the Great Benefactors of the World—In Sickness—In Sickness that may be Mortal—Of Spirits, and the Invisible World—Against Superstition and Intolerance—Of a Life Sophisticate, and a Life Natural—An Aspiration concerning the Divine Being—Answers for the Holders of these Opinions.

"The reader will permit a short explanation of the circumstances under which this volume comes into his hands. It consists of a set of aspirations, or thoughts and feelings, connected with the best hopes of man, both regarding this world and the next, written by Mr. Leigh Hunt while in Italy, and at a very trying period of his life. The manuscript having been communicated to the present writer by the kindness of the author (of whose friendship, as a source of profit and delight, he wishes this were the fitting time to speak), it appeared to him so very eloquent an exposition of a pure morality, so full of enthusiasm and a deep perception of the beautiful and good, as to be well calculated, with those who have no settled religious opinions, to make them, at least, *wish* to have some: and indeed to raise and give a new zest to religious feeling with all who have not been sufficiently used to cultivate it. But with these latter considerations the editor has here nothing to do. His object in undertaking the present duty, was of a nature more personal and private. An opportunity seemed to present itself, in printing the manuscript for private circulation *among men of letters*, of showing the real state of Mr. Leigh Hunt's opinions upon a point on which he has been greatly misconceived, and of doing so without the chance of offending any. The editor felt that, if this could be effected, certain erroneous feelings might pass away from the minds of those whose good opinion is worth the having; and even that advantages might result to the general world of letters, beyond what he immediately contemplates. With this object he applied to Mr. Leigh Hunt for

permission to print the "Christianism" for *private circulation*. To this a ready and kind assent was given, in a letter which is subjoined as an introduction to the meditations. The reader has thus before him the circumstances under which the volume claims his attention. It does not come to encroach on his right of private judgment, but, on the contrary, to enable him to exercise it in the best manner, and from real premises. The work abounds with reverence for things the most revered by others, and only aims at a more comprehensive notion of what the best of us desire;—cherishing every considerate, exalting, and endearing sense of duty,—

'Overpowering strength
By weakness, and hostility by love,'

and presenting religion in a spirit, which can surely give no offence to any well constituted mind, seeing that it manifests so much love to all."—*Editor's Preface.*

"To begin the day with an avowed sense of duty, and a mutual cheerfulness of endeavour, is at least an earnest of its being gone through with the better. The dry sense of duty, or even of kindness, if rarely accompanied with a tender expression of it, is but a formal and dumb virtue, compared with a livelier sympathy: and it misses part of its object, for it contributes so much the less to happiness. Affection loves to hear the voice of affection. Love wishes to be told that it is beloved. It is humble enough to seek in the reward of that acknowledgment, the certainty of having done its duty. In the pages before you, there is as much as possible of this mutual strengthening of benevolence, and as little of religious dogmatism. They were written in a spirit of sincerity, which would not allow a different proceeding. . . . Some virtues which have been thought of little comparative moment, such as those which tend to keep the body in health, and the mind in good temper, are impressed upon the aspirant as religious duties. What virtues can be of greater consequence than those which regulate the colour of the whole ground of life, and effect the greatest purposes of all virtue, and all benevolence? Much is made, accordingly, not only of the bodily duties, but of the very duty of cheerfulness, and of setting a cheerful example. In a word, the whole object is to encourage everybody to be, and to make, happy; to look generously, nevertheless, on such pains, as well as pleasures, as are necessary for this purpose; to seek, as much as possible, and much more than is common, their own pleasures through the medium of those of others; to co-operate *with* heaven, instead of thinking it has made us only to mourn and be resigned; to unite in the great work of extending knowledge and education; to cultivate a reasonable industry, and an equally reasonable enjoyment; not to think gloomily of this world, because we hope for a better; nor to cease to hope for a better, because we may be able to commence our heaven in this. That the aspirations, or something resembling them, may ultimately, my dear . . . be not without their utility to the advancement of the common good, and acquire much more grace and recommendation from others than it is in my power to give them, is the ferventest wish I ever had connected with anything of my own."—*Introductory Letter, signed, Leigh Hunt. Dec.* 20, 1831.

"In closing this article, I would also, with this wish, express another; and that is, that he would some time publish that small but most beautiful manual of domestic devotion, called by him 'Christianism,' and printed only for private circulation some years ago. The object of this little work seems to be, to give to such as had not full faith in Christianity an idea of what is excellent in it, and by which they might be benefited and comforted, even though they could not attain full belief in its authenticity. The spirit and the style of it are equally beautiful."—*William Howitt: Homes and Haunts of the most Eminent British Poets.* "*Leigh Hunt.*"

The above work was published in an enlarged form in 1853, under the title "The Religion of the Heart."]

Sir Ralph Esher; or, Memoirs of a Gentleman of the Court of Charles the Second, including those of his Friend, Sir Philip Herne. 3 *vols.*, 1832; *2nd Edition*, 1836; *3rd Edition, with Dedication to Lord John Russell*, 1850.

["The work originated in a design which the author had contemplated of writing a book entitled 'The Wits of the Age of Charles the Second.' He had indeed set about executing the design, but found such a deplorable failure of materials—the gentry who figured under that title having been, for the most part, per-

sons not producible in good company, even on the score of the wit they boasted—that the intention became changed into the present work; in which, while it is hoped that the animal spirits of those times are not absent, and divers of the scape-graces are to be found, an attempt has been made to pourtray the good-heartedness that was still beating in the bosoms of some of their associates, and the wisdom which a more serious and suffering nurture had produced in some of their friends, notwithstanding the pangs caused it by the mistakes both of levity and bigotry."—*From Advertisement to the "Reader," in 3rd edition*, 1850.

"'Sir Ralph Esher' was a fictitious autobiography. The opening of the court scenes were suggested by the locality of Epsom, to which place we had removed. Those who are not acquainted with the work, may be told that it is the fictitious autobiography of a gentleman of the court of Charles the Second, including the adventures of another, and notices of Cromwell, the Puritans, and the Catholics. It was given to the world anonymously, and notwithstanding my wishes to the contrary, as a novel; but the publisher pleaded hard for the desirableness of so doing; and as he was a good-natured man, and had liberally enabled me to come from Italy, I could not say nay. It is not destitute of adventure; and I took a world of pains to make it true to the times which it pictured; but whatever interest it may possess is so entirely owing, I conceive, to a certain reflecting exhibition of character, and to facsimile imitations of the courts of Charles and Cromwell, that I can never present it to my mind in any other light than that of a veritable set of memoirs.

"The reader may judge of the circumstances under which authors sometimes write, when I tell him that the publisher had entered into no regular agreement respecting this work; that he could decline receiving any more of it whenever it might please him to do so; that I had nothing else at the time to depend on for my family; that I was in very bad health, never writing a page that did not put my nerves into a state of excessive sensibility, starting at every sound; and that whenever I sent the copy up to London for payment, which I did every Saturday, I always expected, till I got a good way into the work, that he would send me word he had had enough. I waxed and waned in spirits accordingly, as the weeks opened and terminated; now being as full of them as my hero Sir Ralph, and now as much otherwise as his friend Sir Philip Herne; and these two extremes of mirth and melancholy, and the analogous thoughts which they fed, made a strange kind of harmony with the characters themselves; which characters, by the way, were wholly fictitious, and probably suggested by the circumstance. Merry or melancholy, my nerves equally suffered by the tensity occasioned them in composition. I could never (and I seldom ever could, or can) write a few hundred words without a certain degree of emotion, which in a little while suspends the breath, then produces a flushing in the face, and, if persevered in, makes me wake up, when I have finished, in a sort of surprise at the objects around me, and a necessity of composing myself by patience and exercise. When the health is at its worst, a dread is thus apt to be produced at the idea of recommencing; and work is delayed, only to aggravate the result. I have often tried, and sometimes been forced to write only a very little while at a time, and so escape the accumulation of excitement; but it is very difficult to do this; for you forget the intention in the excitement itself; and when you call it to mind, you continue writing, in the hope of concluding the task for the day. A few months ago, when I had occasion to look at 'Sir Ralph Esher' again, after some lapse of time, I was not a little pleased to find how glibly and at their ease the words appeared to run on, as though I had suffered no more in writing it than Sir Ralph himself. But thus it is with authors who are in earnest. The propriety of what they are saying becomes a matter of as much nervous interest to them, as any other exciting cause; and I believe, that if a writer of this kind were summoned away from his work to be taken to the scaffold, he would not willingly leave his last sentence in erroneous condition."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 372.

"The writer has relied less on the merit of well-connected story than on his skill in displaying the characters, and tastes, and manners of the days of the Commonwealth and the King; and assuredly he has given us a very clear and life-like picture of the chief actors and acts in the great drama of those stirring times. Historians, and writers of diaries, and composers of romances, all unite in picturing forth the wit and the worthlessness—the want of all noble aims and lofty emotions—of the Court of Charles, and at the same time furnish a contrast in the pure, and wise, and martial court of the usurper, Cromwell; but we have never had anyone, till now, to give us the choice gossip of the Rochesters, and Buckinghams, and Nell Gwynnes, and Lady Castlemains, and Miss

Stewarts, of the days of Charles the Profligate. It is not in the skill of delineating human character alone that these volumes are attractive; there is much knowledge in arts and affairs—an insight into the motives of men, and of women too—a tone of fine dramatic feeling—a deep sympathy with female innocence and true love—and, more than all, an air of truth and candour, with an inimitable knack at gossiping, which cannot fail to give the work a currency in circles where the charms of easy and graceful conversation are prized. . . . Of the gentle and moving scenes of this work we have given no specimens, though we had marked some of great beauty; we allude particularly to the love of the poor Londoner, Smith, for Nell Gwynne, which cost her some tears; to the inimitable full-length picture of the Citizen of London, who for twenty days kept his house in the same state in which it stood when his bride died on the bridal morn; and to the scene during the plague, where the young merchant recovers through the confiding affection and care of the lady whom he loved. We have seldom read anything which has touched us more than these simple and lively passages."—*Athenæum.* 1832, *p.* 25.

"By what affection led, we know not, certainly by no love of their odious tyranny or detestable vices, Mr. Leigh Hunt has been moved to illustrate the times of Charles II., by three volumes of supposed memoir. The author has been long known as a writer of distinguished talents and peculiar powers, but it remained to be seen what might be his fortune in a work of prose fiction, the test to which all the men of genius of the day seem anxious to apply to their respective capacities. In 'Sir Ralph Esher' the author has, as in his former writings, done more to prove the richness of his fancy, and the frequent felicity of his thoughts by brilliant escapes of genius, which every now and then sparkle and effervesce on the surface of his composition, than by any general views in the work, taken as a whole. Whether from some surfeit we have had of the age and persons he has selected for painting, or from some peculiarity in his mode of viewing them, we have derived but little pleasure from the main drift of his story; but there are few books which can boast more various beauties of detail, more exquisite little morsels of writing, than 'Sir Ralph Esher.' . . . Some of his portraits are really fine pieces of art, such, for instance, as that of Lady Castlemaine. . . . But a portion of these volumes which has pleased us most, is the account of the early readings of the hero: his passion for the colossal romances of the day, and the charming way in which he is described as mixing them up with his own feelings, and applying the incidental characters to his own case, to say nothing of much shrewd and pleasant observation on the subject in general."—*Examiner*, 1832, *p.* 19.

"His 'Sir Ralph Esher,' a novel of Charles II.'s time, is a work which is full of thought and fine painting of men and nature."—*William Howitt: "Homes and Haunts of the most eminent British Poets." Leigh Hunt.*]

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. 1832.

[The preface extends to 58 and the poems to 361 pages.

The motto is from Ariosto:

> "A bough, thin hung with leaves, is all my tree;
> And I look forth, 'twixt hope and fear, to see
> Whether the Winter starve or spare it me."

The contents of the volume are; The Story of Rimini—The Gentle Armour—Hero and Leander—The Feast of the Poets. Miscellaneous Pieces, viz.: Mahmoud—Lines Written in May—Alter et Idem—Power and Gentleness—The Panther—To T. L. H.—To J. H.—The Nun—Ariadne Waking—On Pomfret's "Choice"—A House and Grounds—A Picture of Naiads—The Dryads—The Ephydriads—The Cloud. Sonnets, viz.: To Thomas Barnes, Esq.—To the Grasshopper and the Cricket—To Kosciusko—To Stothard—A Thought on The Nile—To ——, M.D. (Southwood Smith?)—On a Lock of Milton's Hair. Translations, viz.: Theocritus; The Infant Hercules and the Serpents—Catullus; Catullus's Return Home—Ovid; The Story of Cyllarus and Hylonome—Martial; Epitaph on Erotion—Walter de Mapes; The Jovial Priest's Confession—From the old English Drama of "Amyntas;" Song of Fairies Robbing an Orchard—Milton; Plato's Archetypal Man—Petrarch; Contemplations of Death in the Bower of Laura—Andrea de Basso; Ode to a Dead Body—Ariosto; The Lover's Prison—Tasso: Ode to the Golden Age—Redi; Bacchus in Tuscany—D'Herbelot: A Blessed Spot—Clement Marot:

On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret; Court Love-Lesson—Destouches; Epitaph on an Englishman—De Boufflers; Love and War, Love and Reason—Anonymous; The Essence of Opera—Boileau; Elves on a Monastery; The Old Kings of France; The Battle of the Books.

"In a year or two after the cessation of the *Tatler* [*i. e.* in 1833],* my collected verses were published by subscription; and as a reaction by this time had taken place in favour of political and other progress, and the honest portion of its opponents had not been unwilling to discover the honesty of those with whom they differed, a very handsome list of subscribers appeared in the *Times* newspaper, comprising names of all shades of opinion, some of my sharpest personal antagonists not excepted. In this edition of my 'Poetical Works' is to be found the only printed copy of a poem, the title of which ('The Gentle Armour') has been a puzzle for guessers. It originated in curious notions of delicacy. The poem is founded on one of the French *fabliaux*, 'Les Trois Chevaliers et la Chemise.' It is the story of a knight, who, to free himself from the imputation of cowardice, fights against three other knights in no stouter armour than a lady's garment thus indicated. The late Mr. Way, who first introduced the story to the British public, and who was as respectable and conventional a gentleman, I believe, in every point of view, as could be desired, had no hesitation, some years ago, in rendering the French title of the poem by its (then) corresponding English words, 'The Three Knights and the Smock;' but so rapid are the changes that take place in people's notions of what is decorous, that not only has the word 'smock,' (of which it was impossible to see the indelicacy, till people were determined to find it) been displaced since that time by the word 'shift;' but even that harmless expression for the act of changing one garment for another, has been set aside in favour of the French word, 'chemise;' and at length not even this word, it seems, is to be mentioned, nor the garment itself alluded to, by any decent writer! Such, at least, appears to have been the dictum of some customer, or customers, of the bookseller who published the poem. The title was altered to please these gentlemen; and in a subsequent edition of the works, the poem itself was withdrawn from their virgin eyes.

"The terrible original title was the 'Battle of the Shift;' and a more truly delicate story, I will venture to affirm, never was written. Charles Lamb thought the new title unworthy of its refinement, 'because it seemed ashamed of the right one.' He preferred the honest old word. But this was the author of 'Rosamond Gray.'"—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 375

"Those who have never read Mr. Hunt's poetry, we beseech, for their own sakes, now to read it. How many false impressions, conveyed by reviewers, of its peculiar characteristics, will be dispelled by one unprejudiced perusal! To those who *have* read it, we can only hold forth our own example. Attached, when we first chanced on his poems years ago, to other models, and imbued, perhaps, by the critical canons then in vogue, we were blind to many of the peculiar beauties that now strike upon our judgment. At certain times there are certain fashions in literature that bias alike reader and reviewer; and not to be in the fashion is not to be admired. But these—the conventional and temporary laws—pass away, and leave us at last only open to the permanent laws of Nature and of Truth. The taste of one age often wrongs us, but the judgment of the next age corrects the verdict. Something in the atmosphere dulls for a day the electricity between the true poet and the universal ear; but the appeal is recognised at last! . . .

"You may apply to the colouring of his genius the sweet and most musical lines with which he has described a summer's evening.

> 'Warm, but not dim, a glow is in the air,
> The softened breeze comes smoothing here and there;
> And every tree, in passing, one by one,
> Gleams out with twinkles of the golden Sun.'

"In the poem of 'Hero and Leander' we seem to recognise Dryden himself,—but Dryden with a sentiment, a delicacy, not his own. It is in the heroic metre that the mechanical art of our poet is chiefly visible. He comprehends its music entirely: he gives to it its natural and healthful vigour; and the note of his manly rhyme rings on the ear—

> 'Loud as a trumpet with a silver sound.'

* There must be a mistake here. Mr. Hunt's farewell to the readers of *The Tatler* appeared on the 13th February, 1832, and the title-page of the "Poetical Works" is dated 1832.

His use of the triplet, if frequent, is almost always singularly felicitous. Let us take the following lines in the 'Hero and Leander' as an example:—

> 'Meantime the sun had sunk; the hilly mark
> Across the straits mixed with the mightier dark,
> And night came on. All noises by degrees
> Were hushed,—the fisher's call, the birds, the trees;
> *All but the washing of the eternal seas.*'

"His power of uniting, in one line simplicity and force is very remarkable, as in the following:—

> 'Hero looked out, and, trembling, augured ill,
> *The Darkness held its breath so very still.*'

And in the strong homeliness of the image below,—

> 'So might they now have lived, and so have died:
> *The story's heart to me still beats against its side.*'

"The volume before us contains some translations, which are not easily rivalled in the language. The tone of the original is transfused into the verse even more than the thought is; and the poems, which, while original in themselves, emulate the Greek spirit of verse (such as the Ephydriads) are bathed in all the lustrous and classic beauty that cling to the most lovely and the most neglected of the Mythological creations. Nor are the domestic and household feelings less beautifully painted than the graceful and starred images of remote antiquity. . . .

"From the poems that enrich this volume we go back to its preface—an elaborate and skilful composition, full of beauties of expression, and opening a thousand original views into the science of criticism. We recommend it as a work to be studied by all who write, and all who (a humbler, yet more laborious task) have to judge of verse. In criticism, indeed, few living writers have equalled those subtle and delicate compositions which have appeared in the *Indicator*, the *Tatler*, and the earlier pages of the *Examiner*. And, above all, none have excelled the poet now before our own critical bar in the kindly sympathies with which, in judging of others, he has softened down the asperities, and resisted the caprices, common to the exercise of power. In him the young poet has ever found a generous encourager no less than a faithful guide. None of the jealousy or the rancour ascribed to literary men, and almost natural to such literary men as the world has wronged, have gained access to his true heart, or embittered his generous sympathies. Struggling against no light misfortunes, and no common foes, he has not helped to retaliate upon rising authors the difficulty and the depreciation which have burdened his own career: he has kept, undimmed and unbroken, through all reverses, that first requisite of a good critic—a good heart."—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1833. *Article: "Leigh Hunt's Poetry," by E. L. Bulwer.*]

The "True Sun" Daily Review; a Series of Critical Notices of New Books, Magazines, &c. Commencing 16th August, and ending 26th December, 1833.

["I received an invitation to write in the new evening paper called the *True Sun*. I did so; but nothing of what I wrote has survived, I believe; nor can I meet with the paper anywhere, to ascertain. Perhaps an essay or two originated in its pages, to which I cannot trace it. I was obliged for some time to be carried every morning to the *True Sun* office in a hackney-coach. I there became intimate with Laman Blanchard, whose death [about ten years back] was such a grief and astonishment to his friends. They had associated anything but such end with his witty, joyous, loving, and beloved nature. But the watch was overwound, and it ran suddenly down. What bright eyes he had! and what a kindly smile! How happy he looked when he thought you were happy; or when he was admiring somebody; or relating some happy story!"—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 376.

The above have never been reprinted. The compiler of this list cut them from the *True Sun*, from day to day, as they appeared, and has had them bound up in a couple of volumes, forming altogether above 400 pages. The following is the original announcement of the articles:—

"We are proud to call the attention of our readers to the article in to-day's paper, headed '*The True Sun Daily Review.*' We know that they will—be they readers of what class they may, be their tastes as various as their faces—rejoice with us in the reappearance in our columns of that old familiar *indicative*

'hand,' which has dispensed so many pleasures among mankind, dug up so many fine truths for them, and fought so many patriotic battles—unprofitably, save to the world. We may claim to be pardoned for saying this, and for being proud of the friendly and active alliance of such a hand."—*The Daily True Sun. August*, 1833.

The following are the subjects of some of the criticisms:—Mrs. Jordan—Old Bailey Experience—Cruickshank—Drummond of Hawthornden—Thomas Paine—Major's Gallery of Pictures—Howitt's "Priestcraft"—The Sabbath—Health—Tales from Chaucer—America—Illustrations of Scott—The Magazines—Fox's Repository—Christopher North on the Greek Anthology—Tait's and Johnstone's Magazines—Hartley Coleridge's Lives of Northern Worthies—Sir J. Herschel's Address to the Windsor and Eton Library—National Education—Galt's Poems—Keightley's Popular Fictions—Mudie on Birds—Burns—D'Israeli's "Curiosities of Literature"—The Glove Trade—The Frolics of Puck—Archery—Purcell—Teaching Spelling—Cowden Clarke's "Adam the Gardener," and Howitt's "Book of the Seasons"—Grant Thornburn—"The Coquette"—Dolby's "Literary Cyclopædia"—Rogers's Poems—Galt's Autobiography—Cooper the Novelist—Spectacle-ana—The Duchess of Berri—Paul de Kock's "The Modern Cymon"—Trees—Christopher North on the Greek Poets—Tour in Greece—"Moments of Idleness"—"Hampden in the 19th Century"—"Tom Cringle's Log"—Retzsch—Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame"—Parnell and Pomfret—Marshal Ney—Rammohun Roy—Richard Carlile on Insanity—Arabia—Miss Landon—The Jew's Harp—The "Amulet"—The Oriental Annual—Modern Wines—Pronunciation of Classic Names—The Laws of Population, Mortality, &c.]

The Indicator, and The Companion; A Miscellany for the Fields and the Fire-side. 2 Vols. 1834.

[The following is the Introduction, which explains the nature of this selection from the original *Indicator* and *Companion*.

"The *Indicator*, a series of papers originally published in weekly numbers, having been long out of print, and repeated calls having been made for it among the booksellers, the author has here made a selection, comprising the greater portion of the articles, and omitting such only as he unwillingly put forth in the hurry of periodical publication, or as seemed otherwise unsuited for present publication, either by the nature of their disquisitions, or from containing commendatory criticisms now rendered superfluous by the reputation of the works criticised.

"The *Companion*, a subsequent publication of the same sort, has been treated in the like manner.

"The author has little further to say, by way of advertisement to these volumes, except that both the works were written with the same view of inculcating a love of nature and imagination, and of furnishing a sample of the enjoyment which they afford; and he cannot give a better proof of that enjoyment, as far as he was capable of it, than by stating, that both were written during times of great trouble with him, and both helped him to see much of that fair play between his own anxieties and his natural cheerfulness, of which an indestructible belief in the good and the beautiful has rendered him perhaps not undeserving.

"London, December 6, 1833."

"This is a selection from the delightful papers in the *Indicator* and the *Companion*. No writer has a finer perception of the beautiful than Leigh Hunt, and he makes us see old things with new and loving eyes. No subject is barren under his hands; he

> 'Finds tongues in trees, books in running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in everything.'

And we may go on, happy is he

> 'That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
> Into so quiet and so sweet a style.'

No falling off can be traced in Mr. Leigh Hunt's writing; on the contrary, his genius mellows with age; and the *Companion* is, to our tastes, superior to its predecessor, the *Indicator*. Perhaps the reason of this preference is, that the latter contains some pieces of humour which we highly relish, such as the paper on Pantomimes (to which we owe our first lights on that grateful subject), and the essay 'On the delicacies of Pig Driving,' which is a thing not to be surpassed in respect of the understanding and the handling of the subject."—*Examiner, January* 12, 1834.

Leigh Hunt's London Journal. To Assist the Inquiring, Animate the Struggling, and Sympathise with All. 2 *vols. folio. April* 2, 1834, *to December* 26, 1835.

["The *London Journal* was a miscellany of essays, criticism, and passages from books. Towards the close it was joined by the 'Printing Machine,' but the note which it had struck was of too æsthetical a nature for cheap readers in those days: and [in 1836], after attaining the size of a goodly folio double volume it terminated. I have since had the pleasure of seeing the major part of the essays renew their life, and become accepted by the public, in a companion volume to the 'Indicator,' entitled the 'Seer.' But the reputation, as usual, was too late for the profit. Neither the 'Seer' nor the 'Indicator' are mine. The 'Seer' does not mean a prophet, or one gifted with second sight, but an observer of ordinary things about him, gifted by his admiration of nature with the power of discerning what everybody else may discern by a cultivation of the like secret of satisfaction. I have been also pleased to see that the *London Journal* maintains a good, steady price with my old friends, the bookstalls. It is in request, I understand, as a book for sea-voyages; and assuredly its large, triple-columned, eight hundred pages, full of cheerful ethics, of reviews, anecdotes, legends, table-talk, and romances of real life, make a reasonable sort of library for a voyage, and must look pleasant enough, lying among the bulky things upon deck. . . .

"Among the contributors to the *London Journal* was a young friend, who, had he lived, would have been a very distinguished man. I allude to Egerton Webbe, a name well-known in private circles of wit and scholarship. He was a wit of the first water, a scholar writing elegant Latin verse, a writer of the best English style, having philological reason for every word he uttered—a reasoner, a humorist, a politician, a cosmopolite, a good friend, brother, and son; and to add a new variety to all this, he inherited from his grandfather, the celebrated glee-composer, a genius for musical composition, which in his person took a higher and wider range, being equally adapted for pathos and comedy. He wrote a most humorous farce, both words and music; and he was the author of a strain of instrumental music in the funeral scene of the 'Legend of Florence,' which was taken by accomplished ears for a dirge of some Italian master. Unfortunately, like Beethoven, he was deaf; but so delightful was his conversation, that I was glad to strain my voice for it the whole evening to such an extent, that, on his departure, my head would run round with dizziness, and I could not go to sleep. Had he lived, he would have enriched a family too good and trusting for the ordinary course of the world. He died: and their hopes and their elder lives went with him, till they all meet somewhere again. Dear Egerton Webbe! How astonished was Edward Holmes, the best musical critic which this nation has produced, to see him come into his house with his young and blooming face, after reading essays and metaphysics, which he took for those of some accomplished old gentleman!"—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 381.

The following is the Address in the first number:—"The object of this publication, which is devoted entirely to subjects of miscellaneous interest, unconnected with politics, is to supply the lovers of knowledge with an *English* Weekly Paper, similar in point of size and variety, to *Chambers's Edinburgh Journal*, but with a character a little more southern and literary. The acuteness and industry of the writers of the *Edinburgh Journal* are understood to have obtained a very large demand for their work: the illustrated information of the *Penny Magazine*, with its admirable wood-cuts, has obtained for it one still more stupendous; and though we may not be able to compete with either of these phenomena, and, indeed, are prepared to be content with a sale of reasonable enormity, yet there still remain gaps in the supplies of public intellect, which its consumers would willingly see filled up; and one of these we propose to accommodate. It may briefly be described as consisting in a want of something more connected with *the ornamental part of utility*,—with the art of extracting pleasurable ideas from the commonest objects, and the participations of a scholarly experience. In the metropolis there are thousands of improving and enquiring minds, capable of all the elegancies of intellectual enjoyment, who, for want of educations worthy of them, are deprived of a world of pleasures, in which they might have instructed others. We hope to be read by these. In every country town there is always a knot of spirits of this kind, generally young men, who are known, above others, for their love of books, for the liberality of their sentiments, and their desire to be acquainted with all that is going forward in connection with the graces of poetry and the

fine arts. We hope to have *these* for our readers. Finally, almost every village has its cottagers of a similar tendency, who, notwithstanding their inferior opportunities, have caught from stray pieces of poetry and fiction, a sense of what their nature requires, in order to elevate its enjoyments or to console its struggles; and we trust we shall become the friends of these. In a word, (without meaning to disparage our excellent contemporaries, whose plans are of another sort, and have been most triumphantly borne out by success,) as the *Edinburgh Journal* gives the world the benefit of its knowledge of business, and the *Penny Magazine* that of its authorities and its pictures, so the *London Journal* proposes to furnish ingenuous minds of all classes, with such helps as it possesses towards a share in the pleasures of taste and scholarship. For, to leave no class unspecified, it is not without the hope of obtaining the good-will of the highest of the well-educated, who love the very talk on such subjects, as they do that of a loving friend, apart from any want of his information, and who have been rendered too wise by their knowledge not to wish well to speculations which tend to do justice to all men, and to accompany the 'March of Intellect' with the music of kind thoughts.

"It is proposed, as the general plan of the Journal, but not without the power of change or modification, as circumstances may suggest, that it should consist of one original paper or essay every week, from the pen of the editor; of matter combining entertainment with information, selected by him in the course of his reading, both old and new; of a weekly abstract of some popular or otherwise interesting book, the spirit of which will be given *entire*, after the fashion of the excellent abridgments in *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*; and, lastly, of a brief current notice of the existing state of poetry, painting, and music, and a general sprinkle of notes, verses, miscellaneous paragraphs, and other helps to pleasant and companionable perusal."—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal. No.* 1. *April* 2, 1834.

Following the address is an article containing "Further Remarks on the Design of the *London Journal*." The writer, among other things, says:—"Pleasure is the business of this journal: we own it: we love to begin it with the word: it is like commencing the day (as we are now commencing it) with sunshine in the room. Pleasure for all who can receive pleasure; consolation and encouragement for the rest: this is our device. But then it is pleasure like that implied by our simile, innocent, kindly, we dare to add, instructive and elevating. Nor shall the gravest aspects of it be wanting. As the sunshine floods the sky and the ocean, and yet nurses the baby-buds of the roses on the wall, so we would fain open the largest and the very least sources of pleasure, the noblest that expands above us into the heavens, and the most familiar that catches our glance in the homestead. We would break open the surfaces of habit and indifference, of objects that are supposed to contain nothing but so much brute matter or common-place utility, and show what treasures they conceal. Man has not yet learnt to enjoy the world he lives in: no, not the hundred-thousand-millionth part of it; and we would fain help him to render it productive of still greater joy, and to delight or comfort himself in his task as he proceeds. We would make adversity hopeful, prosperity sympathetic, all kinder, richer, and happier. And we have some right to assist in the endeavour, for there is scarcely a single joy or sorrow within the experience of our fellow-creatures, which we have not tasted; and the belief in the good and beautiful has never forsaken us. It has been medicine to us in sickness, riches in poverty, and the best part of all that ever delighted us in health and success.

"There is not a man living perhaps in the present state of society,—certainly not among those who have a surfeit of goods, any more than those who want a sufficiency,—that has not some pain which he would diminish, and some pleasure, or capability of it, that he would increase. We would say to him, let him be sure he can diminish that pain and increase that pleasure. He will find out the secret, by knowing more, and by knowing that there is more to love. 'Pleasures lie about our feet.' We would extract some for the unthinking rich man out of his very carpet (though he thinks he has already got as much as it can yield); and for the unthinking or unhoping poor one, out of his bare floor.

. . . "We have been at this work now, off and on, man and boy (for we began essay-writing while in our teens) for upwards of thirty years; and excepting that we would fain have done far more, and that experience and suffering have long restored to us the natural kindliness of boyhood, and put an end to a belief in the right or utility of severer views of any thing or person, we feel the same as we have done throughout; and we have the same hope, the same love, the same faith in the beauty and goodness of nature and all her prospects, in space and in time; we could almost add, if a sprinkle of white

hairs in our black would allow us, the same youth; for whatever may be thought of a consciousness to that effect, the feeling is so real, and trouble of no ordinary kind has so remarkably spared the elasticity of our spirits, that we are often startled to think how old we have become, compared with the little of age that is in our disposition; and we mention this to bespeak the reader's faith in what we shall write hereafter, if he is not acquainted with us already. If he is, he will no more doubt us than the children do at our fireside. We have had so much sorrow, and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness, if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial."—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal. No.* 1. *April* 2, 1834.

"Conceive then what our pleasure must be, when those who have a right to judge, pronounce our little Journal to have done well, both in spirit and letter; acknowledge the veracity with which we profess to love the objects of our worship, and acquit us of having done them dishonour; nay, recommend our recommendations of them; and above all, though of various parties themselves, and therefore habitually disposed (as it might be thought) to countenance no neutral ground of any sort taken up by one who has fought hard in partizanship himself, unite heartily in approving this cultivation of one sequestered spot in the regions of literature, where party itself is negatived as of inferior good to the progress of mankind, and love enshrined as the only final teacher of all knowledge and advancement? No new religion, truly; an ancient and most proclaimed one; and too sacred and wonderful to have justice done it in these small chapels built for conventional persuasion. Yet herein, we conceive, lies our merit, whatever it may be. It is our ambition to be one of the sowers of a good seed in places where it is not common but would be most profitable, to be one of those who should try to render a sort of public lovingkindness a grace of common life, a conventional, and for that very reason, in the higher sense of the word, a social and universal elegance. We dare to whisper in the ears of the wisest, and therefore of the all-hearing and the kindliest judging, that we would fain do something, however small and light, towards Christianizing public manners. If this effort, lightly as we presume to aid it, be too much for us—if it be far too premature, too impracticable, too absurd—if the old ways of advancing or benefiting mankind are better, or not yet to be dispensed with—and if the wise see nothing in this portion of our impulses but a mistake generated partly by suffering and partly by great animal spirits and an inveterate sanguineness, yet *they* will see at any rate, that our mistake is a thing inclusive, that there are good things of necessity inside it,—and that if we end in doing nothing but extending a faith in capabilities of any sort, and showing some thousands of our fellow-creatures that sources of amusement and instruction await but a touch in the objects around them, to start up like magic, and enrich the meanest hut, perhaps the most satiated ennui, we shall have done something not unworthy to receive the countenance of their unanimity. A ship, going on a voyage of discovery, is privileged from attack by great nations. A little fairy vessel, laden with cargoes of pleasant thoughts, would, if it could appear, doubtless receive no less the grace of their exemption.

"We are constantly receiving letters telling us how rejoiced the writers are to see a paper of this sort set up, how it confirms or renews their hopes, how it brings back a feeling of youth to the old, makes considerate the petulance of the young, and brightens the aspect of the most familiar objects. Do we take too much credit for this? May heaven so prosper our undertakings, as we can truly say No. An author after a certain time of life, and long struggles, and discoveries painful to his self-love, and (we must add) after discovering that the best thing in him is the love of what is apart from him, and which has no more to do with himself than with every one else—perhaps also we should say, after being used to the praises of the good-natured—grows comparatively unambitious of eulogies on a purely literary account. He has learned to make deductions from their applicability to him: and above all, he has learnt (but with pleasure, not with pain) to make deductions from the enthusiasm of the good-hearted, and to know, or think he knows, how much may remain his due, after the proper allowances for the colouring reflected from their own pleasure and their own natures. People like our Journal because they like the things it talks about, and because they see a writer who believes in them, and has a cheerful religion. It is a difficult thing to state the amount of what liking may remain for ourselves, personally or in a literary point of view; because, on such an occasion, candour and modesty run an equal chance of looking like an affectation. All self-reference runs a hazard of that cast; nor should we have made any if it had not been impossible to touch upon the nature of a publication like this without it. Suffice to say,

that without pretending not to be deeply sensible of approbation from some persons, on any score, by far the greater part of our delight on seeing the progress of this Journal has arisen from the additional proof it has afforded of the natural good-heartedness of men of all parties. Men only mistrust one another because they think mistrust universal, and that others will not do them justice. They are better than they take each other for, often than they take themselves for: and many a man who feels his reputation in some things to be beyond his deserts, knows that he is mistaken and undervalued in others. If all the world (with a few diseased or monstrously educated exceptions) could see each other just as they are, they would lay down their recriminations with blushes, and embrace each other with pity and regard. The only thing they want is to be candid and compare notes, or to act lovingly as if they had done so; and thus when they see a man who has suffered enough and enjoyed enough so to act, they hail him and believe in him, because they believe in themselves. They feel that he does them justice—does justice to the natures of most, and the capabilities of all; and therefore they come willingly forth to warm their hands and their hearts at the fire which he has taken upon him to light."—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal, August* 27, 1834.

"Our object was to put more sunshine into the feelings of our countrymen, more good will and good humour, a greater *habit* of being pleased with one another and with everything, and therefore a greater power of dispensing with uneasy sources of satisfaction. We wished to create one corner and field of periodical literature in which men might be sure of hope and cheerfulness, and of the cultivation of peaceful and flowery thoughts, without the accompaniment of anything inconsistent with them; we knew that there was a desire at the bottom of every human heart to retain a faith in such thoughts, and to see others believe in the religion and recommend it; and heartily have anxious as well as happy readers in this green and beautiful England responded to our belief. . . . The *London Journal* is a sort of park for rich and poor, for the reflecting and well-intentioned of all sorts; where every one can be alone, or in company, as he thinks fit, and see, with his mind's eye, a succession of Elysian sights, ancient and modern, and as many familiar objects to boot, or hear nothing but birds and waterfalls, or the comforted beatings of his own heart—all effected for him by no greater magician than Good Faith and a little reading. Good faith is his host, and reading the page that brings books to his host; and love has ordained that good faith, and a little reading, shall be able to do such wonders for us, as reading's biggest brothers, with no faith at all, shall have no notion of. . . . Still blow then, ye fair winds, and keep open upon us, ye blue heavens—or rather, still shine in the whiteness of thy intention, thou fair flag, even against the blackest cloud, and still hail us as ye go, all gallant brother voyagers, and encourage us to pursue the kindly task which love and adversity hath taught us, touching at all curious shores of reality and romance, endeavouring to make them know and love one another, to learn what is good against the roughest elements, or how the suffering that cannot be remedied may be best endured, to bring news of hope and joy and exaltation from the wings of the morning and the uttermost parts of the sea, making familiar companions, but not the less revered on that acconnt, of the least things on earth and the greatest things apart from it—of the dust and the globe, and the divided moon, of sun and stars, and the loneliest meetings of man's thought with immensity, which is not too large for his heart, though it be for his knowledge, because knowledge is but man's knowledge, but the heart has a portion of God's wisdom, which is love."—*Leigh Hunt's London Journal, September* 3, 1834.

"The plan is to treat of subjects of varied interest unconnected with politics; it allows scope for criticism; and where is there a better critic, one with a finer apprehension of beauty than Leigh Hunt? There will also be one of those essays in every number, which he alone can produce. The motto is well chosen by the amiable writer. '*To assist the enquiring, animate the struggling, and sympathise with all.*' The first number has a paper on the design, full of freshness and kindness, and cheerful fortitude, The author glances at his cares as if only to thank them for the capacity for happiness they have left him. We know of no one to whom 'Hamlet's' beautiful character of 'Horatio' more aptly applies—

> 'As one, in suffering all, that suffers nothing;
> Whose blood and judgment are so well co-mingled
> That they are not a pipe for Fortune's finger
> To sound what stop she please.'

We have had so much sorrow (says Mr. Hunt in his introduction) and yet are capable of so much joy, and receive pleasure from so many familiar objects, that we sometimes think we should have had an unfair portion of happiness, if our life had not been one of more than ordinary trial."—*Examiner, April* 6, 1834.

"To the numerous cheap weekly periodicals already in circulation, another has been added, which bids fair to eclipse them all—"Leigh Hunt's *London Journal*, price three-halfpence. There has been nothing seen in the metropolis like this since the days when Addison and Steele ministered to breakfast tables. This is a work which, by felicity of style, and richness and scope of knowledge, is adapted to the most refined intellects, and by graceful amenity and a genial spirit, to every class of readers. These are truly the golden days of literature, when its most precious treasures are brought, at small cost, to every cottage door and homely hearth. Let them only be made welcome, as flowers in May, and they will continue to spring in fresh beauty and luxuriant abundance. Those who, from taste or necessity, choose to take their literary wares in limited quantities, can find none to surpass, or more truly, none to equal the *London Journal*. The name of the editor is of itself sufficient guarantee for high and various excellence. He is one of our 'approved good masters.' Though London is the birthplace of this work, its spirit is British, or cosmopolitan, nor will it require a Diffusion Society to speed its dissemination in Scotland; its seeds are winged."—*Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine, May*, 1834.

"*North.* And Shelley truly loved Leigh Hunt. Their friendship was honourable to both, for it was as disinterested as sincere; and I hope Gurney will let a certain person in the city understand that I treat his offer of a reviewal of Mr. Hunt's *London Journal* with disdain. If he has anything to say against us or against that gentleman, either conjunctly or severally, let him out with it in some other channel, and I promise him a touch and a taste of the crutch. He talks to me of Maga's desertion of principle; but if he were a Christian—nay, a man—his heart and head too would tell him that the animosities are mortal, but the humanities live for ever; and that Leigh Hunt has more talent in his little finger than the puling prig, who has taken upon himself to lecture Christopher North in a scrawl crawling with forgotten falsehoods. Mr. Hunt's *London Journal*, my dear James, is not only beyond all comparison, but out of all sight, the most entertaining and instructive of all the cheap periodicals (the nature of its plan and execution prevents it from all rivalry with the *Penny Magazine*, edited by my amiable, ingenious, and honourable friend, Charles Knight); and when laid, as it duly is once a week, on my breakfast-table, it lies there—but is not permitted to lie long—like a spot of sunshine dazzling the snow."—*Professor Wilson: Noctes Ambrosianæ, in Blackwood's Magazine, August*, 1834.

"The *London Journal* was discontinued with an abruptness almost as surprising to myself as to you, owing to some mysteries of partnership which I cannot explain; and I could not take leave of my readers, because I hoped, *beyond* the last moment, to be able to carry it on, in which hope, owing to the shortness of the time, I was unfortunately disappointed. I should not have died with a 'groan,' however, let my decease have never been so unwillingly—*that* not being my fashion, among the many mortalities which it has been my fate to go through. I may call upon you to bear witness that I have never been unjust to the large beauty and delightful capabilities of this world around us, whatever may have been my own petty sufferings. Even the present juncture, painful as it is to me, brings with it one good, perhaps eventually the greatest that could have been done me just now; for my involuntary leisure *forces* me to rest my brains: and, little as they may have had to show for it, they have been well tried. By this you will see that I am writing in no other publication at present, but I hope soon to begin again. Next week I shall apologise in the daily papers for not taking leave of the readers of the *London Journal*, and at the same time I shall mention my hope of renewing the old intercourse in the shape of a magazine. I propose to call it 'Leigh Hunt's London Magazine,' for they say I must keep as much as possible of the old name; but it is very difficult to set a new publication afloat, however willing certain readers may be to hail it."—*Leigh Hunt's Correspondence. Vol.* 1, *p.* 311. "*Letter to Thomas Weller,*" 16*th January*, 1836.

The following are the titles of the principal original articles; these constitute but a small portion of the entire work, which is full of variety, in the shape

of Extracts from and Notices of New Books, Specimens of Celebrated Authors, Table Talk, Poetry, Letters, Anecdotes, Birth-days, Memoirs, "The Week." Romances of Real Life, &c., &c. The last is a series "of those extraordinary real circumstances often found in the history of private individuals, which have been said to show truth in a stronger light than fiction."

Vol. 1., April 2nd to December 30, 1834: Address—Further Remarks on the Design of the *London Journal*—On a Stone - Letters to Such of the Lovers of Knowledge as have not had a Classical Education (5 papers)—The First of May—A Human Being, and a Crowd—Thoughts in Bed upon Waking and Rising—Cricket, and Exercise in General—A Pinch of Snuff. (2 papers)—Breakfast in Summer—The Subject Continued; Tea Drinking—The Subject Concluded; Tea and Coffee, Milk, Bread, &c.—English and French Females—(In the 18th number an announcement is made that Supplements will be issued, containing a Biographical and Miscellaneous History of the Streets of London.) English Male Costume—Goethe (2 papers)—English Women Vindicated—Windows—Windows Considered from Inside—Acknowledgments—Objects of the *London Journal* (two most interesting papers, the first acknowledging many warm expressions of approbation received from various quarters, the second in reply to certain objections to the tone of the *London Journal*. In these papers Leigh Hunt re-states, in his most characteristic manner, the objects and purpose of the periodical.)—Dancing and Dancers—A Flower for your Window; Names of Flowers; Mystery of their Beauty—Life after Death; Belief in Spirits—Fairies (3 papers)—Romance of Common-Place—Genii and Fairies of the East; The Arabian Nights, &c.—Amiableness Superior to Intellect—Of Peter Wilkins and the Flying Women—A New Book Worth Knowing; Simpson's "Necessity of Popular Education as a National Object"—Twilight Accused and Defended—The Cat by the Fire—A "Now;" descriptive of a Cold Day—Put up a Picture in your Room—Notice to the Public: Improvements of the *London Journal* for the ensuing year—Shakespeare and Christmas, and Mr. Landor's New Book—Christmas Eve and Christmas Day—New Year's Day; New Year's Gifts; The Wassail-Bowl.

Vol. 2, January 7th to December 26th, 1835: Twelfth Night; a Street Portrait; Shakspeare's Play; Recollections of a Twelfth-Night—Hints for Table Talk, by Bookworm (10 papers)—A Reprint of Hazlitt's Characters of Shakspeare's Plays commences with the year—The Piano-Forte—Speculations on My Grandfather—The Eve of St. Agnes—Charles Lamb—Ice, with Poets upon it (2 papers)—A Gentleman-Saint; Beauties of St. Francis de Sales—Horatiana, by Egerton Webbe (2 papers)—A Question to Men of Business; Is your Success Successful?—Article by E. Moxon, on Charles Lamb—Specimen of the Wit, Humour, and Criticism of Charles Lamb (4 papers)—Birthdays and other Anniversaries; Characters of Handel, Montaigne, Martial, Waller, Davenant, and Otway—Sunday in London (3 papers)—Proclamation Extraordinary; The Queen Bee Deposed—A Few Thoughts on Language, by Egerton Webbe (9 papers)—Correspondence—Three New Books (one of them Cowden Clarke's "Riches of Chaucer"—Spring—The Satyr of Mythology and the Poets—Mr. Landor's Ode to a Friend; Latin version of a Song by Withers, &c.—Criticism on Female Beauty (4 papers)—Beggars' Lodging Houses; Sir Thomas Dyot, &c.—"Personal Recollections of Charles Lamb," from "The Court Magazine" (3 papers)—Chat with the Magazines; Wordsworth's Sonnets, &c.—Union of the *London Journal* and the "Printing Machine"—Pleasure, Pain, and Knowledge—The Waiter—The Butcher—Characteristic Specimens of the English Poets (7 papers on Chaucer)—Strawberries—Why Sweet Music Produces Sadness—A Dusty Day—A Word on Early Rising—Wit Made Easy, or a Hint to Word-Catchers—A Rainy Day—Bricklayers, and an Old Book—Charles Lamb and the Old Dramatists—A Man Introduced to His Ancestors—The Fortunes of Genius—Colour—Conversation of Pope—Conversation of Swift and Pope—Cleanliness, Air, Exercise, and Diet (5 papers)—Intolerance of Old Age towards the Opinions of the Young—Hazlitt's Letter on Religious Persecution, written at the age of 13—Sayings of Charles Lamb—The Present State of the Fine Arts in England (2 papers)—On the Feeling and Exhibition of Taste—A Journey by Coach (4 papers)—Bookstalls of the Metropolis—Beranger; Human Goodness; Poets' Houses—Houses on Fire.

The first nine monthly supplements, of eight pages each, are devoted entirely to "The Streets of London;" of the six following supplements—June to December, 1835—one-half of the space is devoted to the same subject, and the other half to Reviews of New Books, under the heading "Printing Machine." The matter under the head "Streets of London" was afterwards reprinted in two volumes, and called "The Town; its Memorable Character and Events," with 45 Illustrations. 2 vols. 1848. These volumes contain about 40 pages of matter additional to what appeared in the supplements to the *London Journal*.

The subject was afterwards continued in a periodical called "Leigh Hunt's Journal," which commenced on December 7, 1850, and was discontinued March 2, 1851 (of which an account will be found in a succeeding page). This further series of "The Town" extends to eleven chapters, and commences with Whitehall, the point at which the previous series terminated, and includes Westminster.]

Captain Sword and Captain Pen. A Poem, by Leigh Hunt. With some Remarks on War and Military Statesmen. 1835.

"If there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained
Without ambition, war, or violence."—MILTON.

["This poem is the result of a sense of duty, which has taken the author from private studies during a great public crisis. He obeyed the impulse with joy, because it took the shape of verse; but with more pain, on some accounts, than he chooses to express. However, he has done what he conceived himself bound to do; and if every future lover of his species were to express his feelings in like manner, to the best of his ability, individual opinions, little in themselves, would soon amount to an overwhelming authority, and hasten the day of reason and beneficence."—*From Advertisement to the First Edition.*

Two other editions were published—the third in 1849, with a new Preface, Remarks on War, and Notes detailing the horrors on which the poem is founded. In this edition a new heading is given to the "Remarks on War and Military Statesmen," viz., "On the Duty of considering the Horrors and the alleged Necessity of War."

"Its object," says the author, "is to show the extremest horrors of war, with the view of questioning the farther use of its services and its sufferings. . . . The tragedy it displays would be too horrible, too nearly allied to the grossness of the shambles, but for the amazing effect with which a sentiment is breathed into it, elevating, in the midst of all, the human heart and its hopes, and such as could alone have rendered, in that ghastly scene, such sufferings pathetic, and such struggles sublime.

"Mr. Hunt's postscript to the poem is a piece of very grave, earnest, and beautiful writing. It consists of some remarks on war and military statesmen. With what he says on the subject of war, every one must in the main agree. His apology for tearing asunder the veil from its sore places, and for thrusting a 'beggarly unmannered corse betwixt the wind and our nobility,' is to our thinking complete. 'The blanket of the dark' has been suffered to lie over these terrors too long; it is high time to peep through it now, and cry 'hold! hold!' We approve what is said on the subject of military statesmen, which is (all of it) said in a very masterly manner, and will be read with deep and general interest."—*Examiner, March 29th*, 1835.

"We would recommend everybody, just now that the war spirit is rising amongst us, to read that poem, and learn what horrors they are rejoicing over, and what the Christian spirit of this age demands of us."—*William Howitt's Homes and Haunts of the the Most Eminent British Poets: "Leigh Hunt."*

"It is one of the privileges (as it is amongst the duties) of a true poet, to rescue men, perplexed as they are by conventional thoughts and artificial distinctions, and lift them into a clear and serene atmosphere, from which they may be able to survey all things and consider their relative value, and learn to know whether they belong to the province of falsehood or truth. In this way we think that Mr. Hunt has done great and undoubted service; not so much by pithy maxims and direct precepts, as by producing high examples; attractive images, gentle thoughts, pleasant landscapes; by leading his readers from the 'smoke and stir' of this close and busy spot, into the open-hearted fields; from the pursuit of gold to the love of nature; from the sound of cannon to the carolling of the lark under the morning sun. This has fine and ample illustration in one of his latter poems—"Captain Sword and Captain Pen"—in which we see striking proof of those advances to the higher regions of the poetical art, which we before adverted to. But indeed Mr. Hunt's province has been generally mistaken for one much too limited and circumscribed."—*Examiner*, 1844. *p.* 227.]

Articles and Poems in the New Monthly Magazine, in 1835 *and* 1836.

[The subjects are: Giants, Ogres, and Cyclops—Songs and Chorus of the Flowers—The Nymphs of Antiquity and of the Poets—The Fish, the Man,

and the Spirit—Reflections on Some of the Great Men of the Reign of Charles I.—The Sirens and Mermaids of the Poets—Three Sonnets to the Author of "Ion"—A Visit to the Zoological Gardens—Apollo and the Sunbeams—Words for a Trio—Aeronautics, Real and Fabulous—Christmas; a Song for Good Fellows, Young and Old—Wealth and Womanhood—Our Cottage—Gog and Magog, and the Wall of Dhoulkarnein—Translations from the Greek Anthology.]

The Monthly Repository. From July, 1837, to March, 1838.

["The 'Monthly Repository' was originally a magazine in the Unitarian interest, and contained admirable papers by Mr. William Johnson Fox, the present member for Oldham, Mr. John Mill, and others; but it appeared, so to speak, in one of the least though most respectable corners of influence, and never obtained the repute it deserved. Nor, if such writers as these failed to counteract the drawback, could it be expected that others would help it better. The author of 'Orion' made the attempt in vain; and so did the last of its editors, the present writer, though Landor assisted him. [The transfer of editorship took place in 1837.] In this publication, like better things before it, was sunk 'Blue-Stocking Revels,' or the 'Feast of the Violets'—a kind of female 'Feast of the Poets,' which nobody took any notice of; though I had the pleasure of hearing that Mr. Rogers said it would have been sufficient 'to set up half a dozen young men about town in a reputation for wit and fancy.' As Apollo in the 'Feast of the Poets' gave a dinner to those gentlemen in 'Blue-Stocking Revels' he gives a ball and supper to literary ladies. The guests were so numerous as to call forth a pleasant remark from Lord Holland, who, in a letter in which he acknowledged the receipt of the poem, said, that 'the inspector of blue ankles under Phœbus had,' he perceived, 'no sinecure.' I believe the fair guests were not dissatisfied with their entertainment."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 387.

From the Editor's Address to the Reader: "We may at once explain what the general character of our new series will be; and that is, a still further and wider drawing forth of what we may venture to call the *anti-sectarian* philosophy of the two editorships preceding us,—not indeed with greater power (we unaffectedly disclaim any such absurd pretension) but commensurate with the greater encouragement given to good-will, by the increase of knowledge and good-will among all men. The 'Monthly Repository' was for a long time in the hands of a most respectable and liberal sect, but still a sect; and it was with great difficulty it partly extricated itself from the consequences Mr. Fox boldly broke the chain, and may be said to have tried the numerous friends who remained with his editorship in truly golden fires (we hope to have the honour of retaining them). Mr. Horne, his successor, having never been connected with any sect, was enabled still further to throw open the speculative character of the Magazine; and he brought to it new zeal for his own departments of literature, which thus extended it in fresh quarters. For ourselves, we may venture to say, that is with the approbation of our predecessors, and, we hope, the good wishes of increasing multitudes of men, that we openly profess a Christianity not inimical to any sect, but desirous of merging them *all* into one great unsectarian brotherhood of placid differers in opinion (as long as they must needs differ) and exalters of the spirit above the letter;—of the flower of peace, charity, and happy opinions of God and man, above those struggling and earthy roots, in darkness and passion, which nevertheless, seeing that they *have* been, it is no unbefitting conjecture to suppose must have been necessary. 'All is Well that Ends Well,' says the good-natured poet. We would add,—all is well even where we do not see the good ending, provided we do our best, and desire that the good may be universal.

"The 'Monthly Repository' then will be very unsectarian, very miscellaneous, very much given to literature and unlimited enquiry, a great lover of all the wit and humour it can bring into it, and an ardent reformer, without thinking it necessary to mistake brick-bats for arguments, or a scuffling with other people's legs for 'social advancement.' . . .

"We shall indulge ourselves, as one of our most honourable privileges, in the right of thinking well, and speaking well, of genius and sincerity wherever we find them, in foe as well as friend; in difference of opinion rather, as well as in accordance; for we are foes to no one, and therefore expect to have none. And we believe there is much less enmity at heart among foes of all descriptions, if they themselves would but believe it, and encourage one another to say so."

The following are the titles of the chief articles in the "Monthly Repository," from July, 1837, to March, 1838, when it was discontinued: Female Sovereigns of England when Young—Analysis of Laughter—Vicissitudes of a Lecture—Her Majesty's Name: and a Caution Thereon—Blue-Stocking Revels; or the Feast of the Violets, by Leigh Hunt, inscribed to A. M. D., occupying 24 pages—A Traveller Accommodated with a Robber—Universal Penny Postage—Lord Durham and the Reformers—The Queen—Doggrel on Double Columns and Large Type—High and Low Life in Italy (by Walter Savage Landor, nine papers)—A Gentleman's Remorse—Mother and Child Exposed to the Sea; from the Greek of Simonides—Of the Sufferings of Truth, by Egerton Webbe—The Purposes of Natural Theology Mistaken—The Death of Marlowe; a Tragedy, in one act, by R. H. Horne—Result of the Elections, and Defects of the Reformers—A Deprecation of the Name of John—Duchess of St. Albans; and Marriages from the Stage—Remarks on Mr. Horne's Tragedy of Cosmo de Medici—Retrospective Review; or Companion to the Lover of Old Books; No. 1. Old Books and Bookshops; Randolph's Orchard-robbing of the Fairies—Explanation and Retrospection; The *Examiner* Twenty Years Ago—Greenwich; Its Pensioners and its Pictures—Trafalgar Square—Bodrydan; a Poem, by Leigh Hunt—Church Rates; a Poem—Blues and Violets; a Proclamation—Hints towards a Right Appreciation of Pictures—Steam Boat Accidents, and Their Prevention—Of Statesmen who have Written Verses (2 papers)—Retrospective Review, &c.; No. 2. Bookbinding, Good and Bad; Ethiopics of Heliodorus; Striking Account of Raising a Dead Body—Lord Durham's Vindication of Himself—An A. B. C for Grown Gentlemen, from the French of the Chevalier de Boufflers—The Queen and the Working Classes—Hints towards an Essay on the Sufferings of Truth, by G. H. Lewes—The Quarrel of Faith, Hope, and Charity; a Poem—Harefield Copper Works—On a Cultivator of the Ground: from the Greek Anthology—The Colonization of New Zealand—Guy Fawkes, and Modern Catholicism—Childbed; a Prose-Poem—Retrospective Review, &c., No. 3, Beneficence of Bookstalls; "Galateo, or a Treatise on Politeness;" Curious Instance of Italian Delicacy of Reproof—Alleged Resignation of the Governor of Canada—The Queen, the Opening of Parliament, and the Address of the Working Men on National Education—Three Sonnets—Inexhaustibility of the subject of Christmas—A Companion for the Fragment of Simonides—Of the Alleged Sufferings of Truth, by Thornton Leigh Hunt—Cemeteries—Specimen of French-English—The Walk in the Wood, by a little Boy—Retrospective Review, &c.; No. 4, Catalogues of Cheap Books; Curious Final Interview of Queen Anne and the Duchess of Marlborough—Thought for Michael Angelo, by R. H. Horne—Money Debates in Parliament—The Protestant Burial-ground at Rome; a Poem—The Battle of Laupen (2 parts), from the German of "Johannes Von Müller—Analysis of Simple Apprehension (4 papers)—The Tale of the Garden-bower at Amalfi—A Dream of Love, by W. B. Scott—Ough—The New American War—Canada—Thoughts for the Thoughtful, by G. H. Lewes (3 parts)—Retrospective Review, No. 5. The Ricciardetto of Forteguerri—"Diary of the Times of George the Fourth"—A Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine, by Leigh Hunt—A Brief Eulogium on Snuff—Rosabell; a Poem, by W. B. Scott (2 parts)—Gossip on the Royal Exchange—Canada—Soliloquy during a Walk Home at Night—Retrospective Review, No. 6, Taylor "the Platonist;" Specimens of his version of the "Mystical Imitations or Hymns of Orpheus," &c., being a brief taste or two of Platonism, for readers unacquainted with it—A Few Remarks on the Rare Vice called Lying; or, an Appeal to the Modesty of Anti-Ballotmen—Wooden Wars of Old England—Brain and Heart—Human Organisation and Health—Retrospective Review, No. 7, Poems of Lady Winchelsea; with copious Extracts, and some little further Inquiry into her Life and Character than has hitherto been made—Editor's Address to the Public—Little People Panegyrized—Remuneration of Authors—Besides the above articles, there are Reviews of New Books in each number, &c.

From the Editor's Address, in the last Number, the following is given:—"As to such of my brother reformers as are more publicly known in the world, I have ever been, notwithstanding my politics, a sequestered lover of poetry and literature, living very much out of the way; and it would better have become myself (who profess a certain universalism of sympathy) to seek them, than it could have been expected of them to seek me, or to think my services of any immediate value. Most of them I know not even by sight; and the few who honour me with their acquaintance and regard, either differ with me upon points of immediate policy, or find their own sympathies hampered by the force of circumstances. I must therefore end life as I began it, in what is perhaps my only true vocation, that of a love of nature and books:—complaining of nothing,—grateful, if others will not complain of me,—a little proud per-

haps (nature allows such balm to human weakness) of having been found not unworthy of doing that for the good cause by my sufferings, which I can no longer pretend to do with my pen,—and possessed of one golden secret, tried in the fire, which I still hope to recommend in future writings; namely, the art of finding as many things to love as possible in our path through life, let us otherwise try to reform it as we may.

"Should the magazine appear again next month, either in its present or another shape, a new title will at all events take place of its old one, and the experiment will be made; whether the omission of politics will give it a chance of more general acceptance. . . . The 'Monthly Repository,' if it has lost me some time and given me no little anxiety, has done me the benefit of increasing a small and rare list of friends, precious to me as a stock of inexhaustible wine would be to a drinker; and if I owe an apology, for being the unwilling terminator of its existence, to them, and to the estimable ghosts of the Vidlers and Priestleys, their good-nature will not refuse me its forgiveness, seeing that I have neither sullied its reputation for sincerity, nor restricted the contemplated expansion of its sympathies."

"The frank and cordial spirit which has sustained Mr. Hunt through his long and chequered career pervades every article in the numbers that have been issued under his editorship. We are very glad of this, and all magazine readers, of the good old literary school, will be glad too. Mr. Hunt's powers, if we may judge of them from what is now before us, are fresh and strong as ever; and admirably does he show us still that wit and scholarship go best together apart from pedantry and malice, and how little is lost—or rather how much is gained—to a manly and honest purpose by the graces of a good temper. 'Blue Stocking Revels; or, the Feast of the Violets,' a companion to the 'Feast of the Poets,' written in the same gay and sprightly verse, and set off by the same truth and liveliness of fancy, is the chief attraction of the first number."—*Examiner, July*, 1837.]

Articles in Tait's Magazine, between January and September, 1833, *being a New Series of "The Wishing Cap."*

[The subjects are, No. 1: The Author possesses the Wishing-Cap of Fortunatus—Wonderful powers conferred by it, beyond those of which Fortunatus was aware—Beautiful Women of former days—Reason why Scoundrels are often Handsome—Establishment of a Marvellous Claim—Description of a Rare and and Real Collection of Curiosities, personally connected with Milton, Swift, Johnson, Shelley, Keats, Hazlitt, and others—Original and Characteristic Remark or Two made by Hazlitt. No. 2: A Flight to the Cape. Inferiority of all other Hunts to the Lion-hunt. Character of the Lion Vindicated. Dr. Johnson Caught Wild—Inquiry into the Reason of the Existence of Lions. Nature's Love of Pomp and Show—An awkward Question for our Friends in America—National Symbols in need of Reformation—Terrible Mistake of Napoleon. No. 3: Undue Inequalities in Society, not an eternal or necessary consequence of Inequality of Understanding—Genius has had little to do with Founding or Maintaining the Privileged Orders—An Answer to the Best Argument for the Existence of those Orders—Reform and Privileged Breeding, how far Compatible—Necessity of Lord Brougham to the Whig Ministry—His Reputation with Posterity—A Wish for Ireland—Reason why the Ministers have chosen to Govern Ireland in a Spirit of Fear, and not of Love—A Question respecting Napoleon. No. 4: Never Was and Never Will Be. No. 5: Answer to a Singular Argument of the Tories, about Human Happiness and Misery. No. 6: Spenser Recommended to More General Perusal—Spenser a Favourite Poet with Poets—Remarks on the Supposed Obsoleteness of his Language, on his Diffuseness, and his Caprices of Spelling—Reason why, beyond any other great English Poet, he takes people out of their cares.]

Articles in the Monthly Chronicle; a National Journal of Politics Literature, Science, and Art. 7 Vols., March 1838, *to June*, 1841. *(Among the contributors were, Sir E. L. Bulwer, Dr. Lardner, &c.)*

[The five articles by Mr. Hunt appeared between Oct., 1838, and Feb., 1839.
The subjects are: Notes of a Lover of Books. No. 1: Cowley and Thomson—Nature intended Poetry, as well as Matter of Fact; Mysterious Anecdote of

Cowley; Remarkable Similarity between him and Thomson; Their Supposed Difference (as Tory and Whig); Notices of Thomson's Behaviour to Lady Hertford; Of his Answer to the Genius-starvation-principle; Of his Letters to his Friends, &c.

No. 2: Pope, in some Lights in which he is not usually Regarded; Unfaded Interest of the Subject, and the Reason of it; Shakespeare not equally at Home with us, though more so with General Humanity, Letters of Pope. A Wood-engraving of a Century Ago. Pope with a Young Lady in a Stage Coach; Dancing with Maids of Honour; Riding to Oxford by Moonlight. Loveability not dependent on Shape. Insincerity not always what it is taken for. Whigs, Tories, and Catholics. Masterly Exposition of the Reason why People Live Uncomfortably Together. "Rondeaulx" and a Rondeau.

No. 3: Garth, Physicians, and Love-Letters. Garth, and a Dedication to him by Steele. Garth, Pope, and Arbuthnot. Other Physicians in connection with Wit and Literature. Desirableness of a Selection from the less-known Works of Steele, and of a Collection of Real Love-Letters. Two beautiful specimens from the "Lover."

No. 4: Love and Will. Particulars of Steele's "Lover." Tragical Termination of an Intrigue in Germany; Reverse of the Feeling that caused it, in one of Shakespeare's Sonnets; Good Writing proportionate to the Writer's Faith; Passages from Burns, Ariosto, and Marot; Cases of Suicide and Love-Stories in the Newspapers; Love Qualified by the prevailing quality of the Mind; Charity Needed by all.

No. 5: Social Morality; Suckling and Ben Jonson; Curious Instance of Variability in Moral Opinion; Pope's Tradition of Sir John Suckling and the Cards; New Edition of Ben Jonson, and Samples of the Genius and Arrogance of that Writer, with a Summary of his Poetical Character.

All the above articles, except No. 4, were reprinted in "Men, Women, and Books;" 2 vols. 1847.]

The Seer; or, Common-Places Refreshed. By Leigh Hunt. 1840.

"Love adds a precious seeing to the eye."—SHAKSPEARE.

[The following is prefixed to the collection: "The following Essays have been collected, for the first time, from such of the author's periodical writings as it was thought might furnish another publication similar to the *Indicator*. Most of them have been taken from the *London Journal*; and the remainder from the *Liberal*, the *Monthly Repository*, the *Tatler*, and the *Round Table*. The title, of course, is to be understood in its primitive and most simple sense, and not in its portentous one, as connected with foresight and prophecy; nor would the author profess, intellectually, to see 'farther into a mill-stone' than his betters. His motto, which thoroughly explains, will also, he trusts, vindicate all which he aspires to show, which is, that the more we look at anything in this beautiful and abundant world, with a desire to be pleased with it, the more we shall be rewarded by the loving spirit of the universe, with discoveries that await only the desire.

"It will ever be one of the most delightful recollections of the author's life, that the periodical work, from which the collection has been chiefly made, was encouraged by all parties in the spirit in which it was set up. Nor, at the hazard of some imputation on his modesty (which he must be allowed not very terribly to care for, where so much love is going forward), can he help repeating what he wrote, on this point, when his heart was first touched by it:—

"'As there is nothing in the world which is not supernatural in one sense,—as the very world of fashion itself rolls round with the stars, and is a part of the mystery and the variety of the shows of the universe,—so nothing, in a contemptuous sense, is small, or unworthy of a grave and calm hope, which tends to popularise Christian refinement, and to mix it up with every species of social intercourse, as a good realised, and not merely as an abstraction preached. What! Have not Philosophy and Christianity long since met in the embrace of such loving discoveries? And do not the least and most trivial things, provided they have an earnest and cheerful good-will, partake of some right of greatness, and the privilege to be honoured; if not with admiration of their wisdom, yet with acknowledgment of the joy which is the end of wisdom, and which it is the privilege of a loving sincerity to reach by a short road? Hence we have had two objections and two hundred encouragements; and excellent writers of all sorts, and of all other shades of belief, have hastened to say to us, "Preach that, and prosper." Have not the *Times*, and the *Examiner*, and the *Atlas*, and the *Albion*, and the *True Sun*, and twenty other newspapers, hailed us for the very sunniness of our religion? Does not that old and judicious Whig, the *Scotsman*, waive his deliberate manner in our favour,

and "cordially" wish us success for it? Does not the Radical *Glasgow Argus*, in an eloquent article, "fresh and glowing" as his good-will, expressly recommend us for its pervading all we write upon, tears included? And the rich-writing Tory, Christopher North, instead of objecting to the entireness of our sunshine, and requiring a cloud in it, does he not welcome it, aye, every week, as it strikes on his breakfast cloth, and speak of it in a burst of bright-heartedness, as "dazzling the snow?"'

"And so, with thanks and blessings upon the warm-hearted of all parties, who love their fellow-creatures quite as much as we do, perhaps better, and who may think, for that very reason, that the edge of their contest with one another is still not to be so much softened as we suppose, here is another bit of a corner, at all events, where, as in the recesses of their own minds, all green and hopeful thoughts for the good and entertainment of men may lovingly meet.

"Given at our suburban abode, with a fire on one side of us, and a vine at the window on the other, this 19th day of October, one thousand eight hundred and forty, and in the very green and invincible year of our life, the fifty-sixth. "L. H."

The articles reprinted are (Part 1.): Pleasure—On a Pebble—Spring—Colour—Windows—Windows Considered from Inside—A Flower for your Window; Names of Flowers; Mystery of their Beauty—A Word on Early Rising—Breakfast in Summer—Breakfast Continued; Tea Drinking—Breakfast Concluded; Tea and Coffee, Milk, Bread, &c.—Anacreon—The Wrong Sides of Scholarship and no Scholarship—Cricket, and Exercise in General—A Dusty Day—Bricklayers, and an Old Book—A Rainy Day—The East Wind—Strawberries—The Waiter—"The Butcher;" Butchers and Juries; Butler's Defence of the English Drama, &c.—A Pinch of Snuff—A Pinch of Snuff Concluded—Wordsworth and Milton—Specimens of Chaucer (six papers), His Pathos; Story of Griselda; Further Specimens of his Pleasantry and Satire; Miscellaneous Specimens of his Description, Portrait-painting, and Fine Sense—Peter Wilkins and the Flying Women—English and French Females—English Male Costume—English Women Vindicated—Sunday in London (two papers)—Sunday in the Suburbs, &c.—A Human Being, and a Crowd.

Part 2: The Cat by the Fire—Put up a Picture in your Room—A Gentleman-Saint—The Eve of St. Agnes—A "Now;" Descriptive of a Cold Day—Ice, with Poets Upon It—The Piano-Forte—Why Sweet Music Produces Sadness—Dancing and Dancers—Twelfth-Night; A Street Portrait; Shakespeare's Play; Recollections of a Twelfth Night—Rules in Making Presents—Romance of Common-Place—Amiableness Superior to Intellect—Life After Death; Belief in Spirits—On Death and Burial—On Washerwomen—The Nightmare—The Subject Continued—The Florentine Lovers—Rhyme and Reason; or, a New Proposal to the Public Respecting Poetry in Ordinary—Vicissitudes of a Lecture; or, Public Elegance and Private Non-Particularity—The Fortunes of Genius—Poets' Houses—A Journey by Coach; a Fragment (four papers)—Inexhaustibility of the Subject of Christmas.]

A Legend of Florence. A Play. In Five Acts. By Leigh Hunt. 1840.

"One step to the death-bed and one to the bier,
And one to the charnel, and one,—oh where?"—SHELLEY.

[The dedication to Armorer Donkin, Esq., is dated Chelsea, February 6, 1840. There are two prefaces, one to the first edition and another to the second. The latter extends to six pages, and in it the author refers to the public reception of his play, and thanks the actors for the ability with which they performed their various parts.

"I did not understand markets; I could not command editors and reviewers; I therefore obeyed an inclination which had never forsaken me, and wrote a play. The propensity to dramatic writing had been strong in me from boyhood. I began to indulge in it long before my youthful criticisms on the theatre. The pieces which I then wrote have been mentioned in the earlier part of this volume. They were all failures, even in my own opinion; so that there can be little doubt of their having been actually such: but the propensity remained, and the present consequence was the 'Legend of Florence.'

"I wrote this play in six weeks, in a state of delightful absorption, notwithstanding the nature of the story and of the cares which beset me; and now, for the first time, I thought I had done something dramatic, which might be put forth to the world without misgiving. It was declined by the principal manager then reigning. I wrote another blank-verse play in five acts, thinking to please better by adapting it to his taste, but I succeeded as little by this innocent artifice; and thus seemed closed upon me the prospect of any bettering of my fortunes, the most needed.

"I have reasons of a very special and justifiable kind for saying thus much, and showing how my labours were lost; and I subsequently lost more; but not without an interval of refreshment and hope. How pleasant it was, long afterwards, to find my rejected 'Legend' welcomed and successful at another theatre [Govent Garden, in February, 1840]. Here I became acquainted, for the first time, with a green-room, and surrounded with a congratulating and cordial press of actors and actresses. But every step which I took into Covent Garden Theatre was pleasant from the first. One of the company, as excellent a woman as she was an actress, the late Mrs. Orger, whom I had the pleasure of knowing, brought me acquainted with the management; an old and esteemed friend was there to second her, in the person of the late Mr. Henry Robertson, the treasurer, brother too of ourquondam young society of 'Elders,' and every way harmonious associate of many a musical party afterwards at the Novellos', and at Hampstead. Mr. Charles Mathews welcomed me with a cordiality like his own: Mr. Planché, the wit and fairy poet of the house, whom envy accused of being jealous of the approach of new dramatists, not only contributed everything in his power to assist in making me feel at home in it, but added the applause of his tears on my first reading of the play. To conclude my triumph in the green-room, when I read the play afterwards to its heroine, Miss Tree (now Mrs. Charles Kean), I had the pleasure of seeing the tears pour down her glowing cheeks, and of being told by her afterwards, that she considered her representation of the character her best performance. And finally, to crown all, in every sense of the word, loyal as well as metaphorical, the Queen did the play the honour of coming to see it twice (to my knowledge)—four times, according to that of Madame Vestris, who ought to have known. Furthermore, when her Majesty saw it first, she was gracious and good-natured enough to express her approbation of it to the manager in words which she gave him permission to repeat to me; and furthermost of all, some years afterwards she ordered it to be repeated before her at Windsor Castle, thus giving me a local memory in the place, which Surrey himself might have envied, and which Warton would certainly have hung, as a piece of its tapestry, with a sonnet."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1861. *p.* 389.

"I was particularly pleased that Mr. Montgomery gave way to his fervour so properly on the occasion you allude to. I used to make Ellen Tree laugh, during the rehearsals of the part, by reminding Mr. Anderson that he was '*not to be indecent*, but to clasp his mistress right heartily, and as if the only thing to be ashamed of were his doing it by halves.' For you know there is apt to be a cold suggestiveness on such occasions, which is the most indecent of all things. Ah, I wish everybody had understood the play as thoroughly as her fine nature did, or as that (let me proudly add) of the Queen did. I do not speak of the poetry, but of the heart and justice of it. It would have had a better fortune, but 'thereby hangs a tale.' . . .

"Perhaps you are not aware that after she had first witnessed the performance of the play at Covent Garden, the Queen, on her way out of the theatre, said to the stage manager, 'This is a beautiful play you have given us to-night, Mr. Bartley.' Bartley, with great good-nature as well as presence of mind, said to the Queen, 'I think the author will be very happy, if I might repeat to him those gracious words of your Majesty.'

"'Do so, by all means,' replied the cordial sovereign.

"Lord John Russell told me, that Prince Albert expressed the same opinion of that piece. You are aware, I believe, that the Queen went more than once to see it at Covent Garden; twice, I know, but Madame Vestris told a friend that she went four times. She afterwards had it performed at Windsor: and *this*, I think, it might have been good for the Manchester people to be told in the play's announcements."—*Leigh Hunt's Correspondence. Vol.* 2. "*Letter to A. Ireland.*" *October* 27. 1858.

"Mr. Hunt's play, 'A Legend of Florence,' has met with entire success. Its reliances were solely the author's own. . . . The play had thought, fancy, feeling, and passion. . . . The genius which marks the subtle delicacies of character is beyond all praise. We know nothing finer in the pure and unalloyed language of natural domestic passion than the second scene of the second act. . . . Excuses may be found for frequent references to this play in the familiar beauty of its language, the homely and deep truth of its feeling, and the quick and passionate interchange of its dialogue."—*Examiner, February* 9 *and* 16, 1840.

"It is the work of one who, although he has already found his materials, has given them that poetical idealty which is his own. Familiar with the beautiful old tales of the South, he has caught them in their *naiveté*, and writes as though he loved them. . . . The success of the drama was great and unequivocal; the audience, who were enthusiatic at the end of every act, were tumultuous at the fall of the curtain. All the actors appeared in succession, and Mr. Leigh Hunt was called for, and came before the curtain in *propria personâ*."—*The Times, February* 8, 1840.

"We may at once pronounce the 'Legend of Florence' to be the most exquisite production of its class we have witnessed for many years. The plot is strikingly simple, but it is conducted with so much skill, and the passions of which it is the vehicle are developed with such earnestness, that the feelings of the spectator are deeply affected throughout, and agitated by a conflict of emotions to the fall of the curtain. . . . The drama is wrought of the finest elements—it moves in an atmosphere of the purest and most elevated poetry—and it is filled with thoughts, sentiments, and images worthy of the best age of the English drama. As a mere work of art, it is entitled to unmixed admiration, and the moral beauty infused into the dialogue strengthens and ennobles that tone of faith and love by which it is everywhere pervaded. . . . Of the 'Ginevra of Miss Ellen Tree, it is not easy to speak truly, and not seem to speak too panegyrically. The impersonation was not merely in the highest degree pathetic, but it was so domestic, so natural, so sweet, and so unconsciously true and beautiful, that we can scarcely decide whether she is more indebted to the author for drawing such a portrait for her, or he to her for the life, tender and lovely, with which she inspired it."—*The Atlas, February* 8, 1840.

"The play is founded on the well-known story of a wife, buried in a trance, awaking in the tomb, and when rejected by her husband, seeking shelter in the house of her lover. These incidents are obviously difficult to conduct to a prosperous conclusion; nor were our misgivings as to the subject at all relieved by the maladroit way in which the same legend had been put into a dramatic form by two different authors: but the delicate and beautiful shape in which Leigh Hunt has presented the story, the strong passion and exquisite tenderness which he has infused into it, and the picturesque elegance of the accessories of the tale, have invested the stage representation with the most charming features of romance. . . . The tact with which Mr. Hunt has overcome the perilous nature of the subject is striking; but much higher praise is due to the power with which he has o'er-mastered it by the union of poetry and passion. As a stage play, it is deficient in stirring action; but the skilful development of character, and the gradual unfolding of the plot, kept the interest alive and progressive, until the very last scene; and the *dénouement* was satisfactory to those who sympathised with the lovers, without in the slightest degree shocking their feelings of decorum. The dialogue is throughout carried on in a sustained yet easy manner; with the elevated tone proper to the intercommunication of refined and generous natures, adorned with elegant manners. It is full of fine sense, pleasant raillery, and poetical grace: the fierce invectives of Agolanti, the passionate breathings of Rondivelli, and the sweet remonstrances of Ginevra, are each clothed in fitting language: the lady, indeed, only speaks out of the overflowing fulness of her heart."—*The Spectator*, 1840, *p.* 129.

"It is a remarkable excellence in the dialogue, and a test of its dramatic force, that you generally feel inclined to side with the last speaker, so strongly does he put his view of the case: yet it so happens that this tends to increase that very feeling of unsatisfactoriness we have alluded to; and thus a rare merit in one particular heightens the grand defect. The earnest tone of feeling pervading the play is most acceptable, at a time when stilted prose is passed off for poetry, and sound for sense: one therefore willingly overlooks certain mannerisms of phraseology, and quaint turns of thought—vague ultra-delicacies of expression, where more is intended to be implied than the words warrant if taken out of that conventional sense in which only the writer uses them: such peculiarities are slight blemishes compared with the passionate eloquence of the language and genuineness of the sentiment throughout the play. The blank verse, on perusal, is much less metrical than it sounds in the delivery: the mixture of prose and rhythm is, however, rather effective than otherwise, and accords with the half-familiar, half-exalted strain of thought. The passion rarely if ever rises to the sublime elevation of tragic grandeur; indeed the pathos itself is more akin to the homely than the ideal: the comedy of the play is of a refined and spiritual character, partaking strongly of the delicacy

and grace that belong to superior natures: and even the jests and banter are subtilised by the ethereal gaiety of playful wit. Mr. Hunt, we think, would would be more likely to excel in comedy."—*The Spectator*, 1840, *p.* 156.

"The blank verse is more colloquial in some parts and less flowing in others than might have been desirable, but, in the delivery, this variety, and even the occasional ruggedness of the metre, produces a not unpleasing effect; the earnest and tender feeling elevating the sentiment to poetic dignity, without raising the language too much above the conversational level of well-bred persons in a state of passionate excitement. The tone that refined courtesy, generous and delicate conduct, and graceful manners, give to the intercourse of gentle natures, pervades the play; and even the churl partakes of the external nobleness with which habitual politeness dignifies power and selfishness: and the playful banter and caustic sarcasm that enliven the comic dialogue, give promise of a vein of elegant comedy which we incline to think Mr. Hunt would be more likely to excel in, than in a subject of tragic pathos. His fancy, indeed, excels in the sunshine of gaiety and mirthful humour; and he has just the kind of sympathy with the graver side of humanity, that would supply the transparent shadows necessary to give relief to the lights of the picture; while his genial sentiment would infuse a life-blood into the impersonations of modes and peculiarities."

"Mr. Hunt has, however, produced a drama of romantic interest and beauty, in which the incidents of the Legend are presented on the stage with picturesque elegance; leaving an impression, like the recital of the story by an Italian *improvisatore*. In short, it is a dramatic romance, with a mixture of poetical comedy."—*Athenæum, February* 15, 1840

"But that among the regenerators of the English drama we should have to hail Leigh Hunt as a foremost man is not a little singular; and it is worth observing, that, no later than 1825, he publicly declared his conviction 'that he had no sort of dramatic talent whatever.' But it seems the graceful moralist, the charming essayist, the benevolent and discriminating critic, had 'treasures that he knew not of,' lying unproductive in the fertile pasture of his brain and heart—at which his friends are no less astonished. The appearance of this single-hearted, and (in a worldly sense) most unsuccessful man in a new character, one would have supposed would have set aside all political animosities, and elicited universally the best and most unrebuked criticism. It did so in many instances (honour to the true and brave!), but there were others, and in influential quarters, who erred, more in ignorance than anger, we would hope, yet egregiously erred, as we shall have occasion to show, and who particularly called forth the preceding remarks. . . .

"Thus ends one of the finest plays that has been produced since Beaumont and Fletcher, and which beats even their happiest efforts in characterisation, however inferior in abandonment of passion, variety of incident, and beauty of language. There are one or two things that appear to us faulty, which unacquaintance with the stage excuses. We have freely noted them out of the very intensity of our admiration for the rest; but of the many beauties, apparent and concealed, we have but noted a few,—enough, however, to convince our readers what ore is to be worked out if they seek it with hearty appreciation and goodwill. In bidding farewell to one of the bravest, gentlest, and most sympathising of men—in joining in the plaudits and sympathies of success—we cannot but urge him to continue this career so nobly begun—to read us new lessons from 'the red tablets of the heart,' and to add fresh impetus to the reviving drama of England."—*Monthly Chronicle*. 1840. *Vol.* 5, *p.* 20. *Article on the "The Legend of Florence," attributed to Sir E. L. Bulwer.*

"Leigh Hunt is indeed a successful dramatist, and we rejoice in his success as cordially as his best friends could; for he deserves it. . . . It is not to point out the many exquisite beauties in these scenes—for that surely would be needless with such readers as ours—that we desire to say a few words; but merely to satisfy our own feelings of gratitude to the poet."—*From a long article in Blackwood's Magazine, on "A Legend of Florence."* 1840. *Vol.* 47, *p.* 313.

"The entire success of Mr. Leigh Hunt's play, on the stage of Covent-garden Theatre, and the consequent extent and multiplication of the notices and extracts it has called forth, preclude us from devoting to it that space which our admiration of its many detached beauties would otherwise have claimed. It must not, however, prevent us from recording that admiration in general terms, nor from expressing our opinion that the success of this drama on the stage is the strongest proof we have yet witnessed, of the improved and

improving condition of the popular taste in matters of this nature. For in truth, the 'Legend of Florence' includes (with one or two equivocal and dangerous exceptions) none of those elements of mere vulgar excitement and popularity which have long been supposed to be necessary to stage success. It is a drama infinitely better adapted to the closet than the theatre; nor can the very best attention that may be given to it, during representation, convey anything like a just impression of its most delicate beauties, or even of those strong and striking traits and markings of character in which it abounds. Yet it was heard with respectful attention throughout, and with the warmest enthusiasm and sympathy in many parts that could scarcely have been expected to find these in a popular audience. There has seldom, if ever, been a character brought on the stage, in the conception of which it was more difficult to excite sympathy, than that of Agolanti, the leading male character of this play. It is a sort of poetical version of Sir John Brute—the very ideal of a bad husband. And it is in this character that Mr. Hunt has, as we think, eminently succeeded. There is a force, a spirit, and truth—and in particular a *dramatic* truth—about it, which, while we shrink from it in a painful blending of terror and anger, nevertheless claims a pitying sympathy which proves (however we may try to doubt and disbelieve) that it is true to nature, even in its most repulsive parts. This character is perfectly original, and it is the triumph of the play. The character of Genevra, the meek and suffering wife, is equally and exquisitely true—true in its strength, still more true in its weakness; true in its saintly forbearance,—still more true in its resentful anger. The only other character that is at all developed,—that of the lover, Rondinelli,—though not perhaps inconsistent with *human* nature, is certainly inconsistent with *man's* nature, in any of his past or present conditions; consequently it is ineffective as a *dramatic* representation. But we suppose it is to be taken as an instance (like da Riva's anticipation of carriages going without horses), of the poet's *prophetic* capacity: and in that light we are willing to accept it. The play, we repeat, is full of exquisite detached passages, and will be read with especial pleasure by those who have first seen it performed."—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1840. *Vol.* 58. *p.* 438.]

Biographical and Critical Notices of Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar, prefixed to Moxon's Edition of the Dramatic Works of these Authors. 1840.

[The following passages are extracted from these Notices, which extend to 75 pages royal 8vo:—"In collecting materials for the following lives, an eye has been had to the discovery of such additional facts, however small or even collateral in their interest, as might result from a diligent perusal of the works of the authors, and a reference to the literature of their age; and, accordingly, some have been procured, which it is hoped will not be unwelcome to the lovers of genius and of books. The same wish to render the volume as complete as lay in the power of those concerned in it, has led also to the selection of such passages from the miscellaneous writings of the authors, as the editor, in the indulgence of a habit of that kind, felt an impulse to mark with his pen. Critical notices have been added to the biographical; and, at the conclusion of the whole, a general estimate has been attempted of their comparative merits, together with some idea of the moral spirit in which they deserve to be read. . . . Upon the spirit in which these dramatists ought to be read, Mr. Lamb has written an essay, exquisite, like all his essays, for the abundance of the thoughts, the unsuperfluousness of the words, and the subtlety of their expression. We venture to differ with one or two points, and shall state why; but it is all so much to the purpose of the present volume, as well as so beautiful in itself, that we shall first transfer the whole of it to our pages, at the expense of their less relishing contents. [Here is reprinted Lamb's Essay 'On the Artificial Comedy of the Last Century.'] . . . Exquisite as every word here is (a style pickled and preserved out of the delicatest rarities of the brain), and well calculated as it is to 'give pause' to another writer of any modesty, we confess we cannot agree with the main point of it, any more than with some of the judgments about the actors. The main *object* we heartily agree with; namely, the vindication of the writers from the wholesale charges made against them by some feeble people, of immorality and perniciousness. . . . We cannot help thinking that Mr. Hazlitt's almost equally admirable essay on these writers (almost in point of style, and superior in hearty relish) leaves the far truer impression respecting them, as well as contains the best and most detailed criticism on their individual plays. We did not read either of these essays over again, till we had concluded our own remarks (for what we have here said of both is an insertion); but as we thought it would be an injustice to the reader

to withhold from him what he has just seen, so we hold that it would be a still greater not to give him the benefit of the masterly criticism of Mr. Hazlitt. After we had again become acquainted with them, we found reason, generally speaking, to think nothing of our own, except inasmuch as we observed a prevailing similarity of opinion. Nor may the reader be sorry to hear a third lover of the drama speak on a subject so agreeable. What we hold ourselves to have contributed to this volume is a more pains-taking set of memoirs than, we believe, has yet appeared. Mr. Hazlitt's essay will complete, amplify, and abundantly enrich the criticism; and Mr. Lamb's will carry to its height a speculation more exquisitely artificial than its subject, and advantageous, some way or other, to both parties. But Hazlitt, it is to be observed, has none of the misgivings of Lamb. He does not even think it necessary to notice them. He takes the whole tribe, as nature and society (short of the exaggerations of art) threw them forward during the progress of civilisation, neither doubting their reality, nor startled at it, nor forced to reconcile himself to the robustness of its levity. At all events, the reader in these additions to our prefatory matter, will have the opinions of two out of the three great critics whom we had not long ago among us. Ah, Coleridge! and art thou gone away into an infinitude hardly wider than thy thoughts! Ah, dear Hazlitt and Lamb, old tea-drinking friends and readers! must he that writes this learn no more from you in voice as well as in mute books? Is it true, as sometimes he can hardly think it is—that neither of you is again coming down the street to his door, nor he to yours? and that he can even write a little better poetry than he did, and you not be alive to turn these tears in his eyes to pride instead of sorrow?" (Here is given Hazlitt's Essay, "On Wycherley, Congreve, Vanbrugh, and Farquhar.")

"Mr. Hunt's biographical and critical notices are, in fact, four distinct biographies; so carefully and conscientiously written, and embodying so much that is quite new in connection with the subject, that no judicious person will hereafter undertake to write or speak of these men without referring to them. The criticism is also of a high order: subtle and discriminating. And the style of the biographies is in that delightful manner of gossip, between prose and poetry, which is exclusively the writer's own."—*Examiner*, 1840, *p.* 677.

"Mr. Hunt has bestowed more than ordinary pains and care upon these prefaces. They are executed in his best style, and with just such a relish of what wont to be called the Cockney School—a little of honour, however meant—as heightens their *gusto*."—*Tait's Magazine*, 1840, *p.* 803.]

Biographical and Critical Sketch of Sheridan, by Leigh Hunt, prefixed to Moxon's Edition of the Dramatic Works of Richard Brinsley Sheridan. 1840. *Reprinted* 1848.

["This edition is enriched with a biographical sketch in Leigh Hunt's happiest vein. The style is natural and terse, with good touches of wit, as the style of a man who criticises Sheridan ought to be. The spirit of the essay is excellent, embodying a very rare and charming mixture of plain-spoken candour with considerate gentleness and charity. Mr. Hunt confesses his 'want of enthusiasm' for the genius of Sheridan, but he makes all needful concessions to it in the reverse of a pick-thank or grudging temper."—*Examiner, Oct.* 4, 1840.]

The Palfrey; a Love-Story of Old Times. By Leigh Hunt, with Illustrations. 1842.

["The story is a variation of one of the most amusing of the old French narrative poems that preceded the time of Chaucer. There are some additions of the writer's invention, and it is treated altogether with great freshness and originality. In style it has been modelled to a certain extent upon that of the old English romances and ballads, with their pleasant interchange of gaiety and gravity. The measure of its verse is the same as in the 'Christabel' of Coleridge: each marked by the same music, though the number of syllables vary. Its tone is sincere, straightforward, and unmisgiving; its animal spirits unbounded. These are in ever line. When grief comes, it is certain that it cannot last; when joy reappears, you know it must continue. . . . The language for the most part, is excellent. The words are seldom superfluous; and often nice and fit to an exquisite point. For throughout the thought shapes the verse—each is there because of the other. You find in them no formal separable mechanism. The rhymes repeat themselves to an extent not strictly allowed by art, yet with an indulgence felt to be not unwarranted."—*Examiner*, 1843, *p.* 452.

"We cannot but envy the elasticity of spirits which, at fifty, can throw off a rhyme of love and youth and beauty and bravery, as in

'the golden time,
When the world was in it its prime,
And every day was holiday
And every month was lovely May.'"

—*Athenæum, September*, 3, 1842.]

One Hundred Romances of Real Life; selected and annotated by Leigh Hunt; comprising Remarkable Historical and Domestic Facts, illustrative of Human Nature. 1843.

["Intelligent readers of all classes, who sympathise with their species, are here presented with an extensive selection of those extraordinary real circumstances, often found in the history of individuals, which have been said to show truth in a stronger light than fiction. They are abridged, enlarged, or copied, from their respective authorities, as the case rendered expedient, with such notes or verbal alterations (facts being scrupulously adhered to) as might serve at once to fit them better for perusal, and appropriate them to this particular publication: and the collection is far the most abundant that has been made. Mrs. Charlotte Smith published a hasty selection from the 'Causes Célèbrés' of Guyot de Pitaval, in three volumes, under the title of 'Romance of Real Life,' which has been often sent for from the circulating library under the supposition of its being a novel. The best of the narratives which she has taken are to be found in the present pages; and they contain also what may be pronounced, perhaps, the only curious articles of lasting interest (and very interesting they are), originally given to the public in the singular anonymous publication entitled 'The Lounger's Common-place Book.'

"Crimes, virtues, humours, plots, agonies, heroical sacrifices, mysteries of the most extraordinary description, though taking place in the most ordinary walks of life, are the staple commodity of this book,—all true, and for the most part well told; and over the greater portion of them hangs the greatest of all interests—domestic interest.

"The selection originally appeared in the editor's *London Journal;* but as he was the selector and commentator only, and not the writer of the narratives he may be allowed, without immodesty, to express his belief that in its present shape it will go into a great many new quarters, and perhaps not be unacceptable to some of the old. A work more fitted to be *laid on the table*, whether of drawing-room or parlour, of hotel or country inn, or to accompany the traveller in coach or post-chaise, it might not be easy to conceive: since it unites, in an extreme degree, the advantages of quick and exciting perusal, with lasting and useful interest. From the appearance of its first number it was popular with its periodical readers; but the shape (a folio) was inconvenient for the purposes which it is now hoped it will realise."—*Preface.*

"The 'Romances of Real Life' were, themselves, collected into a separate volume. They contain the best things out of the 'Lounger's Common-Place Book,' and other curious publications, with the addition of comments by the editor. These romances are as little my property as the books of essays just mentioned; but I venture to think that they are worth recommending for their own sakes, and that the comments contain some of my best reflections."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 381.

"This selection of truths stranger than fictions, of remarkable historical and domestic facts, illustrative of human nature in her character of romantic novelist, originally appeared in one of those charming publications, filled to overflowing with the love of letters and of everything humane and lovable—with which, some few years since, Leigh Hunt shed so much grace and animation on periodical literature. . . . Mr. Hunt's editorship is not confined to selection. His notes are frequent and admirable, and on all obscure points of character or motive, fling the very light most needed."—*Examiner*, 1843, *p.* 309.]

Introduction to "The Foster Brother: a Tale of the War of Chiozza." A Novel; by Thornton Hunt.

["The introduction by Mr. Leigh Hunt, is written with a partial yet so pleasant a feeling, that we could not wish a jot of it away. . . . He speaks strongly in his introduction of the excellence of the book in its 'development of the graver elements of the passion of love.'"—*Examiner*, 1843.]

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt; containing many Pieces now first collected. 1844. *Reprinted* 1846.

[This volume contains: *Narrative Poems, viz.:* The Story of Rimini—Hero and Leander—The Palfrey—Mahmoud—Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel—The Glove and the Lions—The Panther—The Feast of the Poets—Captain Sword and Captain Pen—Blue-Stocking Revels; or, the Feast of the Violets. *Miscellaneous Poems, viz.:* Thoughts of the Avon, on the 28th of September, 1817—To T. L. H., six years old, During a Sickness—To J. H., four years old—Sudden Fine Weather—Power and Gentleness—A Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine—A Thought or Two on Reading Pomfret's "Choice"—Christmas—The Lover of Music to his Piano-forte—Bodryddan—Rondeau—Lines Written in the Album of Rotha Quillinan—To the Queen—To the Infant Princess Royal—Three Visions on the Birth of the Prince of Wales—Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice—An Angel in the House—Wealth and Womanhood—Songs of Flowers—General Song of the Flowers. *Sonnets, viz.:* To the Grasshopper and the Cricket—On a Lock of Milton's Hair—Quiet Evenings—To Kosciusko—To the Author of "Ion"—The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit. *Blank Verse, viz.:* Paganini—Our Cottage—A Heaven upon Earth—Reflections of a Dead Body. *Translations, viz.:* The Infant Hercules and the Serpents—Greek Pretenders to Philosophy—Cupid Swallowed—Catullus's Return Home—Song of Fairies Robbing an Orchard—The Jovial Priest's Confession—Epitaph on Erotion—Plato's Archetypal Man—Tasso's Ode to the Golden Age—Petrarch's Contemplations of Death in the Bower of Laura—A Deprecation of the Name of John—Passages from Redi's Dithyrambic Poem of Bacchus in Tuscany—The Battle of the Books—Love and Age—Epitaph on an Englishman—Love and Reason—Love and War—Abel and Mabel—On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret—A Love-Lesson—The Curate and his Bishop. *Drama, viz.:* A Legend of Florence.

"When the author was a boy at school, writing twice the number of verses required by the master, and thinking of nothing but poetry and friendship, he used to look at one of the pocket volumes of Cooke's Edition of Gray, Collins, and others, then in course of publication, and fancy that if ever he could produce anything of that sort in that shape, he should consider himself as having attained the happiest end of a human being's existence. The form had become dear to him for the contents, and the reputation seemed proved by the cheapness. He has lived to qualify the opinion not a little, as far as others are concerned in what he does; but in respect to his wishes for his mere self, they are precisely the same as they were then; and when Mr. Moxon proposed to him the present volume, he seemed to realise the object of his life, and to require no other prosperity. . . . As to any other effusions of a hostile nature, poured forth in the course of one of the most stirring periods of political warfare, when I was in the thick of editorial fight, I shall not belie the honesty and heartiness with which such fights may be carried on during the zeal of the moment; but I have now lived, enjoyed, erred, suffered, and thought enough, to come to the conclusion, that neither modesty of self-knowledge nor largeness of policy is in favour of advancing the circumstances of the community, by attacking individuals who are the creatures of them; and in accordance with this new sense of duty, the volume offered to the public does not contain, it is trusted, one verse which can give pain to any living being. It aspires to be the reader's companion during his quietest and his kindest moments; to add zest to intercourse, and love to the love of nature; and the author would fain have left nothing in its pages rebukable either by the cordial voices of the fireside, or by the pensive breath of the wind as it passes by the ear in field or garden."—*From the Preface.*

Extracts from the preface, with reference to "The Feast of the Poets," and the "Story of Rimini," are given at pages 117 and 120.

"There can be no doubt, we apprehend, that Mr. Hunt is a man of singular and delicate genius: a poet of great insight and happy fancy, and a prose-writer of varied excellence, ranging from deep pathos to wit and humour of as mercurial and rare a character as any in the circle of English literature.

"There is scarcely a note on the scale of human interest which he has not touched with effect; from the 'Story of Rimini' and the wild and young passion of 'Hero and Leander;' from the oriental gravity of 'Mahmoud' and the tenderness of the essay 'On the Deaths of Children'—to the revelry of 'Christmas' and the admirable humour of his 'Hot Day,' and those other sallies of a similar nature of which the *Indicator* is full. There is no one who

has more thoroughly brought out the sentiment of ancient stories; we do not know a translator more thoroughly imbued with the old classic spirit; there is no one who has made more happy or continuous advances to the highest aims of poetry, or with whom the study and pursuit have been more of a genuine passion: and we are quite sure that royalty was never crowned by such charming compliments, as the Queen of England and her children have received from the muse of Mr. Leigh Hunt. . . . .

"We are quite sure that we need not wish any lover of poetry a greater pleasure than that he may read it, for the first time, in one of his days of leisure. We have given the scholar, we hope, good reason for the purchase. For lighter as for graver hours, it is a pocket companion, which the kindly aspects of nature will make every one relish the more. It is a book which should be taken into the fields, where the April grass is stealing forth in the sunshine, sending up its perpetual perfumes, unnoticed; or by the side of primrose banks or under hawthorn boughs, filled with blossoms—or it may be read on a bed of fern, or on a carpet of wild hyacinths: or by a lulling river. The willing spirit can never be at a loss. And, be it observed, that it is to willing spirits alone that the Muse of Poetry (like Minerva of old) deigns to disclose herself. . . .

"Considered merely as an artist, Mr. Hunt seems to approach the sculptor, perhaps nearer than the painter: for notwithstanding his fine touches of colour, and some deviations into the regions of passion, and even a dithyrambic in favour of wine (but this last is a translation only) he is essentially a lover of quiet, and his illustrations are, for the most part, drawn from subjects connected with gentleness or repose. . . .

"Mr. Hunt is the poet of chivalry as well as of domestic life. He is to be found as often in the 'valley of ladies' with the story-tellers of the Decameron, as in a cottage hidden by roses and honeysuckles on the banks of the Thames. In his love of poets and poetry he has a large and catholic spirit, although he evidently leans towards one and the better class. Without denying the great merit of some writers, who have dealt with artificial subjects, and whilst he admits, with great glee, and almost with fraternal cordiality, the sparkling wit and gay pretensions of the writers of Charles the Second's time, he is himself, in the main, a person of different quality, and belongs, in fact, to a superior order. He is the poet of nature: of the fields and flowers: of love, of kindness, of toleration, of peace. He does not advocate the punishment of death. With him carnage is not God's daughter; but a hag, bloody, loathsome, and depraved, who ought to be spurned, or rather, according to those gentler theories which have of late years so much increased with him, who ought to be converted, by sound argument or winning examples, to a milder creed. . . .

"His essays will remain among the master-examples of genial humour, as long as those of Goldsmith and Charles Lamb shall last. . . .

"The delicacy and discrimination evinced in his criticisms, indeed, are very remarkable; and although in some few (and they are very few) instances we have had occasion to dissent from his opinions, we can testify to the care, sincerity, and kindness which they invariably exhibit."—*Examiner*, *April* 13, 1844.

"It is not our habit, either in forming opinions for ourselves, or, where it would be more excusable, in endeavouring to communicate formed opinions to others, to compare one poet with another. Little is gained by it in the way of illustration, and something is lost in not looking directly at what ought to be the exclusive subject of thought—the matter immediately before us; but we cannot but think, that, under all the circumstances of Mr. Hunt's intimate acquaintanceship with Byron and Shelley, and Keats, and his ardent appreciation of their great powers, his succeeding in keeping his own stream of thought so entirely distinct from theirs—is evidence of great original power. His story of 'Rimini,' is, we think, as a single poem, one of greater beauty than any of Lord Byron's narrative poems, except, perhaps, the 'Giaour'—and in its first form, from which, after all, it was unwise in Mr. Hunt to alter it, contained some passages likely to be remembered as long as the language in which they were written. . . . There is a poem of Hunt's, in which this business of Matter of Fact and Fiction is more intelligibly discussed than in this essay (contained in 'Men, Women, and Books,' vol. 1). We wish exceedingly that we could print the whole poem, but must confine ourselves to the passage directly illustrative of our immediate subject. Not to print this passage would be injustice to Mr. Hunt, for the argument which he imperfectly stated in the passage we have quoted, is distinctly expressed in these beautiful verses. It is from a poem styled 'Our Cottage.' . . . Hunt's verse translations from modern languages, are almost always everything one could wish."—*Dublin University Magazine*. 1847. *Vol.* 30. *pp.* 387 to 397.

Imagination and Fancy; or Selections from the English Poets, illustrative of those First Requisites of their Art; with Markings of the Best Passages, Critical Notices of the Writers, and an Essay in Answer to the Question, "What is Poetry?" By Leigh Hunt. 1844. *Second Edition*, 1846. *Third Edition*, 1852.

[The essay, entitled "An Answer to the Question 'What is Poetry?' including Remarks on Versification," extends to 70 pages. It is followed by selections from Spenser, Marlowe, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Middleton, Decker and Webster, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, and Keats, with Critical Notices of each.

"This book is intended for all lovers of poetry and the sister arts, but more especially for those of the most poetical sort, and most especially for the youngest and the oldest: for as the former may incline to it for information's sake, the latter will perhaps not refuse it their good-will for the sake of old favourites. The editor has often wished for such a book himself: and as nobody will make it for him, he has made it for others. . . . With the great poet of the Faerie Queene the editor has taken special pains to make readers in general better acquainted; and in furtherance of this purpose he has exhibited many of his best passages in remarkable relation to the art of the painter. . . One of the objects indeed of this preface is to state, that should the public evince a willingness to have more such books, the editor would propose to give them, in succession, corresponding volumes of the Poetry of Action and Passion (Narrative and Dramatic Poetry), from Chaucer to Campbell (here mentioned because he is the latest deceased poet);—the Poetry of Contemplation, from Surrey to Campbell;—the Poetry of Wit and Humour, from Chaucer to Byron; and the Poetry of Song, or Lyrical Poetry, from Chaucer again (see in his works his admirable and only song, beginning

'Hide, Absalom, thy gilded tresses clear')

to Campbell again, and Burns, and O'Keefe. These volumes, if he is not mistaken, would present the public with the *only selection*, hitherto made, *of none but genuine poetry*; and he would take care, that it should be unobjectionable in every other respect."—*From the Preface.*

"Since jesting Pilate asked about truth, there have been few less satisfactory answers than that to the question of 'What is Poetry?' Mr. Hunt is a bold man to undertake it; but justifies the attempt, were it bolder than it is. (We quote the most important part of the definition.) This is carefully studied and beautifully written. It has been in other forms stated or implied, but never said with such a simple comprehensiveness. It does not elude the grasp, or cheat the mind anew. Recal what other priests of the muse have declared to be her oracle, and, read with this, it will be less of a mystery. That the poet is an interpreter of the invisible; that poetry subdues the shews of things to the desires of the mind: that the attempt man makes to render his existence harmonious is a form and an assertion of the poetical faculty. Mr. Hunt helps us to a clearer understanding on all these points."—*Examiner*, 1844, *p.* 741.

"The volume will be found much more interesting, and assuredly of a far higher range of intellect than this account of it might induce one to suppose. The unity of purpose in Mr. Hunt's object gives a unity to the specimens rarely attained in collections. They have also very often a completeness in themselves, which is still more rarely compassed: the scenes from the 'Tempest,' the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' 'Macbeth,' and almost all the larger extracts, forming a whole which is not only surprising, but a curious instance of the completeness with which great genius endows its parts. . . .

"The essay, in particular, is one of the most complete, acuminated, and agreeable pieces of criticism that has appeared for many a day: alike distinguished for its easy strength of diction, its comprehension without vagueness, and its refinement without minuteness."—*Spectator, Nov.* 23, 1844.

"Mr. Hunt, in his prefatory essay, has given a most masterly and subtle definition of the nature and requisites of poetry, analysing not only the elements of the feeling, but also the attributes of the art, which is the feeling woven into artistical expression. 'What is poetry?' is a question that few perhaps could answer, though there are not many who are destitute of the conception, even while they lack ability to define it. Mr. Hunt, however, has added a beauty and power of descriptive diction to the deep reflection, the acute

truthful perception and delicate analysation which he exhibits in the sentiment. . . . We often pause throughout the essay to admire some beautiful sentiment couched in classical and elegant language, some sentence in which the poet keeps out more conspicuously than in others, and which tells us how intrinsically competent the essayist is to his theme. The following passage, for instance, is an example :—'Oh lovely and immortal privilege of genius! that can stretch its hand out of the wastes of time, thousands of years back, and touch our eyelids with tears.' . . . A book upon a principle of co-perusal with such a man as Mr. Hunt, must ever be delightful."—*The Oxford and Cambridge Review.* 1845. *Vol.* 1, *p.* 555.

"In the volume now presented will be found a clear exposition of the principles of poetry, exemplified by examples on the instant, of the pure taste of Mr. Hunt; of his exquisite sensibility of the finest allusions of a poet; of that perfect intellectual and spiritual formation that enables him to enjoy the whole circle of sensations from tears to laughter; his numerous readers must be aware. His high, elegant, and multifarious attainments, have placed him in a situation to demand attention to his selection, and deference to his opinion. His style is peculiarly adapted to so spiritual and graceful a discussion; and everyone who has the slightest poetical tinge in his constitution, will be beguiled most sweetly by this hard-easy, and profound-clear dissertation. It is a most delicious tour through every species of poetical beauty, with one deeply imbued with every point of the glorious scenery he has so long dwelt amongst."—*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine,* 1845. *p.* 91.

"With the exception of the points on which we have frankly stated our own impressions, we have no hesitation in saying that the present book is the best and the most useful, as it is the prettiest and most entertaining, of all the author's works. It aims at utility, and it is useful: it professes to be frank and truthful; and, with the exception of a pardonable leaning to the works of a deceased poet to whom the author was attached by the most affectionate friendship, it is an impartial book. Apart from the instruction which it conveys, it is a book of poetical flowers, culled by the hand of taste from every soil where they have flourished sweetest and most beautiful. We say therefore, in conclusion, that the author had an inestimable object to accomplish, and that he has accomplished that object in a manner, with talent, and with a a poetic sympathy of feeling, which will add fresh laurels to those which he has already won in his dearly-loved fields of literature."—*Hood's Magazine. Vol.* 3. 1845. *p.* 502.

Each set of quotations is prefaced by a short critical notice of the poet or poets from whom they are taken; those passages or expressions to which Mr. Hunt wishes to call the special attention of the reader are printed in italics; and after most of the pieces quoted there are placed a few notes, intended either to clear up the meaning where it is obscure, or to point out lurking beauties.

"From our description of the volume, it will be evident that it is something different from the ordinary collections of poetical extracts. The author's name would of itself be a sufficient guarantee on that point. . . .

"But this volume is not merely a collection of poetical extracts by one who is himself a poet; it is a collection restricted in its range, and made with reference to a specific purpose. The idea of preparing such a book was suggested, Mr. Hunt tells us, 'by the approbation which the readers of a periodical work bestowed on some extracts from the poets commented and marked with italics, on a principle of co-perusal.' In this book, therefore, Mr. Hunt wishes it to be considered that he is reading aloud to a party of friends. And, as the person who reads aloud to a family party is usually the person who selects what is to be read, so the volume before us is to be regarded as a collection of Mr. Hunt's own favourite passages from the poets. In thus restricting the range of his quotations to his own favourite passages, Mr. Hunt, however, conceives that he is at the same time fulfilling an important scientific end. . . . The Essay is written in a clear, sunny, sparkling style, it abounds in acute remarks, indicating some extent of thinking, and a remarkable accuracy and delicacy of ear and taste. . . . We cannot, of course, follow Mr. Hunt into that part of his volume which consists of quotations from the poets, the subjects presented in it being so various. Let us remark, however, as a great merit of this part of the book, the wonderful nicety of poetical taste which it exhibits. The passages or expressions which Mr. Hunt points out for the admiration of his readers, are exactly those which his readers will feel themselves willing to admire, although, in many cases, they might not have discovered the beauty for themselves."—*British Quarterly Review.* 1845. *Vol.* 1., *pp.* 563 *to* 581. *Article on Leigh Hunt's "Imagination and Fancy."*

"We have, in the book before us, full and sufficing proof that it is the work of a man whose abundant and acknowledged abilities for the pleasant labour he has undertaken, have been ceaselessly spreading themselves over the varied interests of human life. To the vivid and continual experience of active life, we find joined the gifts of a 'shaping intellect' and that ardent poetic temperament which allies itself to all that is greatest in the works of others in genial and willing sympathy. He sees himself, and would have others see with him, that all which we most justly deem human, is poetic too—Hope, Love, Reverence—aggrandised and purified indeed, and seen through a glorious medium; yet not the less human, and therefore good and fitting to be known and loved by all men. Himself a poet, and the associate of poets, Mr. Hunt seeks to gather around him such readers as will gladly listen to some strains of 'the dead but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule our spirits from their urns.'"—*Dublin University Magazine.* 1845 *Vol.* 25. *p.* 649.

"We must be content, in a few words, to express our belief that, after Coleridge, there is no critic to whom the young student of poetry has so much reason to be grateful as to Leigh Hunt. He has no pretensions to Coleridge's psychology, or power of philosophic analysis; but his expositions of the beauties of the great masters—for it is this the best and most beneficial kind of criticism, that he affects—are full of taste and feeling; and his manner of imparting his views is so felicitous and charming, that the dullest reader, while he is in Leigh Hunt's company, is made to enjoy the coyest beauties of Chaucer and Spenser, and Keats and Coleridge, with something of the critic's own discernment and delicacy of perception. As he says of Ariosto, 'instead of taking thought, he chooses to take pleasure with us;' and we are delighted that he does us so much honour, and makes, as it were, Leigh Hunts of us all."—*North British Review. Nov.*, 1860. *Vol.* 33. *Article*, "*Leigh Hunt.*" *p.* 378.]

Lazy Corner; or, Bed versus Business. A Poem from the Italian of Berni (in "New Monthly Magazine. 1845. *Vol.* 75. *p.* 143*).*

[This poetical translation is included in "The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt, now finally collected, revised by himself, and edited by his son, Thornton Hunt; with illustrations by Corbould." 1860.]

Wit and Humour, selected from the English Poets; with an Illustrative Essay, and Critical Comments. By Leigh Hunt. 1846.

[The "Illustrative Essay on Wit and Humour" extends to 72 pages. Then follow selections from Chaucer, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Randolph, Suckling, Brome, Marvel, Butler, Dryden, Philips, Pope, Swift, Green, Goldsmith, and Wolcot (Peter Pindar), with Critical Notices of each.

"Should health enough be spared him (as change of air and scene has enabled him to hope) it is the editor's intention to follow up this volume next year with the third of the series announced in the preface to 'Imagination and Fancy;' namely, a selection, edited in the like manner, from the Narrative and Dramatic Poets, under the title of 'Action and Passion.' . . . Meantime, he is preparing for publication a volume apart from the series, and on quite another plan; its object being to produce such a selection from favourite authors, both in prose and verse, as a lover of books, young or old, might like to find lying in the parlour of some old country-house, or in the quietest room of any other house, and tending to an impartial, an unlimited, and yet entertaining and tranquillizing review of human existence. It is a book, he hopes, such as Mrs. Radcliffe would have liked in her childhood; Sir Roger de Coverley in his old age; or Gray and Thomson at any time. And all those interesting persons will have their part in it."—*From the Preface.*

"These selections of 'Wit and Humour' are a continuation of the poetical extracts illustrative of 'Imagination and Fancy,' which appeared nearly two years ago; and they exhibit as much care in the choice, and contain as good a collection of 'elegant extracts,' as the previous volume. They are, however, wanting in the unity and completeness which characterised 'Imagination and Fancy;' rather wearing the appearance of specimens upon a general subject, than possessing an added interest from the critical illustrations they afford. This was in some degree to be expected from the nature of the topic. . . .

"It follows from all this that the task of selection was difficult; and we should recommend the reader to take up the book as a volume of extracts,

rather than as illustrations of wit or even humour properly so called; for if he carry this expectation too far, he will be disappointed, and that disappointment may induce him to undervalue the specimens. The extracts from Chaucer exhibit some of the best passages of that obsolete bard; but their shortness and the literal prose translations of Mr. Hunt may induce readers who could not be tempted in any other way to make an acquaintance with the father of English poetry. . . .

"The best parts are the short notices, which are often distinguished by much delicacy of remark, happy fancies, and kindly feeling. Here is a sample in Pope; though Mr. Hunt omits his pathos, or at least a tenderness which served its turn. Equally good, and more happy in its perception of the excuses for humanity, or rather the causes for its weaknesses, is the character of Swift."—*Spectator, October* 24, 1846.

"'Wit, poet, prose-man, party-man, translator,
Hunt, thy best title yet is "Indicator!"'

"So said Charles Lamb. His friend has since established a better right to the more sacred of these names, but still retains, and we hope rejoices in, Elia's favourite title. The delightful series of poetical extracts continued in this volume, will form, when completed, a colossal *Indicator*.

"There is none of the race of critics, present or past, who selects with such unerring and delicate tact, or recommends his selections to the relish of others in such fitting, home-going, easy, and elegant words. We know of no poetical criticism to compare with Mr. Hunt's, not simply for that quality of exquisite taste, but for its sense of continuity and sustained enjoyment.

"'Wit and Humour' is the second volume of the series, of which 'Imagination and Fancy' was the first, and 'Action and Passion' is promised as the third. These titles would of themselves explain that the design extends beyond a collection of elegant and disconnected extracts, while it combines the best features of such collections. The two volumes already published are precisely the books one would wish to carry for companionship on a journey, or to have at hand when tired of work, or at a loss what to do for want of it. They are selections of the best things some of our best authors have said, accompanied with short but delicate expositions and enforcements of their beauties. With their prefatory notices of each poet, their critical notes on each quotation from him, and their italics, indicating the selector's favourite lines—it is as though a friend took down volume after volume from our shelves; read aloud their choicest passages; marked, by the emphasis of his voice, what he liked the best; and interspersed his readings with brief, graceful, deep-felt comments on the author and his ideas. They are truly most genial, agreeable, social books. . . . The illustrative essay to this volume of 'Wit and Humour' sets off in a happy mood, pervaded with the spirit of its subject. It reads as if the essence of all the good sayings of all the wits and humorists in whose writings the author had been revelling while culling his samples and simples, mixing with his own animal spirits and love for keeping up the ball of merriment, and broken forth in irresistible overflow of playful imagery."—*Examiner, Nov.* 21, 1846. *p.* 741.

"He treats of the chief peculiarities of 'Wit and Humour,' under the heads of Simile—Metaphor—The Poetical Process—Irony—Burlesque—Parody—Exaggeration—Ultra Continuity and Extravagance in General—Puns—Macaronic Poetry—Half Jargon and Nonsense Verses—Conscious Humours Indulged—Humours of Nations and Classes—Humours of Mere Temperament—Moral or Intellectual Incongruities—'and last, above all,' Genial Contradictions of the Conventional. This division and subdivision may seem dull and formal in our bald narrative, but, embalmed in the delicious and mellifluous style of the essayist, and strewed with extracts of great power and pungency, it is very pleasant and highly instructive reading. It need scarcely be said that it shows discursive, yet discriminating, reading so various, that it alone is sufficient to prove the catholicity of Mr. Hunt's sympathies; and the great merit of the whole is, that it is a grand defence of mirth and wholesome pure cheerfulness. The utmost delicacy of feeling is allied to the most joyous animal spirits. The reader will here find some modes of fun and wit made apparent and justified to him; and quips, and cranks, and sallies, that seemed utter folly and nonsense, are awarded a becoming position in this receptacle for the gaieties of the soul. The stern, and perhaps stolid, reasoner will smile grimly at the biting irony and acute wit of Swift and Butler; but he is here shown how he may enjoy the macaronic nonsense of Drummond, or the fooleries of O'Keefe.

"The title of this book is exceedingly carefully drawn out, and requires an accurate appreciation in the reader. 'Wit and Humour, selected from the English *Poets*, with an Illustrative Essay.' We think some injustice has been

done to the author by not properly considering what he has promised in his title-page, and what were his intentions. To comprise within three hundred and fifty by no means very closely printed pages anything like a full specimen of English wits and humorists, together with a commentary on the infinite variety of modes in which they have manifested their genius, was beyond even the condensing powers of this accomplished and practised critic. After a life devoted to the elegant literature of all ages and countries, and with remarkable powers of appreciation and talent, Mr. Hunt, very fortunately for the rising generation, determined to give the fruits of his contemplations and experience in a series of illustrated essays on the chief modes in which the literary genius manifests itself. . . . He has been cruelly circumscribed in space. But he has so whetted our appetites for the glorious and abundant banquet that awaits us, that we trust some merciful bookseller will immediately commence, in conformity with the taste of the age, a full and ample selection from these stores, in a shilling monthly issue, under his superintendence. In all cases the works (for instance, Fielding's and Smollett's) could not be given; but still a pregnant, brief, and stirring commentary on each might be substituted. We long for magnums—these demi-semi-quavers of extracts are but a drop to our thirsty souls. We want not to lunch, but to dine and carouse. . . . The notices of the various poets are brief, but abounding in the genius of the author, pungently pourtraying the characteristics of each. We are not, and perhaps no one is, prepared to agree with all the opinions, but still no one can rise from their perusal without having acquired fresh glimpses of the excellence of the author."—*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine. Dec.* 1846. *pp.* 471 to 478.

"A brief but pleasant and discriminating criticism on each author precedes the quotations from his works. Felicitous comments on the best or most curious passages are interspersed throughout the volume."—*Athenæum, December* 16, 1848.

"We ought to say that nothing can be less formal than the style of Mr. Hunt's essay. It reminds us of the manner of some of Steele's best papers. Indeed, since the death of Southey, we think Leigh Hunt the pleasantest writer we have. . . . an exceedingly pleasant book—likely to add very much to the best and purest sources of enjoyment."—*Dublin University Magazine.* 1846. *Vol.* 29. *p.* 80.

"This is a most charming performance, in continuation of a plan previously traced, of giving volumes of selections from the 'English Poets,' one of which should have reference to illustrations of 'Imagination and Fancy,' another to 'Wit and Humour,' and a third to 'Action and Passion.' The admirable critic and careful compiler remarks, with infinite modesty, that the necessity of this pointing out particular passages for admiration, in the writings of men of genius, is rapidly decreasing, especially in regard to wit and humour; 'faculties of which, as well as of knowledge in general, of scholarship, deep thinking, and the most proved abilities for national guidance, more evidences are poured forth every day in the newspaper press, than the wits of Queen Anne's time, great as they were, dreamed of composing in a month.'"—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1846. *Vol.* 4, *p.* 376.

"These really delightful volumes give us the best passages of the best writers, in their respective kinds, illustrated by one who will himself leave no mean remembrance to posterity, in the spirit of genial criticism, informed by a delicate faculty of discrimination."—*Morning Chronicle,* 1846.]

Stories from the Italian Poets; with Lives of the Writers. By Leigh Hunt. 2 *Vols.* 1846.

[These volumes may be briefly described as being,—A Summary in Prose of The Commedia of Dante, and the most celebrated narratives of Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, with Comments throughout, occasional Passages versified, and Critical Notices of the Lives and Genius of the Authors.

"This is a dainty book to set before a critic. The idea is as happy and as suitable to the wants of the day, as the execution is masterly. It is a book for the poetical of all tastes. Grave and gay, fanciful and imaginative, romantic and pathetic are its stores; and the guiding spirit is that of the genial, graceful, and accomplished author of 'Rimini.' . . .

"In this great work of facilitating the studies of mankind, such a book as that now before us has a fitting place. It addresses itself to various classes. To those ignorant of Italian, and likely to remain so, it furnishes a vivid and satisfactory idea of the great Italian poets. To those who merely 'dabble' in

the literature, it will be a dainty feast. To those who are about to study any one of these great poets, it will be the fittest introduction they could possibly have. To those who have read the poets, but have not time to re-read them, it will be a charming and facile opportunity of refreshing their knowledge. Finally, to the poetical readers of all kinds, it will be an almost inexhaustible source of delight. It is of poetry 'all compact.' The magnificent pictures painted by these truly great men are given to the world in exquisite engravings. Perhaps no translation could do the justice to the original that is done by the simple, faithful, and delicately-picked prose of these volumes; in the first place, because poetical versions always have more or less of the translator forced upon the poet; in the second place, because prose, though robbed of the endless charm of rhythm, does by its very unpretendingness leave more room to the reader's imagination to conceive the glories of the original: prose is confessedly incomplete; a poetical translation pretends to be complete, and is not. . . .

"With all deductions made for what are called *Huntisms*, the fact still remains that Leigh Hunt is a critic of very uncommon excellence. He knows poetry, and he feels it. He can not only relish a beautiful poem, but he can also explain the mystery of its mechanism, the witchery of peculiar harmonies, and the intense force of words used in certain combinations. The mysteries of versification in their subtlest recesses are known to him. His sensibility, originally delicate, has been cultivated into taste by a lifelong intercourse with poets. He has read much, and read well. . . . .

"We must close our rambling notice of this beautiful book. Not a quarter of what we intended to say has been said, and yet our allotted space is filled. A book so suggestive, and embracing so wide a field, is an *embarras de richesses*, which, as far as 'Articles' are concerned, impoverishes the critic. If we have brought, however, no quota of our own, we have compensated for the deficiency by presenting the reader with extracts from our author; which extracts, though not by any means the most attractive in the work, being selected in the course of discussion, will, we trust, create a strong desire for a more intimate acquaintance with the book itself. It is indeed a book which, to speak with Marlowe, contains

'Infinite riches in a little room.'"

—Foreign Quarterly Review. January, 1846. *Vol.* 36. *Article on Leigh Hunt's "Stories from the Italian Poets." pp.* 333 *to* 354.

"It is a relief to turn from the unskilful or trading compilations of the day, and from fictions where the artist is sunk in the craftsman, to a work like this, where a cognate spirit and the voluntary studies of years are applied *con amore* to a congenial theme. Leigh Hunt shows, we think, to greater advantage in these 'Stories from the Italian Poets' than he ever did before. Years have mellowed his genius and refined his taste, without diminishing his buoyant spirit or his wide sympathies with humanity. His style is as varied, as easy, and as graceful as ever, but without the old affectations, and with greater strength and closeness; which is the same as saying that his matter is more weighty. Above all, the more mollified spirit of the age is visible in his 'Lives of the Italian Poets;' upon whose misfortunes his commentary, if not his research, throws a juster light, whilst he defends their alleged persecutors from the high-sounding abuse that has been heaped upon them. Time and experience, too, have brought a juster though a harder estimate of human things; and genius is not upheld as an all in all, or an excuse for misdeeds, or even as a necessity for misfortune. . . .

"The work consists of two great divisions—one, the 'Stories from the Italian Poets' the other, biographical and critical notices of the authors from whom the tales are drawn. These are the great narrative poets of Italy: Dante, born in 1265; Pulci, 1431; Boiardo, 1434; Aristo, 1474; and Tasso, 1544. The weight of Dante's great work has induced Mr. Hunt to present an abstract of the whole. With the other writers, the most interesting and presentable stories—in some cases incidents rather—are taken from their works, drawn together when the narrative is interrupted by other parts of the poem intervening, and translated into prose. In the case of Dante, Mr. Hunt has omitted his tedious lectures on scholastic divinity, and other lumber of his age; the diffuse and discursive Pulci has often been abridged; some omissions are made in the other poets, to give greater closeness and rapidity to the narrative; and gross faults of style and taste, such as conceits, are dropped, especially in Tasso; but nothing is presented to the reader that is not of the original authors. The stories are accompanied by notes, generally of a critical or reflective character: and some more striking passages are printed in an appendix in the original Italian, so as to furnish a help or stimulus to the tyro and a means of comparison to the advanced student. . .

"Without any attempt at poetical ornament, or vitiating his prose by a mixed style, he seems to have aimed at transfusing the spirit of his originals—condensed, stern, lively, garrulous, or as it may be. For these reasons we think 'Stories from the Italian Poets' in some sense better than the originals, unless to those who can read Italian with a relishing comprehension akin to a native's. For those who have slight acquaintance with the language, or none at all, the volume offers the shortest and pleasantest cut to a knowledge of the substance and manner of the five great poets of Italy. To the student it will be of use as furnishing him with a broad idea of poems before he commences their study. As mere tales they are of great interest. No poetical translation we have ever seen approaches in clearness, force, or impressiveness, to the story of Dante's 'Journey through Hell.'

"The Stories, however, are not the only feature of the book. The biographical notices of the book are equally interesting, and of course exhibit more of Mr. Hunt's own characteristics, improved, as we have already intimated. In every life, the leading incidents of the man's career, the personal traits which distinguished him, and the literary characteristics of his works and genius, are presented with brevity, vivacity, and pleasantness. The principal events are distinctly marked, but there is nothing of dry and formal narrative; the essence of preceding authorities has been distilled, and impregnated with the spirit of Leigh Hunt's genius, more sensible than we ever met it, yet not a whit less tolerant or animated. Sometimes he may pursue his critical instances of faults into a too great minuteness; and Aristo seems to die suddenly and before his time, from the biographer having aimed too much at exhibiting the general spirit of the life, and neglected to let the epochs carry their date. One and all, however, are admirable notices of the great Italian poetic constellation; pith and marrow endowed with vitality.

"This is particularly the case with the two most elaborate, Dante and Tasso; upon whose lives a new light is shed, somewhat destructive of wonder and romance. The repulsive and unamiable traits of Dante, his ferocity of disposition, his party hatreds, and his indulgent self-will, are put forward in justice to the world, and in explanation of the life of exile and unhappiness which he endured: yet the poet's humanity is never lost sight of by the reader in a merely critical indictment; nor the influence of the age in its effect upon the forms in which Dante's bitterness found vent; for the bitterness itself, our author holds, was there in him."—*Spectator, December* 27, 1845.

"Most persons, whether they admire Mr. Hunt's style or not, will be glad that so loving a student of the Italian poets, in whom the enthusiasm of youth is still fresh, and the experience of a life ripe, has taken pen in hand to discourse upon Dante and Pulci, and Boiardo, and Ariosto, and Tasso. Mr. Hunt here gives us prose abstracts of, and episodes from, the masterpieces of Italian poetry, with biographical introductions, critical notes, and single stanzas and passages versified. Nor can we fancy a more delightful present to those beginning to make acquaintance with 'la dolce favella,' and we are bound to add, that Mr. Hunt's prose *renderings*, so far as we have compared them, seem singularly clear of the peculiarities of style above adverted to, while his remarks are generally genial, shrewd, and felicitous."—*Athenæum, January* 17, 1846.

"It is difficult to conceive a more inviting book than Leigh Hunt has wrought out of the 'Stories from the Italian Poets.' We have several collections of stories from the novelists of Italy, but none from the poets, who are by far the most romantic story-tellers of that country. The noblest inventions of the greatest geniuses who adorn the literature of Italy, are, by the magic wand of a prosaic simplicity, brought home to English hearths; nor can they fail to become amongst the most popular of domestic legends. The work is, in fact, not only poetry made easy, but it opens a royal road to an acquaintance with such men as Dante, Ariosto, Tasso, and others—a road by which, we opine, many will travel in the quest of pleasant and delightful information."—*New Monthly Magazine.* 1846. *Vol.* 76, *p.* 246.

In the *Dublin University Magazine*, for 1847, vol. 29, page 416, will be found an article on the "Vita Nuova" of Dante, in which the writer discusses at length, Leigh Hunt's view of the poet's relation to Beatrice.]

Men, Women, and Books: a Selection of Sketches, Essays, and Critical Memoirs, from his uncollected Prose Writings. By Leigh Hunt. 2 Vols. 1847.

[Volume 1st contains: Fiction and Matter of Fact—The Inside of an Omnibus—The Day of the Disasters of Carfington Blundell, Esquire—A Visit to the Zoological Gardens—A Man Introduced to his Ancestors—A Novel

Party—Beds and Bed-Rooms—The World of Books—Jack Abbott's Breakfast—On Seeing a Pigeon Make Love—The Month of May—The Giuli Tree—A Few Remarks on the Rare Vice Called Lying—Criticism on Female Beauty: 1. Hair, Forehead; 2. Eyes, Eyebrows, Nose; 3. Mouth, Chin, Teeth, Bosom; 4. Hand, Arm, Walk, Voice—Of Deceased Statesmen who have Written Verses—Female Sovereigns of England.

Volume 2 contains; Social Morality; Suckling and Ben Jonson—Pope, in some lights in which he is not usually regarded—Garth, Physicians, and Love-Letters—Cowley and Thomson—Bookstalls and "Galateo"—Bookbinding and "Heliodorus"—Ver-Vert: or, the Parrot of the Nuns (in four chapters)—Specimens of British Poetesses (in three chapters)—Duchess of St. Albans, and Marriages from the Stage—Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; an Account of her Life and Writings—Life and African Visit of Pepys—Life and Letters of Madame de Sévigné.

"For the power to make the greater part of this selection from his uncollected prose writings, the author has to thank the proprietors of the *Edinburgh* and *Westminter Reviews*, of the *New Monthly Magazine*, of *Tait*, and *Ainsworth*, and the *Monthly Chronicle*. The courtesy which he experienced from all these gentlemen, and the instant cordiality of those with whom he was best acquainted, merit his warmest acknowledgments. . . . Should anything else in the impulsive portions of those essays which were written when he was young, appear a little out of the pale of recognised manners, in point of style and animal spirits, the new reader will be good enough to understand, what old ones have long been aware of, and grown kind to,—namely, that the writer comes of a tropical race; and that what might have been affectation in a colder blood, was only enthusiasm in a warm one. He is not conscious, however, of having suffered anything to remain, to which a reasonable critic could object. He has pruned a few passages, in order that he might not seem to take undue advantage of an extempore or anonymous allowance; and in later years particularly when seated on the critical bench, he has been pleased, and perhaps profited, in conforming himself to the customs of 'the court.' But had he attempted to alter the general spirit of his writings, he would have belied the love of truth that is in him, and even shown himself ungrateful to public warrant. . . . Not that he has abated a jot of those cheerful and hopeful opinions, in the diffusion of which he has now been occupied for nearly thirty years of a life passed in combined struggle and studiousness: for if there is anything which consoles him for those shortcomings either in life or writings, which most men of any decent powers of reflection are bound to discover in themselves as they grow old, and of which he has acquired an abundant perception, it is the consciousness, not merely of having been consistent in opinion (which might have been bigotry), or of having lived to see his political opinions triumph (which was good luck), or even of having outlived misconstruction and enmity (though the goodwill of generous enemies is inexpressibly dear to him), but of having done his best to recommend that belief in good, that cheerfulness in endeavour, that discernment of universal beauty, that brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, and that repose on the happy destiny of the whole human race, which appear to him not only the healthiest and most animating principles of action, but the only truly religious homage to Him that made us all. Let adversity be allowed the comfort of these reflections; and may all who allow them, experience the writer's cheerfulness, with none of the troubles that have rendered it almost his only possession."—*From the Preface.*

"There is little danger in predicting of Mr. Leigh Hunt, that, in the admiration with which another race of readers is likely to regard him, personal affection will mingle largely. Nor does it seem to us that the life of a man of letters, however chequered by toil or hardship, can have a nobler or more delightful reward. Mere critical approbation fades before it. No appeals to the judgment can enrich a reputation that has already found its way to the heart. In the writings here collected, as in the books by which Mr. Hunt is better known, we see how and why this is. Prince Hamlet selected for his friend the man who had 'good spirits' for his revenue; and Prince Posterity will do the same. The buffets and rewards of fortune have been alike to Mr. Hunt; his equal thanks for what is good and noble in the world, have not been intercepted by its accidents or its pains: and nothing so truly contributes as this cheerful philosophy to the estate 'which wits inherit after death.'

"This is a book to be in the cherished corner of a pleasant room, and to be taken up when the spirits have need of sunshine."—*Examiner, June* 5, 1847.

"Some pleasant old friends are here: 'A Visit to the Zoological Gardens,' reminding us curiously of the rapid flight of fashion, which has now all but deserted Monkey Green—'The World of Books'—'Jack Abbot's Breakfast,'

from which, no doubt, the clever French farce-writer concocted the 'Omelette Fantastique' for Ravel, if both he and Mr. Hunt did not draw their intention from some elder original—the four 'Criticisms on Female Beauty,' brimful of dainty points for courts of love and committees of taste to arbitrate—Papers on Suckling, Ben Jonson, Cowley, Pope—on the British Poetesses, Madame de Sévigné, Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, &c., &c. . . .

"No one draws out the exquisite passages of a favourite author with such conscious relish—no one is happier or finer in the distinction of beauties—no one more engaging in taking the reader's sympathy for granted. He *will* have sunshine—*will* promote gay spirits—*will* uphold liberal truths, blithely yet earnestly. If not sufficient as a guide, he is pleasant as a companion; and we never leave him without having found something new to think about or to differ from. Thus, he is the prince of parlour-window writers; whether it be of the winter parlour with its 'sea-coal fire' and its warmly-cushioned seat in the Oriel, to hear the wind pining outside which is so luxurious an enhancement of comfort—or the summer parlour, with its open window, mantled, curtained, by woodbine draperies or veiled with jessamine flowers."—*Athenæum*, *June* 5, 1847.

"If Goldsmith could touch nothing but what he adorned, it may be said of Leigh Hunt that he touches nothing without extracting beauty from it, and without imparting a sense of it to his readers. Most of the essays have appeared in various periodicals, and consist either of original dissertations or criticisms on popular subjects: and they comprise, we think, some of his most delightful writing. The criticism on female beauty is sparkling with the most lustrous imagination, and touches the senses, without for a syllable sullying the 'spiritual' nature of the subject. The infinite variety of the elegant scholarship would alone make them interesting and valuable. It is a most choice collection, and shows, too, in our opinion, the perfection of essay writing."—*Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*. 1847. *p.* 89.

"A more varied or interesting group of subjects than these lucubrations of one, in whom belief in good, cheerfulness of endeavour, discernment of universal beauty, and brotherly consideration for mistake and circumstance, have ever formed prominent characteristics, cannot be easily imagined. From the false alarms about science becoming the ruin of poetry to the description of the passengers in omnibuses; from the consideration of the hereditary characteristics of mind and body, to the description of the penurious old gentleman who is fond of invitations and the great; from the world of books to beds and bedrooms; from poetical statesmen and sound morality to female sovereigns and female beauty; from grave to gay, and from philosophy to humour, the pen of a familiar and justly-appreciated writer travels with all the facility of a trained and experienced thought, a happy perception, and a warm imagination, till 'Men, Women, and Books' remain upon us as a vision of beauty, that will not be easily laid aside by those who have ever deemed the happy destiny of the whole human race to be the object of solicitude or of affectionate thought."—*New Monthly Magazine*. 1847. *Vol.* 80, *p.* 246.

"A book for a parlour-window, for a summer's eve, for a warm fireside, for a half-hour's leisure, for a whole day's luxury; in any and every possible shape a charming companion.

"The public need not be told what are Leigh Hunt's claims to attention—a reputation, *now* certainly undisputed, though for many years sharply contended for by his admirers against his opponents—the reputation of a genial and graceful poet, as well as of a lively, suggestive, and elegant prose writer—is quite sufficient to arrest the attention of the most careless reader, and to make every one anxious to see a new volume bearing his name. . . . . It is a reprint: but having one advantage over the reprints of essays which have recently been made, by the lapse of time which has occurred since the first publication of the greater portion of these volumes, and the variety of source from which they are taken."—*Westminster Review*. 1847. *Vol.* 47. *p.* 504.]

A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla, by Leigh Hunt. Illustrated by Richard Doyle. 1848.

[*Contents.*—Chapter 1: Introduction—A Blue Jar from Sicily, and a Brass Jar from the "Arabian Nights;" and what came out of each. Chapter 2: Sicily, and its Mythology—Island of Sicila and Mount Ætna—Stories of Typhæus, Polyphemus, Scylly and Charybdis, Glaucus and Scylla, Alpheus

and Arethusa, the Sirens, and the Rape of Proserpine. Chapter 3: Glances at Ancient Sicilian History and Biography—Vicissitudes of Sicilian Government—Glances at Phalaris, Stesichorus, Empedocles, Hiero I., Simonides, Epicharmus, Dionysius I., Damon and Pythias, Damocles, Dionysius II., Dion, Plato, Agathocles, Hannibal, Hiero II., Theocritus, Archimedes, Marcellus, Verres; and Particulars relating to Gellias. Chapter 4: Theocritus—Pastoral Poetry—Specimens of the Strength and Comic Humour of Theocritus—The Prize-Fight between Pollux and Amycus—The Syracusan Gossips. Chapter 5: Theocritus (concluded)—Specimens of the Pathos and Pastoral of Theocritus—The Cyclops in Love—Poetical Feeling among Uneducated Classes in the South—Passages from Theocritus's First Idyll—His Versification and Music—Pastoral of Bion and Moschus. Chapter 6: Norman Times—Legend of King Robert—How King Robert of Sicily was Dispossessed of his Throne; and who sat upon it—His Wrath, Sufferings, and Repentance. Chapter 7: Italian and English Pastoral—Tasso's Erminia among the Shepherds, and Ode on the Golden Age—Guarini's Return of Spring—Vision of the Hundred Maidens in Spenser—Sad Shepherd of Ben Jonson. Chapter 8: English Pastoral (continued); and Scotch Pastoral—Fletcher's Faithful Shepherdess—Probable Reason of its Non-success—Comus and Lycidas—Dr. Johnson's World—Burns and Allan Ramsay. Chapter 9: English Pastoral (concluded)—Pastorals of William Brown—Pastoral Men: Cervantes, Boccaccio, Chaucer, Cowley, Thomson, Shenstone, &c. Chapter 10: Return to Sicily and Mount Ætna—Subject of Mount Ætna Resumed; its Beauties, its Horrors, Reason why People endure them—Love Story of an Earthquake. Chapter 11: Bees—The Beautiful never to be Thanked too much, or to be Sufficiently Expressed—Bees and their Elegance—Their Advice to an Italian Poet—Waxen Tapers—A Bee Drama—Massacres of Drones—Human Progression. Chapter 12: Miscellaneous Feelings respecting Sicily, its Music, its Religion, and its Modern Poetry—Dante's Evening—Ave Maria of Byron—The Sicilian Vespers—Nothing "Infernal" in Nature—Sicilian Mariner's Hymn—Invocation from Coleridge—Pagan and Roman Catholic Worship—Latin and Italian Couplet—Winter's Ratto di Proserpina—A Hint on Italian Airs—Bellini—Meli, the Modern Theocritus. Overflowings of the Jar: The Journey to the Feast (from Theocritus)—Elegy on the Death of Bion (from Moschus)—The Ship of Hiero—Serenades in Sicily and Naples—Sicilian Banditti in the Year 1770—Good-Natured Hospitality, and Facetious Ignorant Old Gentleman—Specimen of Higher Society—Poetical Turn of the Sicilians—A Meeting of English and Sicilian Dishes on Christmas-Day.

"A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla" originally appeared in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, in 1844.

"The volume before us includes a retrospect of the mythology, history, and biography of Sicily, ancient legends, examples of pastoral poetry, selected from Greece, Italy, and Britain, illustrative criticisms on these topics, and pleasant discursions on others which are collateral. These are prefaced by a genial introduction, setting forth the peculiar applicability of the book to the present festive period. The arguments used to enforce this point are not perhaps strictly conclusive; and we could furnish Mr. Hunt out of his own pages, with one more cogent than all his own put together—viz., that a book acceptable at all seasons is sure to be so at a particular one. Having indicated the sources whence the honey has been obtained, we have confidence in the bee-like fancy which has collected it. We would scarcely choose a more appropriate type of the author's genius than that which his book suggests—the bee itself. Never abroad but in sunlight and summer—identifying work with enjoyment—appreciating the choicest flowers, yet culling often sweetness from the mere weed—now poised in delight over the full-blown petal, now hidden in the recesses of the bud—at all times journeying to the music of its own wings—it furnishes a very fitting illustration of Mr. Hunt's pleasant and genial and graceful gossip. The bee-sting is not wanting; but like that which crimsoned the lip of Suckling's damsel, it is often employed to develop a beauty."—*Athenæum*, *December* 25, 1847.

"The earlier chapters of 'The Jar of Honey" are devoted to classical legends relating to Sicily, with gossip touching some of its remarkable men, including a notice of Theocritus, and translated specimens, done with Mr. Hunt's wonted acumen and vivacity, but perhaps with a shade too much of his mannerism. By the sixth chapter we get down to King Robert of Sicily, whose story Mr. Hunt thinks Shakspere ought to have treated; but if the great dramatic poet was acquainted with the tale, he probably saw that its transformations, and its paucity of action, unfitted it for the drama, however

well adapted it might be for a poem. When the proud, metamorphised, and finally penitent king is taken leave of, the reader is carried to modern pastoral poetry; Mr. Hunt running cursorily over the Italians and the English, with a few allusions to Christmas of yore: from which digression he again returns to Ætna and its characteristics of beauty and terror; with a very natural little love-tale coming in to relieve the horror of the volcano's emotions. An agreeable chapter on Bees, in which there is an intermixture of science, observation, and fancy, carries the reader to the closing chapter, where he is presented with a notice of Meli, a late Sicilian poet, accompanied by specimens."—*Spectator, December* 25, 1847.]

The Town: Its Memorable Characters and Events. By Leigh Hunt. St. Paul's to St. James's. With Forty-five Illustrations. Two Vols., 1848.

[Volume 1: Introduction—St. Paul's and the Neighbourhood—Fleet Street—The Strand—Lincoln's Inn and the Neighbourhood.

Volume 2: Lincoln's Inn and the Neighbourhood (continued)—Drury Lane, and the Two Theatres in Drury Lane and Covent Garden—Covent Garden (continued) and Leicester Square—Charing Cross and Whitehall—Wolsey and Whitehall—St. James's Park and its Associations.

"These volumes contain an account of London, partly topographical and historical, but chiefly really the memoirs of remarkable characters and events associated with its streets, between St. Paul's and St. James's; being that part of the great high-way of London which may be said to have constituted 'The Town' when that term was commonly used to designate the metropolis. The principal portion of these volumes appeared thirteen years before in the monthly supplement to *Leigh Hunt's London Journal;* and these papers were accounted, by all who read them—a comparative few—to be among the pleasantest and most interesting of the author's writings. It was observed by one reader, that 'Leigh Hunt had illumined the fog and smoke of London with a halo of glory, and peopled the streets and buildings with the life of past generations;' and by another, that he 'should never grow tired of such reading.'"—*Publisher's Advertisement.*

"We will allow no higher enjoyment for a rational Englishman than to stroll leisurely through this marvellous town arm-in-arm with Mr. Leigh Hunt. He gives us the outpourings of a mind enriched with the most agreeable knowledge. There is not a page of this book which does not glow with interest. It is a series of pictures from life, representing scenes in which every inhabitant of the metropolis has an interest far greater than he suspects."—*Times,* 1849.

"Here are two volumes—'The Town'—filled with gossip about the streets between St. Paul's and St. James's, with illustrations of their history drawn from sources patent to all, and which critics and reviewers have almost rendered stale. And yet the book is perfectly original and exquisitely charming. The secret of this is its author's intense consciousness of existence, his vivacious brilliancy, his kindliness and all-embracing charity. The difference between the streets and books about which Mr. Hunt so discursively and pleasingly writes, when seen by ordinary eyes, and apprehended by ordinary minds, and the same objects seen through the medium of his mind and fancy, is the difference between a landscape viewed on one of our dullest English days, and the same landscape lighted up by one of our rare visitations of Italian sunlight. . .

"Mr. Hunt's tastes and pursuits have naturally lead him to enlarge most upon the poets, the players and play-houses, the courts which have most literary associations, and the domestic life of the metropolis. Upon all these subjects he touches with his own peculiar and graceful hand. He never dwells too long on a theme, and yet always contrives to point out some feature of it which others have passed undiscovered. But amid the light and festive crowds he chiefly stays with, he skilfully introduces occasional objects of a graver, sometimes of a touching and solemn, interest; and these are not only graphically portrayed, but in a most humane and philosophical spirit."—*Examiner, June* 9, 1849.

"A few years ago we styled Mr. Leigh Hunt the prince of parlour-window writers. The present volumes—like many of their predecessors, a republication of periodical contributions—are among his very pleasantest works. They are discursive enough to please the most bird-witted reader, while they are saved

from the reproach of a fragmentary patchiness by their unity of subject. As we move under his guidance from 'high St. Paul's' down to 'low St. James's,' we are never out of sight of sovereigns or subjects, notable buildings and the builders thereof, booksellers and bookmakers, plays and players, men about town and the haunts where they drank their wine and 'tapped' one another's wit. There is not a paper, in short, which does not furnish its anecdote or its food for argument. The antiquarians may fasten on some, the philosophers on others, the pessimists on a third selection (seeing that Mr. Hunt's determination to say kind things of everybody has never been 'in fuller blow' than here."—*The Athenæum, Dec.* 16, 1848.

"How delightful are such books as Leigh Hunt's—books which one may take up at any odd moment of leisure with the certainty of meeting with something to amuse, something to instruct, something to assist in clothing the realities of every-day life with radiations from the realms of fancy, or in re-peopling the actual world with life-like idealities of its former tenants! This is especially the case with the volumes before us. Mr. Hunt is better fitted, perhaps, than any living writer to illustrate the rich store of poetical and historical associations connected with the world of London, wherewith his sympathies have ever been identified; and the elucidation of its bye-gone glories must have been to him indeed a labour of love. As Mr. Hunt well shows in his opening chapter, the moral of that charming tale, 'Eyes and no Eyes,' is nowhere more clearly exhibited than in the thoroughfares of a crowded city. . . . . The two volumes are filled with agreeable gossiping reminiscences, 'recalling the memories of remarkable characters and events connected with' the streets of London, 'between St. Paul's and St. James's:' for example;—we have notices of old St. Paul's, with its loungers, its boy-bishops, sermons, and desecrations; St. Paul's School, and its illustrious scholars; Mr. Newberry's shop for children's books at the corner of the church-yard; Doctors' Commons and its wills; the Fleet and its marriages; Fleet-street and its celebrities,—Richardson, Goldsmith, Dryden, Isaac Walton, Cowley, Johnson, &c.; the Strand, Lincoln's Inn, and Ben Jonson; Drury Lane, the theatres, and actors and actresses; Long Acre, its mug-houses and Prior; St. Martin's Lane and Leicester Square, with Sir Joshua Reynolds and Hogarth; Charing Cross and the execution of the regicides,—Prior, Thomson, Swift, Beau Fielding, York Place, and Wolsey; Whitehall and St. James's, with anecdotes of royalty, from Henry VIII. down to Queen Victoria."—*Westminster Review.* 1849. *Vol.* 50, *pp.* 596, 598.

"The charming book called 'The Town,' and 'The Old Court Suburb,' took their place at once as altogether unapproachable in their kind; and many readers who know nothing else of Hunt have been delighted with his sprightly and graceful gossip about London and Kensington. You open the pleasant pages at some stray moment, and find yourself much in the position of that imaginary butcher boy in Dr. Johnson's famous eulogy of Burke. You have come into some old familiar scene, in company with 'an extraordinary man,' and a new and delightful interest is given to the well-known streets and buildings, by the rich talk of a most accomplished literary antiquarian. Leigh Hunt is one of the rare men who always have the right association in the right place. Even in Fleet-street we do not always think of Dr. Johnson; and a few people can remember not to forget Lord Russell in Lincoln's Inn Fields. But Hunt's mind is so rich and overflowing with curious knowledge, that localities the most obscure teem from him with illustrious memories; and as he points out to you—while you are strolling with him through the wonderful city—the most unpoetical quarters, it is odd that he does not tell you, that Spenser was born here; or Gray; or that there Ben Jonson quaffed canary; or Beaumont and Fletcher shared one lodging and one wardrobe. Those who, with Dr. Johnson, are famished with literary anecdote, will find the richest stores of it, old and new, in these two books. Nowhere is it possible to become more agreeably acquainted with celebrated people, or to wander more pleasantly in the bye-paths of history. History, indeed, is no favourite study with our author, who underrates the importance of 'wars and changes of governments' as absurdly as certain historians used to undervalue anecdote and manners. But no one deals better with those parts of the subject which attract him; and he can relate some well-known story—the Conspiracy of Essex, or the Rye House Plot, and the Death of Russell—with a narrative skill, and a delicate discrimination of character and motives, that we do not know where to find surpassed by more pretentious historians. His sketches of the 'History of Manners' are still more interesting: and we know no better account of the Courts that have brightened or saddened Whitehall and Kensington, from Henry the Eighth's days to those of George III."—*North British Review, Nov.*, 1860. *Vol.* 33, *p.* 372. *Article on "Leigh Hunt."*]

A Book for a Corner; or Selections in Prose and Verse from Authors the best Suited to that Mode of Enjoyment: with Comments on each, and a General Introduction, by Leigh Hunt. Illustrated with eighty wood engravings, from designs by F. W. Hume and J. Franklin. 1849. *Reprinted* 1851 *and* 1858.

["'The book, for the most part, is a collection of passages from such authors as retain, if not the highest, yet the most friendly and as it were domestic hold upon us during life, and sympathise with us through all portions of it. Hence the first extract is a letter addressed to an infant, the last the elegy in the churchyard, and the intermediate ones have something of an analogous reference to the successive stages of existence. It is therefore intended to be read by intelligent persons of all times of life, the youthful associations in it being such as the oldest readers love to call to mind, and the oldest such as all would gladly meet with in their decline. It has no politics in it, no polemics, nothing to offend the delicatest mind. The innocentest boy and the most cautious of his seniors might alike be glad to look over the other's shoulder, and find him in his corner perusing it.

"'This may be speaking in a boastful manner; but an editor has a right to boast of his originals, especially when they are such as have comforted and delighted him throughout his own life, and are for that reason recommended by him to others."—*From Preface.*

"'This compilation is intended for all lovers of books, at every time of life, from childhood to old age, particularly such as are fond of the authors it quotes, and who enjoy their perusal most in the quietest places. It is intended for the boy or girl who loves to get with a book into a corner—for the youth who on entering life finds his advantage in having become acquainted with books—for the man in the thick of life, to whose spare moments books are refreshments—and for persons in the decline of life, who reflect on what they have experienced, and to whom books and gardens afford their tranquilest pleasures.

"'It is a book (not to say it immodestly) intended to lie in old parlour windows, in studies, in cottages, in cabins aboard ship, in country inns, in country houses, in summer houses, in any houses that have wit enough to like it, and are not the mere victims of a table covered with books for show. . .

"'The volumes were suggested by a wish we had long felt to get up a book for our private enjoyment, and of a very particular and unambitious nature. It was to have consisted of favourite passages, not out of the authors we most admired, but those whom we most loved; and it was to have commenced, as the volumes do, with Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress,' and ended with Gray's 'Elegy.' It was to have contained, indeed, little which the volumes do not comprise, though not intended to be half so big, and it was to have proceeded on the same plan of beginning with childhood and ending with the churchyard. We did not intend to omit the greatest authors on account of their being the greatest, but because they moved the feelings too strongly. What we desired was not an excitement, but a balm. Readers, who have led stirring lives, have such men as Shakspeare with them always, in their very struggles and sufferings, and in the tragic spectacles of the world. Great crowds and great passions are Shakspeares; and we, for one (and such we take to be the case with many readers), are sometimes as willing to retire from their 'infinite agitation of wit,' as from strifes less exalted; and retreat into the placider corners of genius more humble. It is out of no disrespect to their greatness; neither, we may be allowed to say, is it from any fear of being unable to sustain it; for we have seen perhaps as many appalling faces of things in our time as they have, and we are always ready to confront more if duty demand it. But we do not choose to be always suffering over again in books what we have suffered in the world. We prefer, when in a state of repose, to renew what we have enjoyed—to possess wholly what we enjoy still—to discern in the least and gentlest things the greatest and sweetest intentions of Nature—and to cultivate those soothing, serene, and affectionate feelings which leave us in peace with all the world, and in good hope of the world to come. The very greatest genius, after all, is not the greatest thing in the world, any more than the greatest city in the world is the country or the sky. It is a concentration of some of its greatest powers, but it is not the greatest diffusion of its might. It is not the habit of its success, the stability of its sereneness. And this is what readers like ourselves desire to feel and know. The greatest use of genius is but to subserve to that end; to further the means of enjoying it, and to freshen and keep it pure; as the winds and thunder, which come rarely, are purifiers of the sweet fields, which are abiding. . . .

"We have imagined a book-loving man, or man able to refresh himself with books, at every successive period of his life;—the child at his primer, the sanguine boy, the youth entering the world, the man in the thick of it, the man of alternate business and repose, the retired man calmly considering his birth and his death; and in this one human being we include, of course, the whole race and both sexes, mothers, wives, and daughters, and all which they do to animate and sweeten existence. Thus our invisible, or rather many-bodied hero (who is the reader himself), is in the first instance a baby; then a child under the 'Schoolmistress' of Shenstone; then the schoolboy with Gray and Walpole, reading poetry and romance; then 'Gil Blas' entering the world; then the sympathiser with the 'John Buncles' who enjoy it, and the 'Travellers' who fill it with enterprise; then the matured man beginning to talk of disappointments, and standing in need of admonition 'Against Inconsistency in his Expectation;' then the reassured man comforted by his honesty and his just hopes, and refreshing himself with his *Club* or his country-lodging, his pictures, or his theatre; then the retiring, or retired, or finally old man, looking back with tenderness on his enjoyments, with regret for his errors, with comfort in his virtues, and with a charity for all men, which gives him a right to the comfort; loving all the good things he ever loved, particularly the books which have been his companions and the childhood which he meets again in the fields; and neither wishing nor fearing to be gathered into that kindly bosom of Nature, which covers the fields with flowers and is encircled with the heavens. . . .

"If any persons should object that some of these also are too familiar, the answer is, that they are of a nature which rendered it impossible for us, consistently with our plan, to omit them, and that readers in general would have missed them. . . .

"The nature and the amount of the reader's familiarity with many other extracts are the reasons why we have extracted them. They constitute part of the object and essence of the book; for the familiarity is not a vulgar and repulsive one, but that of a noble and ever-fresh companion, whose society we can the less dispense with, the more we are accustomed to it. The book in this respect resembles a set of pictures which it delights us to live with, or a collection of favourite songs and pieces of music, which we bind up in volumes in order that we may always have them at hand, or know where to find them. Who, in such a room full of pictures, would object to his Raphael or Titian? Or in such a collection of music, to his Beethoven, Rossini, or Paisiello? Our book may have little novelty in the least sense of the word; but it has the best in the greatest sense; that is to say, *never-dying novelty*;—antiquity hung with ivy-blossoms and rose-buds; old friends with the ever-new faces of wit, thought, and affection. Time has proved the genius with which it is filled. 'Age cannot wither it,' nor 'custom stale its variety.' We ourselves have read, and shall continue to read it to our dying day; and we should not say thus much, especially on such an occasion, if we did not know that hundreds and thousands would do the same, whether they read it in this collection or not."—*From the Introduction.*

"The 'Book for a Corner' is the fulfilment of a promise made by Mr. Hunt two years ago. When at the close of one of his charming books of extracts from the 'English Poets,' he said he meant to publish a selection of such extracts from other English authors, prose and verse, as most readers might be supposed to have been not only familiar with in their youth, but anxious to renew and keep acquaintance with at later periods of life. It was to be a collection of passages from writers who retain, if not the highest, yet the most friendly and domestic hold upon us during life. It was to be a book that Mrs. Radcliffe would have liked in her childhood, Sir Roger de Coverley in his old age, and Gray or Thomson, or Mrs. Inchbald at any time. The youthful associations in it were to be such as the oldest readers would love to call to mind, and the oldest such as all would gladly meet with in their decline. Such a book of extracts might contain nothing that was absolutely novel or was not easily accessible, yet its plan would exclude everything that had not that 'never-dying novelty' which age cannot wither or custom stale.

"And here it is: 'Antiquity hung with ivy-blossoms and rose-buds; old friends with the ever-new faces of wit, thought, and affection.' A book for a corner of a man's heart, as well as book-shelves. At its opening is Shenstone's 'Schoolmistress,' at its close Gray's 'Elegy,' and in the midst those ever-pleasant faces of our Grays and Goldsmiths, Steeles and Addisons, Popes

and Walpoles, Mrs. Inchbalds and Mrs. Barbaulds, Smolletts and Fieldings, Cowleys and Thomsons, Temples and Wartons, which are company for every season of life, and illustrations of all the various moods to which its happiest thoughts are due."—*Examiner, June* 9, 1849.]

Readings for Railways; or, Anecdotes and other Short Stories, Reflections, Maxims, Characteristics, Passages of Wit, Humour, and Poetry, &c. Together with Points of Information on Matters of General Interest. Collected in the course of his own reading. By Leigh Hunt. 1849.

["It seems not a little extraordinary, that among the books which are recommended by their publishers to railway perusal, or which have been expressly designed for that purpose by their authors, there does not appear to be a single volume of the present description. They are, all of them (as far as I am aware), either reprints of novels, and other works of general literature, which might as well be read anywhere else; or scientific, statistical, or topographical accounts of railways themselves; which, however interesting to the subscriber, the mechanician, or the lover of the country (and they are often extremely so), go to the other extreme of the novels, &c., and tend to keep the mind too exclusively fixed upon the railway itself; so that the noise of it may be said to be always ringing in the ear.

"It has struck me, therefore, that a volume consisting of briefer passages on *all* subjects, not excluding the railway, but principally furnishing interest and amusement to any mood of mind, grave or gay, in which the traveller might happen to find himself, would be no unwelcome addition to the stock of the journeying public. They are of great variety as the title-page will have shown; some of them so brief, as to be readable in a minute; none of them demanding any tiresome length of attention; and not one, I will venture to say, without some kind of worth; for it was that, and that only, which induced me to mark them for extract. Most of them, indeed, were marked solely for my own pleasure, in the course of a habit of that kind, in which I have ever indulged; and I thus offer to nobody a book which has not given entertainment and instruction to myself.

"May it help to give as much zest to their pleasant moments, and solace to their anxious ones, as it has done to those of the compiler, serving to shorten the very speed of the railway itself, and to set them all down in good humour at their respective abodes."—*From the Preface.*]

Poems in Ainsworth's Magazine, and the New Monthly Magazine. 1845 *and* 1850.

[In *Ainsworth's Magazine*, in 1845, appeared "The Fairy Concert," and in the *New Monthly Magazine*, in 1850, the "Inevitable"—"Jaffar"—"Godiva"—"The Bitter Gourd"—"Ode to the Sun"—"Death"—Wallace and Fawdon. The first of these poems ("The Fairy Concert") is given in the American edition of Leigh Hunt's Poems (2 vols., 1857), but is not included in the final English edition, edited by Thornton Hunt, 1860—for what reason one is at a loss to conceive.]

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt; with Reminiscences of Friends and Contemporaries, in 3 *Vols.* 1850.

["Most men, when drawn to speak about themselves,
Are mov'd by little and little to say more
Than they first dreamt; until at last they blush,
And can but hope to find secret excuse
In the self-knowledge of their auditors."

—*Walter Scott's "Old Play."*

A Revised Edition of this work was published in 1860, with an Introduction by Mr. Thornton Hunt. The contents, &c., will be found in a subsequent page.]

Table-Talk. To which are added Imaginary Conversations of Pope and Swift. By Leigh Hunt. 1851. *Reprinted* 1858.

["The title of this volume, 'Table-Talk,' will, it is hoped, be found by the reader to be warranted by the conversational turn of the style, as well as the nature

and variety of the subjects touched upon, and the manner in which they are treated. Some portion was really talked; and it may be said of the rest, that the thoughts have, in all probability, passed the writer's lips in conversation: indeed, for the most part, can hardly have failed to do so.

"The matter consists partly of short pieces first published under the head of 'Table-Talk' in the *Atlas* newspaper; and partly of passages of a conversational character, selected from such of my writings as have been scattered in periodical publications, and never before collected.

"The 'Imaginary conversations of Pope and Swift' were considered an appropriate addition to a volume of 'Table-Talk,' and are intended strictly to represent both the turn of style and of thinking of these two poets; though the thoughts actually expressed are the writer's invention."—*From the Preface.*

The "Imaginary Conversations of Swift and Pope" formed part of a series entitled "The Family Journal," in the *New Monthly Magazine*, 1825.]

Leigh Hunt's Journal; A Miscellany for the Cultivation of the Memorable, the Progressive, and the Beautiful. Commenced December 7, 1850; discontinued March 29, 1851.

["Towards the close of the year 1849, a proposition was made to me for the revival, in another form, of the 'London Journal,' which had been published under my name. It was revived accordingly, and had to boast of contributions from distinguished friends; but it failed—partly, perhaps, for want of accordance with other pens concerned; but chiefly from the smallness of the means which the proposers had thought sufficient for its establishment."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 405.

. . . "In 1850 was set up a new publication, with a revered title, called *Leigh Hunt's London Journal;* but there was not a very thorough understanding between the co-partners in the enterprise; it did not last long, and I fear did not prove satisfactory to any of its projectors."—*The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt; edited by his Eldest Son.* 1862. *Vol.* 2, *p.* 12.

"Requested by my associates in this publication to give it the name which it bears, and thus, in a manner, personally reappearing as a journalist, it might be thought, perhaps, less modest than assured, if I entered abruptly on my task, and made no allusion to the circumstance. Kindest greetings, then, to all right good souls as aforesaid; and may I be half as welcome to them, as they will be to me!

"I confess that I would rather not have had the title of the paper identified with my name; but the feeling which makes me do so, is, I fear, a sophistication or conventionalism, not worth attending to; one that, with so many good examples to warrant me, I ought to be ashamed of: and, accordingly, I am so. At all events, it is a trifle not worth saying more about. The object of the paper is another matter. There are great changes coming in the world; great modifications of the best things in it, and new leave-takings, I hope, of the worst. So thinks and hopes every body who thinks at all. So intimated Prince Albert to the citizens of London in the best speech ever made by a prince in this country; adding, that he 'conceived it to be the duty of every educated person closely to watch and study the time in which he lives, and, as far as in him lies, to add his humble mite of individual exertion to further the accomplishment of what he believes Providence to have ordained.'

"Now the object which I have most at heart in the new journal is to help in assisting the right progress of these changes, by the cultivation of a spirit of cheerfulness, reasonableness, and peace; and the most special means which I look for to this end, and which I earnestly desire on all sides, from all parties and shades of party, or of no party at all, is the countenance and co-operation of men the most distinguished for genius and public spirit. I hope they will deign to consider the journal as a kind of neutral ground, or academic grove and resort of wit and philosophy, in which, while they freely express their opinions, whatever those may be, they will do so in accordance with the particular spirit of the place, and whether or not they think it the best and most useful spirit to be evinced at other times.

"I could not give a better instance of what I mean, than by referring to the encouragement extended to my outset by my (in every sense of the word) great friend Thomas Carlyle, who, though I strongly differ with him respecting some other great men, and though I had but lately ventured some public remonstrances with his preference of that stormy to the sunny treatment of existing human affairs, which he thinks necessary to their wellbeing, has not only bid

me God-speed in my undertaking in a manner the most practical and desirable, but answered those remonstrances in such beautiful private words, as I only wish delicacy could allow me to publish: they are so full of that superiority to self-love, and that very honey of kindness and goodness, which lie at the core of all truly great hearts.

"Such excellent things are sincerity and good intention in the highest minds, or in any minds. And so truly do they, and they only, enable a man to discern them in others, and to pardon them when differing with himself. . . .

"'But enough of enemies, for ever.' Of friends, never. I confidently trust my undertaking in the hands of those, and of the public at large, feeling sure that they will not disapprove its spirit, whatever they may say to its power: and hoping that the distinguished correspondents who commence with it, and other younger and to-be-distinguished ones whom I expect in their company, will save it from falling off, should my own strength be insufficient. I feel no abatement of it yet, thank God, as far as brain, or as heart and hope are concerned: and success may give it me in respects less important."—*Editor's Address to the Reader.*

The articles, &c., by Leigh Hunt were: Editor's Address to the Reader—Lovers' Amazements; or, How Will It End? (A Play in Three Acts)—The Town, 11 chapters. (With regard to this series, the editor says: "The articles under the head of 'The Town' in this Journal are quite new to it, and written expressly for it; but they begin where they do in consequence of two volumes that have appeared from the same pen on previous portions of the subject. These volumes terminated in Whitehall, and hence the resumption of the subject, as stated in the previous article.") This series includes; The Board of Health—The Treasury—Downing Street—The Colonial Office—George Downing—Premiers—Horace Walpole—Nelson and Wellington—Sir R. Walpole—Pepys—King Street—Cromwell—Spenser—Carew—The October Club—Crown Street—Prior—Duke Street—Judge Jeffreys—His Son, Lord Jeffreys—Dr. Arnold—Great George Street—Wilkes—Junius—One or Two of Wilkes's Kindred—Lord Nugent—Lord Thurlow—Swearing—Sir J. Mackintosh—Lord Byron and Westminster Abbey—Canon Row—Dorset House and the Sackvilles—Catherine Sedley—Anne Clifford, Countess of Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery—Derby House—Manchester Buildings—St. Margaret's and Westminster Abbey—Papal Aggression—The House of Commons at Church—The Preaching of Hugh Peters—Celebrated Persons Buried in St. Margaret's—The Bull-Fight: or, the Story of Don Alphonso de Melos and the Jeweller's Daughter—Note on the Laureateship—The Murdered Pump; A Story of a Winter's Night—Critics and Contemporaries—Wilkes, Mr. Macaulay, and Scotland—Desirableness of a Knowledge of One Another Among the Unvulgar of All Classes.

Besides the above, there are three articles by Thomas Carlyle, entitled "Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago (from a Waste-Paper Bag of T. Carlyle)." Introductory: No. 1; Holles of Haughton—No. 2; Croydon Races—No. 3: Sir Thomas Dutton and Sir John Hatton Cheek: Poems by Walter Savage Landor, Vincent Leigh Hunt, William Allingham, David Holt, and J. Stores Smith: Stories and Sketches by Charles Ollier, William Allingham, January Serle, R. H. Horne, Frances Brown, George Hodder, "Pyngle Layne," "John Ackerlos," "Parson Frank," &c.]

The Religion of the Heart. A Manual of Faith and Duty. By Leigh Hunt. 1853.

[Contents: Preface. *The Religion of the Heart:* Its Creed and Hopes. *Daily Service:* Aspiration in the Morning—Aspiration at Noon—Aspiration in the Evening—Aspiration at Bedtime. *Weekly Service:* Silent Reflections—Liturgy—Rules of Life and Manners—Benediction and Aspiration—Another—Another—Another, during a Time of Trouble. *Exercises of the Heart in its Duties and Aspirations:* Of Duty itself—Of Our Duties to Others—Of the Duties commonly called Public—Of Our Duties to Posterity—Of Our Duties towards Children—Of Our Duties to Ourselves in Relation to Our Descendants On the Same Subject—Of Pain and Trouble—On the Same Subject—During Affliction—Addition to the Foregoing, in Case of the Loss of Anyone that is dear to us—In Severe Sickness—In Sickness that may be Mortal—Of Endeavour in the Great Work of Improvement—Of Pain as the Result of Vice and as the Occasional Necessity of Virtue—Against Excess in Pleasure—Against Pride in Virtue—Of Prayer and Thanksgiving—Of Love to God and Man—Of Other-Worldliness—Of Tears and Laughter—Of Conscience—Of War—Of Telescope

and Microscope—Of Spirits and the Invisible World—Of Religion—Against Superstition and Intolerance—Household Memorandum—Of the Great Benefactors of the World—Of the Great Means and Ends of Endeavour. *Punishments and Rewards according to the Neglect or Performance of Duty*: Punishments—Rewards. *The only Final Scriptures, their Test and Teachers.*

"One more book I wrote partly at Kensington, which I can take no pride in,—which I desire to take no pride in,—and yet which I hold dearer than all the rest. I have mentioned a book called 'Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled,' which I wrote in Italy. The contents of that book, modified, were added to the one I speak of; and the latter (of which more, when I speak of its completion) had the same object as the former, with better provision for practical result; that is to say, it proposed to supply not thoughts and aspirations only, but a definite faith, and a daily set of duties, to such humble, yet un-abject, and truly religious souls, as cannot accept unintelligible and unworthy ties of conscience, and yet feel both their weakness and their earnestness with sufficient self-knowledge to desire ties of conscience, both as bonds and encouragements. My family, some other friends, and myself, were in accord upon the principles of the book; it did us good for a sufficient length of time to make us think it would do good to others; and its publication, which has since taken place, was contemplated accordingly. . . .

"I took what refuge I could from this and other afflictions in a task which I had long been anxious to execute, and which, as I was now verging on the time of life usually allotted to human existence, I thought I might not live to perform at all, if I did not hasten it. This was the completion of the work which I have alluded to before under its first title of 'Christianism, or Belief and Unbelief Reconciled, and which I now enlarged and finished, and entitled the 'Religion of the Heart.' I knew it could produce me no money; was ashamed indeed of being under the necessity of letting it pay such of its expenses as it could; and to a sense of this waste of precious time (as my friend, the converted Jew, would have called it), I had to add the uneasiness arising from a fear, lest, in spite of all my endeavours to the contrary, and my wish to offend nobody more than it could help, I should displease some of the friends whose attachment and adherence to me under all other trials I most valued. I wish, for many reasons, that I could here say more of the book, than from the limits assigned me I find possible. I had hoped to say much, and to enlarge on that remarkable state of existing religious uneasiness, which I cannot but regard as one of the last phases of transition from inconsistent and embittered modes of faith to one more at peace with itself, ultimately destined to be wholly so with God, man, and futurity. In the first, faintest, and even turbid dawn of the advent of that time, I see the tops of our church steeples, old and new, touched by a light long looked for, long announced, long in spirit against letter prepared for and produced by the divinest hearts that have appeared on earth, very different from polemical prelates or the threatening mistakes of many men; and it was by the sincerity of my belief in the sufficiency of those hearts, and of what they have done for the coming ages (which it was only my humble business to collect and record, as a help towards better services), that I found myself happily relieved from the anxiety alluded to respecting the feelings of friends; not one of whom, from their highest to humblest quarters, gave me the least reason to suppose that I had done anything but even increase their good-will. For which good issue God and their good hearts be thanked. . . .

"One of the last things that was said to me by my dying son expressed his adhesion to the religion in that book; and the first adherent which it had, and who was the strongest in expressing to me the comfort which it gave her—I keep putting off the mention of what I must say, but time and necessity press me—was the partner of my life for more than half a century; for I was married nearly as long ago, and I knew her some years before marriage. She followed her son at the beginning of 1857, and lies near him in the same ground. I dare to say little more. I now seemed—and it has become a consolation to me—to belong as much to the next world as to this, and think I know exactly how I shall feel when I die; more than half, perhaps, unwilling to go, inasmuch as pangs may attend the process, and life, by its nature, is not made willingly to be parted with; but as far as affections are concerned, half sorrowing to leave those that still remain to be loved, and half solaced—I think I could even say rejoicing, if it were not for them—in the hope of meeting with those that are gone."—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *pp.* 396, 407.

"Additions have also been made to the rest of the book *(Christianism)*, rendering it four times the size it was; and a new title has been given it, not from diminution of reverence for the great name connected with the former one (far be any such suspicion); but because the worship of great names is

too apt to be substituted for the observance of the duties which they illustrated; and because a due amount of association with the reverence was to be inculcated towards every great and loving teacher whom the world has beheld, and for the God-given scripture in his heart. It is not assumed, that the ritual will be adopted by other portions, or by any other single portion, of the new church which is making its appearance in various quarters, and which (without meaning to say it offensively to any church) is destined, I believe, to supersede all others, by reason of the growth and survival of whatsoever is alone good in every one of them. It merely (as far as I am aware of anything to the contrary) sets the example of embodying some advanced conclusions, for congregational purposes, on the subjects of faith and practice; and though its friends would gladly find the seed which it has sown, promise to become, not a single tree, but many, yet as there are trees in the vegetable world of many kinds, so this church of the future, for the comfort and free breathing of the natural diversities of human judgment, may well contemplate in its offsets a like wholesome variety. Some persons may desire a service of a kind less preceptive; others, more so: others, of greater or less magnitude; more or less accompanied with music, &c. The consummation to be desired by mankind is, not that all should think alike in particulars, but that all should feel alike in essentials, and that there should be no belief or practice irreconcilable with the heart. . . .

"For herein, and herein only, lies the claim of the book to acceptance; that it is not mine, except as the framer of its words; that the school is not my own, except inasmuch as I am a teacher under its masters. The wisdom in the book has been the meditation of half my life; and dear-bought experience may have visited me with some of it in my own person; but in no respect am I its originator. As the poetry of the humanist, Gray, though it echoed from his own heart, and had been mixed up with his daily reflections, was yet of so eclectic a nature, that a finger can hardly be laid on a verse of it which is not traceable to writers before him, so in this book there is probably not a thought, certainly not a rule of life, for which authority is not to be found among the best and wisest of mankind. All that I have done is to give their multifarious teaching the form of words in which I could best report it, and to bring it under the one head and sanction of that Divine Authority in the Heart, to which they themselves, with more or less emphasis, refer. What a late philosopher called the 'man in the heart,' is here devoutly recognised as the God in the heart: and certainly, as the philosopher himself observed, it was no man that put it there.

"Let none therefore, for whom the book is designed, and who might justly doubt the writer's qualifications for the task, had it not thus been furnished, hesitate to give it their attention. They have wished for some form of devotion, some manual of faith and duty, *in which the heart is never outraged*. Let them not hesitate in these transcripts of ancient and modern wisdom, to look for it, even should the mode in which it is reported be found worthier of the good-will than of the grandeur of that wisdom,—of its sincerity than its power of utterance. The form is not the main consideration; the rhetoric surely still less; the fashioner, personally speaking, insincerity excepted, should be none at all. The point for reflection is, whether the matter is in earnest and is needed; whether the book finds its response in the heart; whether readers feel it to be good for them, good for their families, good for parents who would cease to fear questions respecting God and eternity; for hearts that would fain see the final separation of religion from repulsiveness: for understandings, during an age of transition, perplexed between the two extremes of faiths which despise reason, and a reason exasperated or *mechanicalized* into no faith at all:—(for the latter would be considered the danger, if all were known which passes in the minds of very different descriptions of people,—of the sciolous, the worldly, and the poor.) It has never been demanded of a bringer of good tidings, that he should match in worthiness the tidings which he brings. The workman of a golden casket does not make the gold in which he works. Let the hearts of none misgive them, with thoughts that may do humility injustice, if they find in this book what the heart has been seeking.

"Partially as it has yet been put in action, and in a very small circle, it has done good to man, woman, and child. Infirmity of purpose has found help in it: thought has dated advancement from it: parents have happily begun with it: beloved memories of the dead have endeared it—have in the eyes of affection, consecrated it: and if anyone should suppose that I say thus much of it out of any earthly consideration, apart from the welfare of those for whom it is intended, he knows little either of life or death, compared with that experience of joy and of sorrow, which has impelled me to give it to the world."—*From the Preface.*

"This little volume deserves to be read by many to whom on other grounds it may perhaps prove little acceptable, for the grave and thoughtful matter it contains, appealing to the heart of every truthful person. Objecting ourselves, for reasons concerning rather the head than the heart, to the proposed direction and uses given to it, let us at once admit that there are many worse religions in the Christian world than this of which Leigh Hunt stands forward in his declining life as the generous and loving priest. There is a piety, for example, most happily entitled in this volume the Other-worldliness.—'Other-worldliness is the piety of the worldly. It is the same desire for the advantages of the world to come which the worldly-minded feel for those of the present; and it is manifested in the same way. At the best it is self-seeking, without thought of others; at the worst, it is self-enjoyment at their expense. The other-worldly are known by the dishonour which they do the Master to whose favour they aspire; by their adulation of his power, their meanness towards the poor, and their insensibility to the cruelties which they think he will wreak on those who offend him. Yet nine-tenths of the pieties that exclusively pretend to the name, are made up of the selfishness of this kind, and their professors do not know it.' Kindly emotions and a pure morality, a true sense of the beneficence of God and of the beauty of creation, a heightened sensibility that shuns all contact with theology, and shrinks only with too much dread from the hard dogmas of the pulpit, make up the substance of this book, of which the style throughout is exquisitely gentle and refined. . . . From two wise and calm chapters on Rewards and Punishments, as the heart understands them, we quote some passages that may be read with universal profit,—and in such the book abounds. . . . The last division of the book is composed of a series of suggestions with extracts, tending to assist Mr. Hunt's disciples in the selection of a course of Sunday readings from the wisest writers of all ages, which shall appeal to the heart with the force of sermons. Mr. Hunt's preachers range from Confucius and Plato down to Jean Paul Richter and Professor Nichol. The citations are all chosen with the best taste and feeling; and the comments by Mr. Hunt himself, worthy of them always, are often quite equal to them in point of eloquence, wisdom, and truth. There are of course individual opinions against which we object. We do not, for example, think that sound judgment is displayed in attributing the doctrine 'Love your enemies' to Epictetus, and hinting that it may have been only ascribed to Christ among the other Judaisms, Platonisms, and Stoicisms, which influenced the writers of the gospels. But we need say little of such opinions, which are never so put forward as to attack or shake any man's faith. Mr. Hunt never on any occasion discredits, by his manner of stating his beliefs, the comprehensive charity which sustains them. The most rigidly orthodox may read his book, and passing over diversities of opinion expressed always in a tone of gentle kindliness, may let his heart open to receive all that part (the main part) of Mr. Hunt's religion, which is in truth the purest Christianity; and which he will find preached in a Christian temper, that it would be well for many other preachers, and well for their flocks, if they could imitate. To conclude—in the writing of this volume there is a true beauty of holiness, and in its creed there is nothing at which any good man ought to take offence."—*Examiner, October* 29, 1853.

"'The Religion of the Heart' is a manual of aspiration, faith, and duty, conceived in the spirit of natural piety. It contains what may be called devotional services for varied occasions, meditations upon the duties of life, and short essays upon many subjects of constant interest to human thought; for example, on the conscience, on pleasure and pain, and the rewards and penalties of duty. The latter half of the volume is occupied with a discourse upon the chief writings, ancient and modern, which may be regarded as of a religious and moral character—giving extracts from Confucius, Socrates, Epictetus, M. Aurelius, St. Francis de Sales, Whichcote, Shaftesbury, St. Pierre, Emerson, Richter, Professor Nichol, and others; the whole designed to form a kind of guide to a course of moral and devout reading. It is the object of the book to supply one of those needs of the popular mind which the speculative rationalism is apt to object—to aid in the culture of sound habits and of reasonable religious affection. If the time has not yet arrived for the matured ritual of natural religion, the endeavour will at least be regarded as a suggestion and help in that direction."—*Westminster Review.* 1853. *Vol.* 4, *p.* 572.]

Articles in The Musical Times, between December, 1853, *and November,* 1854.

[Inexhaustibility of the Subject of Christmas (this paper is a reprint from the *Monthly Repository*, Dec. 1837).

Twelfth Night (this article recurs to the celebrated "Twelfth Night," at Vincent Novello's, when the company sat up all night, and broke up only after breakfast).

An Effusion upon Cream, and a Desideratum in English Poetry (in this article is given, with comments of a very flattering kind, a poem, entitled "A Can of Cream from Devon," which appeared in the *Manchester Examiner*, in December, 1853, signed "Horace." The author of it was Mr. H. B. Peacock. a gentleman resident in Manchester, much esteemed among a large circle of friends, on account of his humour, refined tastes, and genial disposition).

On Poems of Joyous Impulse: A Sequel to the "Effusion on Cream," intended as much for Musical as for Literary Consideration (in this article, Mr. Hunt gives the "Song of the Headlong Ap-Headlong," from Mr. Lover Peacock's novel of "Headlong Hall," after which he remarks; "There is hardly saying anything after this, that shall not look like an anti-climax. Nevertheless, we must observe, that the 'Can of Cream from Devon' still remains an original, a complete, and happy effusion; more happy, indeed, than Squire Headlong's glorification, inasmuch as there are no concessions to commonplace in it, and it expresses a less turbulent satisfaction; nor, to say the truth, in closing these retrospections of 'Poems of Joyous Impulse,' do we know where to find another so well fitted, in point of gusto and *naiveté*, to be put in the same pages with Suckling's Ballad on a Wedding.").

Eating-Songs.

On the Combination of Grave and Gay.

An Organ in the House (introductory article).

An Organ in the House (second and concluding article).]

The Old Court Suburb; or, Memorials of Kensington, Regal, Critical, and Anecdotical, by Leigh Hunt. 2 *Vols.* 1855.

[This work contains anecdotes and reminiscences of celebrated persons who have resided at Kensington, or who are buried there. There are six chapters on Holland House, its History, Owners, and Occupants; and six chapters on Kensington Palace and Gardens.

"The charming book called 'The Town,' and 'The Old Court Suburb,' took their place at once as altogether unapproachable in their kind; and many readers who know nothing else of Hunt have been delighted with his sprightly and graceful gossip about London and Kensington. . . . Leigh Hunt is one of the rare men who always have the right association in the right place. . . . Those who, with Dr. Johnson, are famished for literary anecdote, will find the richest stores of it, old and new, in these two books. Nowhere is it possible to become more agreeably acquainted with celebrated people, or to wander more pleasantly in the by-paths of history. . . . He can relate some well-known story,—the Conspiracy of Essex, or the Rye House Plot, and the Death of Russell,—with a narrative skill, and a delicate discrimination of character and motives, that we do not know where to find surpassed by more pretentious historians. His sketches of the History of Manners, are still more interesting: and we know no better account of the Courts that have brightened or saddened Whitehall and Kensington, from Henry the Eighth's days to those of George III. Not the least amusing part of the chapters that deal with this last subject, is the appearance of the author himself in the various royal drawing-rooms,—his own likes and dislikes (which he will not own to), his tastes and predilections."—*North British Review. November*, 1860. *Vol.* 33, *pp.* 374-75. *Article*, "*Leigh Hunt.*"

"He thought no toil too great in hunting out small facts, that he might do his literary tasks with conscientious workmanship; a few pages of his antiquarian works (such as 'The Town,' or the 'Old Court Suburb,") represented weeks of the most diligent drudgery in searches over parish registers and local records."—*Athenæum, September* 3, 1859.

"A delightful book, of which the charm begins at the first line on the first page; for full of quaint and pleasant memories is the mere phrase that is its title—the 'Old Court Suburb.' Very full, too, of both quaint and pleasant memories is the line on the same title-page that designates the author. It is the name of the most cheerful of chroniclers, the best of remembrancers of good things, the most polished and entertaining of educated gossips. He surely should satisfy the town, who knows it as Leigh Hunt does; who has written so many graceful things of it; who has enabled it to do what men sigh daily to do, live its past years over again; and who can so paint its present that it shall perceive how far from the weary, flat, or unprofitable, its most

ordinary aspects are. Happy in its noisiest and most crowded streets, and making even its closest lanes and alleys pleasant for the memories he evokes about them, with how much greater certainty of enjoyment should we follow him to the trees and walks that still remain the boast of the 'Old Court Suburb.' There is natural beauty, and there is no lack of the picturesque in houses and streets at Kensington. There is a suggestion of fresh air and pleasure in the place, yet at the same time not the densest mass of London houses is more crowded with memories such as those over which it is Leigh Hunt's special delight to linger and dwell. . . .

"And so we have delightful literary talk, about the Crystal Palace of '51, and Old Kensington Gore, and Gore House with its joyful and sad associations, and the proposed new National Gallery, and Kensington House and the Duchess of Portsmouth, and Dr. Johnson, and the French emigrant's school, to which Sheil went, and dear Mrs. Inchbald, and dull Sir Richard Blackmore, and the malicious Lord Hervey, and the courts of William, and of Anne, and of George the Second, and so forth. We walk down Kensington High Street, visit the Palace Gardens, pay a great many visits among bygone people in the Square, are taken to spend a long time very profitably in the church and among inscriptions in the church-yard, visit the old charity-school and talk about Sir John Vanburgh, and by squares and terraces come to Holland House, a place not to be left in a hurry. Holland House, with the recollections proper to it attached to it, is the theme of many chapters; and Kensington Palace and Gardens, occupying many chapters more, form the culminating point of the whole narrative. . . .

"Several of these delightful chapters, it should be said, have appeared already in 'Household Words.' But they are now enlarged, several are added of greater interest than any that went before them, and the whole subject is completed in a work that will be welcome to all readers, and most welcome to those who have the most catholic tastes, and a love for the best kinds of reading."—*Examiner, July* 21, 1855.]

Beaumont and Fletcher; or, the Finest Scenes, Lyrics, and other Beauties of those two Poets, now first selected from the whole of their works, to the exclusion of whatever is morally objectionable; with Opinions of Distinguished Critics, Notes, Explanatory and Otherwise, and a General Introductory Preface, by Leigh Hunt. 1855.

[This selection is dedicated to Mr. Procter (Barry Cornwall).

"It is interesting to see how the diviner portion of spirit inherent in all true genius saved these extraordinary men from being corrupted to the core, and losing those noblest powers of utterance which nothing but sincerity and right feeling can bestow: how, in the midst of the grossest effeminacy, they delighted in painting the manliest characters; how they loved simplicity and tenderness, and never wrote so well as when speaking their language; and how, when on the very knees of the slavishest of the doctrines in which they had been bred, their hearts could rise against the idols of their worship, and set above all other pretensions the rights of justice and humanity. To read one of the pages of the beautiful portions of their works, you would think it impossible that such writers should frame their lips to utter what disgraces the page ensuing: yet there it is, like a torrent of feculence beside a chosen garden; nay, say rather like a dream, or a sort of madness,—the very spirit and riot of the tongue of a disordered incontinence for the previous self-restraint. . . . Fortunately they wrote much, and beautifully; and it has been still more fortunate for them, that genius and purity go best together; so that my selection has not only been enabled to be copious as well as spotless (thanks to the facilities afforded to excision by the authors themselves), but with the exception of a few of their sentences, not so easy detachable, and of the equally few incidents connected with them, contains, I think I may say, the whole of their finest writing, and every presentable scene that has been deservedly admired. . . . The same imperfection of moral discernment, or carelessness to sharpen it, led them into mistakes of sentimentalism for sentiment, violence for sincerity, and heapings of superlative phrases for paintings of character. The truth is, that, great geniuses as they were, and exquisite in a multitude of passages, few even of the lovers of books read their works through. The most willing admirers are not only repelled by the ribaldry, but tired by the want of truth and by the positive trash. They grow impatient of exits and entrances that have no ground but the convenience of the writers; of childish adventures, inconsistent speeches, substitutions of the authors themselves for their characters, sudden conversions of bad people to good, and heaps of talking for talking's sake. If they hurry the perusal, they perceive nothing distinctly; if they proceed step

by step, the impediments become vexatious; and if, nevertheless, they resolve to read everything, they are always finding themselves in those foul places which delighted the courtiers of James the First, and which nauseate a modern reader to the soul. I have as little respect for prudery as anybody, and should be the last man in the world to formalise honest passion, or to deny to poetry and geniality that right poetic luxury of expression which is analogous to the utterances of Nature herself in the glowing beauty of her works; but some years ago, in attempting a regular perusal of Beaumont and Fletcher, I found myself desisting on these accounts at the fifth or sixth play. I have just now finished the whole fifty-two; and though my task has been rewarded by the beautiful volume before us, and by the consciousness of having done a service both to the authors and to the public, I feel a strong conviction, that none but antiquarian editors, or persons with very strange tastes indeed, could ever make such a thorough-going perusal a labour of love. . . . Here are all those, and many to keep them company. Here are the most striking passages of their best and (as far as they could be given) of their worst characters, of their noble Caratachs and Mirandas, their good and wicked parents, their affecting children, their piteous sweet Euphrasias, Ordellas, and Julianas—creations, many of which it did honour to the poets' hearts to conceive, and which, I have no doubt, their own conduct could have matched in corresponding manly worthiness, had circumstances occurred to challenge it; for though they were not Miltons, they were not Wallers—much less the Rochesters whom they condescended to foreshadow. They did not grow baser, as they grew older; nor, when a noble character presented itself to their minds, did they fail, notwithstanding the weaknesses that beset them, to give it the welcome of undoubting hearts, and of expression to its height. . . . Here, in a word, is all the best passion and poetry of the two friends, such as I hope and believe they would have been glad to see brought together: such as would have reminded them of those happiest evenings which they spent in the same room, not perhaps when they had most wine in their heads, and were loudest, and merriest, and least pleased, but when they were most pleased both with themselves and with all things—serene, sequestered, feeling their companionship and their poetry sufficient for them, without needing the ratification of it by its fame, or echo; such evenings as those in which they wrote the description of the boy by the fountain's side, or his confession as Euphrasia, or Caratach's surrender to the Romans, or the address to Sleep in *Valentinian*, or the divine song on *Melancholy*, which must have made them feel as if they had created a solitude of their own, and heard the whisper of it stealing by their window. . . . In making the selection no requisite trouble has been spared. I have not busied myself with tasks befitting editors of entire works, such as collating texts with every possible copy, arbitrating upon every different reading, or even amending obviously corrupt ones; though the latter abound in every edition, and the temptation to notice them is great. On the other hand, where readings were disputed, I have not failed to pay attention to the dispute, and make such conclusion as seemed best. I first perused the plays in succession, pen in hand, marking everything as it struck me; then made the selection from the marked passages, on re-perusal; and finally compared my text with that of the latest editions, and added the critical and explanatory notes . . . I must add, that though omissions, for obvious reasons, have been abundant, not a word has been altered. Above all, I must observe, that of the passages needing rejection, not a particle has been spared. The most cautious member of a family may take up the volume at random, and read aloud from it, without misgiving, in circles the most refined."—*From the Remarks.*

"Leigh Hunt, from his studious solitude, has just sent forth a volume which twenty or even fifteen years ago would have produced a sensation among us Reviewers, and set us one and all at the task of eager criticism. It is a 'Selection from Beaumont and Fletcher,' somewhat on the plan of 'Lamb's Specimens of the Old Dramatists,' but more extensive and satisfactory, since it gives whole scenes as well as separate passages. It is addressed to two classes: first, to the family circles wherein the poetry of these admirable poets would be thoroughly appreciated were it not excluded by their riotous indelicacy: Leigh Hunt has with jealous care removed every passage or word which might offend, and given only such extracts as may be read aloud. The second class of readers is that, perhaps equally numerous, whose members, however sensitive to the beauties of poetry, have not the time nor the patience to undertake the entire works of Beaumont and Fletcher. For both classes he has skilfully catered. The supreme elegance of his taste is well known; and he has added such notes, critical, explanatory, and verbal, as, to use the stereotyped phrase, 'leave nothing to be desired'—except an abundance even greater than there is."—*The Leader, August* 25, 1855.]

Stories in Verse. By Leigh Hunt. Now first collected. With Illustrations. 1855.

[Dedicated to the Duke of Devonshire in the following terms:—"A name synonymous with taste and beneficence; the princeliest representative of an ever princely house; the landlord beloved of his tenants, both in England and in Ireland; the friend of honest adversity, notwithstanding differences of opinion; the discerner and raiser of merit in humble station; the adorner of his country with beautiful gardens, and with the far-fetched botany of other climates; one, of whom it may be said, without poetical exaggeration, and even without metaphor, that his footsteps may be traced in flowers, and that he has made the houses of the poor to smile:—these productions of an imperfect but zealous pen, which aspires to assist in diffusing a love of the graces and generosities that sweeten and exalt humanity, are inscribed, with every sentiment of gratitude, by his Grace's most obliged, and most affectionate humble servant, Leigh Hunt."

The following are the contents: Preface—A Study in Versification—The Story of Rimini; or, Fruits of a Parent's Falsehood: Canto 1. The Coming to Fetch the Bride from Ravenna; Canto 2. The Bride's Journey to Rimini; Canto 3. The Fatal Passion; Canto 4. How the Bride Returned to Ravenna—Hero and Leander—The Panther—Ballads of Robin Hood: Robin Hood a Child; Robin Hood's Flight; Robin Hood an Outlaw; How Robin and his Outlaws Lived in the Woods—Mahmoud—The Gentle Armour; or, Three Knights in Steel Against One in Linen—The Palfrey—The Glove and the Lions—Abou Ben Adhem—Godiva—Jaffar—The Bitter Gourd—The Inevitable—Wallace and Fawdon—Kilspindie—The Trumpets of Doolkarnein—Abraham and the Fire-Worshipper—Death and the Ruffians—Cambus Khan. *Translations:* The Infant Hercules and the Serpents—Paulo and Francesca—Ugolino and his Children—Medoro and Cloridano—Angelica and Medoro—Lazy Corner; or, Bed versus Business—The Curate and his Bishop—The Battle of the Books.

The preface occupies 37 pages, and contains remarks on Chaucer and Narrative Poety. The preface is followed by an extract of 16 pages from the preface to the octavo edition of the author's Poetical Works, 1832, which he heads "A Study in Versification."

"Fix as you will Leigh Hunt's place as a poet hereafter, where is the poet amongst us now that tells a story more gracefully, more effectively? Who does not know, by heart, almost, at least some half dozen of his 'stories in verse?' And all he has written of this kind are such as thoroughly to please the best tastes of the people. Long or short—whether it be the 'Story of Rimini' in four cantos, the ballad of Kilspindie in a score of stanzas, or Abou Ben Adhem in a dozen lines—a story in verse by Leigh Hunt *is* a story. It is the real thing, and not the pretence of it. Told in good faith, if long a legend, and if short a parable or proverb, his verse-narratives are of the class that have for ages been always welcome not merely to persons of refined taste, but to masses of the people. Few men in the choice of topics for such treatment have combined more tact with more refinement than Leigh Hunt. The unerring instinct of a poet, enriched and influenced by a poet's studies, has led him to such themes as not only appeal to the healthy popular appetite, but commend themselves also to the selectest tastes. . . .

"A characteristic of Leigh Hunt's verse which makes his touch so pleasant in a story is its complete absence of strain. He does not admire what he calls 'perpetual commentating thoughts and imaginative analogies;' his verse is in that respect like Southey's. Chaucer is his ideal of a story-telling poet, and in some respects his model; the definition of poetry by which he is best pleased being that by which it has been called 'geniality singing.' Having found a tale worth telling in a genial way, and which is in itself poetical, Leigh Hunt's only care is to tell it as he feels it, in verses that contain a music proper for its complete expression. . . .

"Is it requisite to add to what we have said a truth so notorious as that the most generous sympathies, and truest appreciation of all that is good and noble, have always been among the characteristics of this English author; that his taste and skill, whether as poet or prose writer, have invariably been exercised under their guidance; and that his thoughts and feelings, even more than his words, have brought him into harmony with good men of all ranks in life and all degrees in intellect? We did not need the fresh assurance we receive on this point from the language of the dedication of his volume to the Duke of Devonshire. Earnestly yet delicately worded, the one may be as proud to give, as the other to receive, such praise."—*Examiner, April* 28, 1855.

"Leigh Hunt's reputation as a poet is now so firmly established that it requires no fresh proof; but, if any doubters remained, we need only place this book in their hands to cure them of their infidelity. More rich and varied poetical power—more affluence of fancy—more wealth of illustration and of imaginative sympathy with the external shows of things and the inward emotions of our human nature—more musical utterance in easy, natural, unsuperfluous verse, the articulations of which seem to come forth spontaneously from the thought or feeling to which they give expression—we do not know where to find, short of those few god-like singers who sit apart from all comparison and all envy. Mr. Hunt has here collected the very flower of his poetical genius into one elegant volume, which, from its moderate price, we trust will be found scattered abroad in many English homes, darting to and fro on many English railways, through peopled town, broad meadow, and green old woodland, and incorporating itself with the home affections, the household thoughts and familiar memories, of many English hearts. We are well assured that no book of poems extant is better fitted to become a part of the moral life of a people. Meanness, insincerity, malignancy, and irreverence, cannot co-exist with the open sunshine of Leigh Hunt's mind. That disregard of the beautiful—or rather that positive worship of the ugly and vulgar—which forms but too large an element of the popular intellect, must needs feel itself rebuked and converted by pages so overflowing with beauty, health, and love. On the mere ground of literary taste, we are grateful for this volume; on the broader ground of human progression, we must be doubly thankful for seeing here collected some of the choicest writings of a man who, while combating and suffering for political liberty, has done the most to keep us humane; while contending against bigotry, has done the most to make us religious; and, while fighting against hypocritical pretences, has done the most for genuine morals.

"Fully acknowledging as we do the worth of Leigh Hunt's lyrical, descriptive, and meditative poems, we cannot but think that it is mainly as a narrative poet that he will take his rank in the future. And we believe that it is in this direction that his ambition chiefly looks; for we have reason to know that he regards narrative poetry as one of the highest exercises of the poetical faculty, and regrets that we have not in the English language a greater number of 'stories in verse' of the romantic and ideal order. With the example of Chaucer before us, it is difficult to come to an opposite opinion; otherwise, we confess to a doubt whether the chronicling of events, however much they may be in alliance with emotion (which is the very essence of poetry), be the highest office of the poet, who is thus turned into a sort of celestial reporter. We wish the reader, however, to understand that we use the expression 'narrative poetry' in a very restricted sense—a sense which excludes epic poetry, and even such a poem as the 'Faery Queene' of Spenser, as being rather the history of the struggles of the soul, or an allegorical presentment of abstract principles; and ballad poetry, as giving a series of *tableaux*, of which the intermediate parts are hinted by some intense suggestiveness of emotion. By narrative poetry, we mean poems such as were written by Chaucer and Dryden, and, in our own times, by Scott, Byron, and Crabbe—poems which depend for their interest (we do not say their poetical worth) chiefly on the incidents, and where the facts are narrated with the same regular sequence that we find in a prose tale. Yet, as we have said, this is the class of poetry which Chaucer chiefly wrote; and before the transcendent genius of that early Titan of our literature, all theories which do not harmonise with his practice stand abashed. Dryden, moreover, cast much of his masculine mind into this mould; and here is Leigh Hunt making additions to the stock, in the form of his touching 'Story of Rimini,' and the other exquisitely finished tales of the book before us.

"We rejoice to see that, in this new edition of Leigh Hunt's chief poem, the author has restored those omitted or altered passages which form part of the beauty of the whole. . . . The description of the pageant in the first canto of the 'Story of Rimini' is a marvellous study of word-painting and of melody. The cavalcade pours along bright and exulting, and the verses shine with gold and jewels, and seem to march to the stately measure of the procession."—*The Leader, August* 25, 1855.]

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now First entirely Collected, Revised by Himself, and Edited with an Introduction by S. Adams Lee. Complete in 2 *Volumes. Boston, U.S.,* 1857.

[Volume 1 contains: Introduction—Introductory Letter to Samuel Adams Lee. *Dramatic Poems:* A Legend of Florence—Lovers' Amazements; or, How Will it End?—Abraham and the Fire-Worshipper. *Narrative Poems:* The Feast of the Poets—The Story of Rimini—Corso and Emilia—Hero and

Leander—The Panther—Ballads of Robin Hood: Robin Hood & Child; Robin Hood's Flight; Robin Hood an Outlaw; How Robin and his Outlaws lived in the Woods—Mahmoud—Death and the Ruffians—Cambus Khan—The Gentle Armour—The Glove and the Lions—The Fancy Concert—Blue Stocking Revels; or, The Feast of the Violets—Notes.

Volume 2 contains: *Narrative Poems:* Captain Sword and Captain Pen—The Palfrey—Abou Ben Adhem—Godiva—Jaffar—The Bitter Gourd—The Inevitable—Wallace and Fawdon—Kilspindie—The Trumpets of Doolkarnein. *Sonnets:* Quiet Evenings—To the Nile—To the Grasshopper and the Cricket—To Henry Robertson, John Gattie, and Vincent Novello—To my Wife—To Kosciusko—On a Lock of Milton's Hair—To the Author of "Ion"—The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit—The Deformed Child. *Blank Verse:* Paganini—Our Cottage—A Heaven upon Earth Reflections of a Dead Body. *Miscellaneous Poems:* Politics and Poetics—Power and Gentleness—Morgiana in England—Thoughts of the Avon—To T. L. H.—To J. H.—Epistle to William Hazlitt—Epistle to Barron Field—Epistle to Charles Lamb—Hearing Music—On hearing a little Musical Box—The Lover of Music to his Pianoforte—Thoughts on reading Pomfret's "Choice"—Wealth and Womanhood—Sudden Fine Weather—Alter et Diem—Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine—Lines to May—Lines to June—Christmas—Rondeau—Lines in an Album—Love Letters made of Flowers—Songs and Chorus of the Flowers—Songs of the Flowers—An Angel in the House—Bodryddan—To the Queen—To the Infant Princess Royal—Three Visions—Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice—Right and Might—Doctor Ban—Dream within Dream—Ode to the Sun. *Translations:* From Homer, Reappearance of Achilles on the Field of Battle—Priam rebuking his Sons—Priam at the Feet of Achilles—Mercury at the Cave of Calypso. From Theocritus, The Syracusan Gossips—The Infant Hercules and the Serpents. From the Anthology, Greek Pretenders to Philosophy—Cupid Swallowed. From Catullus, His Return to Home to Sirmio. From Martial, Epitaph on Erotion. From Walter de Mapes, The Jovial Priest's Confession. From Randolph, Song of Fairies robbing an Orchard. From Milton, Plato's Archetypal Man. From Dante, Paulo and Francesca—Ugolino and his Children. From Petrarca, Laura's Bower. From Ariosto, Friends and Foes—Angelica and Medoro. From Casa, A Depreciation of the Name of John. From Redi, Bacchus in Tuscany. From Berni. Lazy Corner; or, Bed versus Business. From Tasso, Ode to the Golden Age. From Casti, The Debt of the Giuli Tre. From Alfieri, Portrait of Himself—Learning Tuscan—English Courtship. From Marot, On the Laugh of Madame D'Albret—A Love-Lesson. From Boileau, The Battle of the Books. From Destouches, Epitaph on an Englishman. From Tabourot, Abel and Mabel. From Bouffliers, Love and Reason—Love and War. Anonymous, The Curate and his Bishop. From Madame D'Houdetôt, Love and Age.

The Introduction occupies 30 pages, and the Introductory Letter 13 pages. The following is from the letter:—"In collecting, according to your kindly wish, and with the encouragement of distinguished friends of both of us, the whole of my writings in verse for the first time, and in thinking, while doing so, of the quarter of the world in which the collection is to make its first appearance, I have experienced mingled emotions of pleasure and of pain;—of pleasure, because the collection has been thought worth making, and this too on the side of the Atlantic from which the parents came who would have been delighted to see it; and of pain, because with the exception perhaps of some very small pieces, and of some trifles not worth so grave a consideration, it forces me to wish, that everything which I have written were a great deal better. . . . In what humble category of poet, or in what humblest corner of the category, if in any at all, the writer of this book may be ranked, it remains perhaps for another and wholly dispassionate generation to pronounce, in case he has the good fortune to reach it. Meantime, gathering such hope as I can from the preceding reflections, I would fain also be of opinion with those, who think that judgments in remote places foreshadow those of coming times; and this renders the American call for the volume doubly precious to me. . . These volumes contain all the verses I have ever published, with the exception of such as have been rejected by me in the course of re-perusal, such others as were written at too early a period of life to possess any character of their own, and portions of an unfinished poem which I still hope to complete. I would fain have abridged the collection into a selection, and this too of a very small kind, in the hope of giving my verses a better chance of surviving me; but the wish was overruled, in deference to the better right of judgment belonging to the world at large, who, in any case, will ultimately keep or reject what they please, perhaps retain nothing."—*From the Introductory Letter.*]

Poems in Fraser's Magazine, February and May, 1859.

[The Tapiser's Tale, attempted in the manner of Chaucer.
The Shewe of Faire Seeming, attempted in the manner of Spenser.]

The Occasional. A Series of Papers in "The Spectator," from January 15 to August 20, 1859. *By Leigh Hunt. (His death took place on August 28*, 1859.)

[*No.* 1. *Introduction:*—Easy Chairs—Montaigne and Scaliger—Title of these Papers—Alarms of Europe—Existing Vices and Miseries, and the Consolatory Thoughts to Oppose to Them—The Prince of Wales, and Danger Apprehended from his Visit to Rome—A Story *per contra* from Boccaccio, which is the finest Satire in the World. *No.* 2. *Commemoration of Burns:* Universality of It—Reasons for the Universality—Wordsworth's Advice to His Sons—The Reel of Tullochgorum, and the Reverend Mr. Skinner, author of Words to it—Burns's Regard for Reel, Words, and Author—Specimens of the Words—Proposal for the Restoration of Domestic Dances, in Contradistinction from Balls—Venture of a New Song to the Tune of the Reel of Tullochgorum. *No.* 3. *A Scottish Episcopal Minister Poor and Contented:* Sybarites of the Dinner-table and Paupers Wanting Homes—Interesting Self-Knowledge—Four Lineal Contemporaries—Sir Walter Scott's Opinion of Extempore Dances and Superfluous Diners. *No.* 4. *Birth of the Queen's Grandson:* Her Majesty's Mother—The Line of Fredericks—Frederick the Great—Charles Augustus of Wiemar, and his Duchess—The Prince Regent of Prussia, his Joy, and his Extempore Dancing—Augustus La Fontaine—Fine Passage from a Prussian Newspaper respecting Cannon and the Electric Telegraph—Present Intellectual State of the British Press. *No.* 5. *The French Emperor's Moustache:* What is the Secret of It?—Comparisons of Him and His Uncle—Diplomatic Inquiries into the Moustache; and Conclusions Thereon—The Emperor's Arrière-Penoées—What is to be Thought Good and Ill, respecting Him and his Objects—Present State of Europe. *No.* 6. *New and Strange Calamity:* "Poor Old England"—Her deplorable Want of Eulogisers, especially Vocal Eulogisers—Is It True?—By No Means—Charges of the *Times* Against the Scotch—Desirableness of National Varieties—Scotch Eulogisers of England—Lowland Scotland and England Identified—Living Poets—Collected Songs of Doctor Mackay. *No.* 7. *Poerio and His Companions:* Delicacies to be Observed in the Subscription for them—Different Climates and Comforts of England and Naples. Probable Enjoyments of the Exiles in England—Their Sufferings during Imprisonment. *No.* 8. *The late Mr. Pickering, the Bookseller:* His Worth and that of His Publications—Collected Poems of Constable, now put forth by his Son—Quaint Old Vignettes. *No.* 9. *An Involuntary Absentee:* Forthcoming and Completest Edition of the Writer's Collected Poems—Diversities and Shades of Opinion on the Present War Crisis—Extraordinary Dulness in some Understandings—Anecdote of Charles Lamb. *No.* 10. *The late King of Naples:* His Family Connections—Miss Smith and Kit Minns—Ferdinand's Personal Appearance—Quevedd's Gentleman and Coachman—Characters of Ferdinand, from various writers—His real Nature, Career, and such Excuses as can be found for him. *No.* 11. *The Nickname of the late King of Naples:* Different Accounts of its Applicability and the Reverse; and Probable Reconciliation of Both. *No.* 12. *The late Mr. Ollier:* His Birth and Family, Occupations, Pursuits, &c.—His Tales of "Inesilla" and "Altham and his Wife"—His Intellectual and Domestic Character, and Last Moments. *No.* 13. *Young Old Statesmen:* Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell—Characterization of Lord Palmerston by the *Times*—Longevity of the Present Age—Instances of its Fitness for Active Government in Five noble Lords—Defects and Merits of the Premier, and Numerous Causes of his Success. *No.* 14. Subject of "*Young Old Statesmen*" *concluded:* Perseverance in Spite of Failures—Tutors Themselves Not Always Discerning—Robert Bruce, the Spider, and the Laundress—Plutarch's Advocacy of the Right of Old Men to be Statesmen—Instances Adduced by him to that Effect—Anecdote of Montesquieu in his Seventieth Year. *No.* 15. *A word or two respecting the "Shelley Memorials:"* Shelley not a man to be Judged by Ordinary Rules—Question of the Attempted Assassination in Wales—Morbid Visions; and of his Character for Veracity—Caution Against Forged Letters—A Complete Biography of Shelley not to be looked for at present. *No.* 16. *Corrections of Last Week's "Occasional:"* Cause of its Need of them, and its Completeness—Opinions Respecting Madness and Wickedness—Danger of Confounding the Occasional Morbid Impressions of Ill Health on Great Minds with Subjections of their Intellect.]

English Poetry versus Cardinal Wiseman. An Article by Leigh Hunt, in "Fraser's Magazine," for December, 1859.

[The subject of this article, which extends to 20 pages, will best be understood by the following extracts from it:—"In one of the publications of Cardinal Wiseman, is a lecture delivered by him some time ago, in which two of our greatest English poets are accused of never having given 'a rich description of natural beauty' unconnected with 'wantonness, voluptuousness, and debauchery.' . . . . . I have, then, a counter-charge, or rather series of counter-charges, to bring against the distinguished accuser, which may be thus stated: First, That the accusation against the poets is not true. Second, That such amount of truth as it might be admitted to contain, had it been far more qualified, had credit been given to exuberances for the lesson which they were intended to include, and had the license been charged not merely upon the poets in their own persons, but upon the age in which they lived, and upon writers before them, would be found, as the accuser knows, to have originated with Catholic, and not with Reforming or Protestant poets. Third and last, That the object of the whole lecture is not to compare ancients with moderns, except as a means to an end, but to insinuate Catholic associations and Catholic interests into the minds of its readers, and this too by the help and at the expense of opponents of the Catholic Church, notwithstanding the like better knowledge on the part of the lecturer, and in rash assumption of the ignorance of his hearers. Proofs of the whole of these charges will be made manifest as the remarks proceed, chiefly in their order, but more or less throughout what is said; for the points on which they are founded are so artfully mixed up in the lecture, that they necessitate a like compound treatment in handling them. . . . He is a man of great natural abilities, considerable scholarship, and no little taste, when his critical palate is not tempted to excess. But disingenuous statements, and gorgeous and luxuriating descriptions, whether of art or nature, are not calculated to remove certain impressions respecting scarlet ladies from the severe English mind; and it would have done no harm to the credit given him, and I dare say justly given him, for consideration towards others when speaking in his own person, if he had spared his fellow-readers of the English poets the necessity of charging him with false accusations of their common benefactors."]

The Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt. Now Finally Collected, Revised by Himself, and Edited by his Son, Thornton Hunt. With Illustrations by Corbould. 1860.

["Mr. Leigh Hunt had planned a complete and final edition of his Poetical Works, had accomplished his task of getting them together, and had proceeded almost to the close with the process of arrangement, when it was broken off by his death. He had already settled the plan on which he would classify those works, and the principles on which the selection should be made; and had all but finished even the table of contents. Some pieces he had resolved to omit, as not being equal in conception or execution to the estimate of his own maturer judgment. Of others the interest was fugitive: they belonged to a state of affairs which has passed away, and would in some cases be unintelligible without a voluminous commentary, while they would not be appreciated in their true meaning and force without the context afforded by the spirit of the times in which they were written.

"Specimens of his political verse have been retained in the present volume, where the interest was of a more general and permanent kind, as in the instance of the 'Feast of the Poets,' and the playful squibs upon George the Fourth. Of others, which belonged to the personal conflict of the day, the subjects have died or have passed into obscurity. Some few which were included in his list the author himself could not find: they are of a trifling kind, left almost entirely among the smaller translations. One or two pieces which were still under consideration were incomplete; but these also were of minor importance and interest. To certain of the larger poems, even when he had to some extent revised the opinion he entertained at the period of their first composition, he had appended passages of the original which had been struck out, but which he now restored in order to render the record more complete. The ultimate adjustment was left for others, but little remained to be done, and that little has been carried out as nearly as possible on his own plan, so far as he had executed it. The reader, therefore, holds in his hand the 'Poetical Works of Leigh Hunt,' collected and arranged with his own final judgment."—*Introduction.*

NARRATIVE POEMS.—The Story of Rimini; or, Fruits of a Parent's Falsehood—Corso and Emilia—Hero and Leander—The Panther—Mahmoud—The Gentle Armour; or Three Knights in Steel against One in Linen—The Palfrey—The Glove and the Lions—Godiva—Captain Sword and Captain Pen—Abou Ben Adhem—Jaffar—The Bitter Gourd—The Inevitable—Wallace and Fawdon—Kilspindie—The Trumpets of Doolkarnein—Ballads of Robin Hood.

NARRATIVE MODERNIZATIONS.—Death and the Ruffians—Cambus Khan.

NARRATIVE IMITATIONS.—The Tapiser's Tale—The Shewe of Faire Seeming.

POLITICAL AND CRITICAL POEMS.—Politics and Poetics; or, the Desperate Situation of a Journalist unhappily smitten with the Love of Rhyme—The Feast of the Poets—Blue-Stocking Revels; or, the Feast of the Violets—The St. James's Phenomenon—Coronation Soliloquy—High and Low; or, How to Write History—Doctor Ban; or, Question for Question.

SONNETS.—Quiet Evenings—Five Sonnets to Hampstead—To the Nile—To the Grasshopper and the Cricket—To Henry Robertson—John Gattie, and Vincent Novello—To Thomas Stothard, R.A.—To My Wife—To Kosciusko—On a Lock of Milton's Hair—To Percy Shelley—To Miss K.—To the Author of "Ion"—To Charles Dickens—To Poerio and his Fellow Patriots—The Fish, the Man, and the Spirit—The Deformed Child.

BLANK VERSE.—Paganini—Our Cottage—A Heaven upon Earth—Reflections of a Dead Body.

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.—Power and Gentleness—Thoughts of the Avon—To T. L. H.—To J. H.—To Charles Lamb—To William Hazlitt—To Barron Field—On Hearing a Litte Musical Box—Hearing Music—The Lover of Music to his Piano-forte—A Thought or Two on Reading Pomfret's "Choice"—Sudden Fine Weather—Alter et Idem—An Angel in the House—Wealth and Womanhood—Hymn to Bishop St. Valentine—Lines to May—Lines to June—Christmas—Rondeau—Burns and Tullochgorum—Love-Letters Made of Flowers—Songs and Chorus of the Flowers—Songs of the Flowers—Lines in an Album—Ultra Germano-criticasterism—Bodryddan—A Night Rain in Summer—Calviultor—To the Queen—To the Infant Princess Royal—Three Visions on the Birth of the Prince of Wales—Lines on the Birth of the Princess Alice—Right and Might—Dream within Dream: or, A Dream in Heaven; or, Evil Minimized—Morgiana in England—Ode to the Sun—A Blessed Spot—Verses on a Full-flowing Peruke—Doggrel on Double Columns and Large Type—The Royal Line.

TRANSLATIONS.—*From Homer:* Reappearance of Achilles on the Field of Battle after his Long Absence—Priam Rebuking his Sons—Priam at the Feet of Achilles—Mercury going to the Cave of Calypso. *From Theocritus:* The Infant Hercules and the Serpents—The Syracusan Gossips; or, the Feast of Adonis. *From Anthology:* Greek Pretenders to Philosophy Described—Cupid Swallowed. *From Catullus:* His Return Home to Sirmio. *From Martial:* Epitaph on Erotion. *From Walter de Mapes:* The Jovial Priest's Confession. *From Randolph:* Song of Fairies Robbing an Orchard. *From Milton:* Plato's Archetypal Man. *From Dante:* Paulo and Francesca—Ugolino and his Children. *From Petrarch:* Laura's Bower. *From Andrea de Basso:* Ode to a Dead Body. *From Ariosto:* Friends and Foes—Angelica and Medoro. *From Casa:* A Deprecation of the Name of John. *From Berni:* Lazy Corner; or, Bed *versus* Business. *From Tasso:* Ode to the Golden Age. *From Redi:* Bacchus in Tuscany. *From Pastorini:* Sonnet to Genoa. *From Casti:* The Debt of the Giuli Tre. *From Alfieri:* Portrait of Himself—English Courtship—Learning Tuscan. *From Frugoni:* Little People Panegyrised. *From Marot:* The Abbé and his Valet—On the Laugh of Madame d'Albret—A Love-Lesson. *From La Fontaine:* Lips *versus* Eyes. *From Boileau:* The Battle of the Books. *From Masson:* Marriage à la Mode. *From D'Houdetôt:* Love and Age. *Anonymous:* A Wise Death—The Curate and his Bishop. NOTES.

The Introduction extends to 3, the Poems to 422, and the Notes to 33 pages.

This edition cannot be called complete, for it does not contain the Dramatic Poems, viz., "A Legend of Florence," "Lovers' Amazements," and "Abraham and the Fire-Worshipper," all of which are contained in the American edition. Neither does it contain "Ronald of the Perfect Hand" or "The Fancy Concert;" the latter is in the American edition. The 8vo edition of 1832 contains the following poems not in this collected edition. These are: The Nun—Ariadne Waking—A Picture of Naiads—The Dryads—The Ephydriads—The Cloud—Sonnet to —— M.D. (Southwood Smith?)—and the

following translations: *Ovid*, The Story of Cyllarus and Hylonome: *Ariosto*, The Lover's Prison; *Destouche*, Epitaph on an Englishman—*De Boufflers*, Love and War: Love and Reason; *Anonymous*, The Essence of Opera; *Boileau*, Elves in a Monastery; The Old Kings of France.

The following Poems of Chaucer were modernized by Leigh Hunt, and are included in "The Poems of Chaucer Modernized. 1841." They are not reprinted in any of the editions of Leigh Hunt's Poems:—

"The Manciple's Tale."
"The Friar's Tale."
"The Squire's Tale."]

The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. A New Edition, Revised by the Author; with further Revision, and an Introduction, by his Eldest Son. 1860.

FIRST EDITION OF THE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

["Before the reader looks any further into these volumes, I would entreat him to bear in mind *two things*.

"And I say 'entreat,' and put those two words in italics, not in order to give emphasis to the truth (for truth is, or ought to be, its own emphasis), but to show him how anxious I am on the points, and to impress them the more strongly on his attention.

"The first is that the work, whatever amusement he may find in it (and I hope, for the publisher's sake, as well as my own, that it is not destitute of amusement), was commenced under circumstances which committed me to its execution, and would have been abandoned at almost every step, had those circumstances allowed.

"The second is, that the life being that of a man of letters, and topics of a different sort failing me towards the conclusion, I found myself impelled to dilate more upon my writings, than it would otherwise have entered my head to contemplate. . . .

"I would have entirely waived the autobiography, if a sense of justice to others would have permitted me to do so. My friend and publisher, Mr. Smith, will satisfy any one on that head, who is not acquainted with my veracity. But Mr. Smith's favourable opinion of me, and his own kindly feeling, led him to think it would be so much the reverse of a disadvantge to me in the end, that he took the handsomest means of making the task as easy to me as he could, through a long period of engagements over due, and of interruptions from ill health; and though I can never forget the pain of mind which some of the passages cost me, yet I would now for both our sakes, willingly be glad that the work has been done, provided the public think it worth reading, and are content with this explanation. The opportunity, indeed which it has given me of recalling some precious memories, of correcting some crude judgments, and, in one respect, of discharging a duty that must otherwise have been delayed, make me persuade myself, on the whole, that I *am* glad. So I shall endeavour, with the reader's help, to remain under that comfortable impression. I will liken myself to an actor, who though commencing his part on the stage with a gout or a headache, or, perhaps, even with a bit of heartache, finds his audience so willing to be pleased, that he forgets his infirmity as he goes, and ends with being glad that he has appeared. . . .

"The autobiography includes all that seemed worth retaining of what has before been written in connection with it, and this has received the benefit of a maturer judgment. The political articles from the *Examiner*, curious from the consequences attending them, are republished for the first time; several hitherto unpublished letters of Thomas Moore appear in the third volume, in addition to those which the public have already seen; and the whole work will be new to by far the greater number of readers, not only because of the new reading generations that have come up, but because times are altered, and writers are willingly heard now, in the comparative calm of parties, and during the anxiety of all honest men to know what it is best to think and to do, whom, twenty or thirty years ago, every means would have been taken to suppress."—*From the Preface to the 1st edition.* (1850.)

CONTENTS OF THE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

The following are the contents of the first edition (in three vols., 1850):—
Vol. 1. *The Author's Progenitors:* Fetching a man's mind from his cradle—Transmission of family faces and qualities—Childhood a favourite theme in after-life—The Author's ancestors and father—Perils of the latter during

the American Revolution—Compliment paid him by the father of Sheridan —His answer to a Bishop, and general character and career—Becomes tutor to the nephew of the Duke of Chandos—Accidental death of that nobleman, and affecting end of his Duchess—Misfortunes in the Author's family—His mother and her connexions—Her behaviour during her voyage to England; admirable conduct on various other occasions; and love of the sunset during her decline. *Childhood*: The Leigh family—Preposterous charge against it—Beautiful character in Fielding applied to Mr. Leigh by his son—Author's birthplace, Southgate—Dr. Trinder, clergyman and physician—Question of sporting—Character of Izaak Walton—Cruelty of a cockfighter—Calais and infant heresy—Porpoises and dolphins—A despotic brother—Supernatural fears in childhood—Anecdote of an oath—Martial toys—Infant church militant—Manners and customs of the time—Music and poetry—Memories of songs—Authors in vogue—Pitt and Fox—Lords and Commons. *School days:* Children's books—Hogarth—Christ-Hospital—Moral and personal courage—Anecdote of a racquet ball—Fagging—Visits of Queen Victoria to the school—Details respecting that foundation, its manners and customs, modes of training, distinguished scholars, preachers, and schoolmasters, &c.—Tooke's Pantheon and the British Poets—Scalded legs and the luxuries of a sick ward. *School days* (continued): Healthy Literary training of Christ-Hospital—Early friendship—Early love St. James's Park, music, and war—President West and his house—The Thornton family and theirs—The Dayrells and first love—Early Thoughts of Religion—Jews and their synagogues—Coleridge and Lamb—A mysterious schoolfellow—The greater mystery of the Fazzer—Mitchell and Barnes—Boatings, bathings, and Lady Craven—Departure from school. *Youth:* Juvenile verses—Visits to Cambridge and Oxford—Danger of drowning—Bobart, the Oxford coachman—Spirit of University training—Dr. Raine, of the Charter-House—A Juvenile beard—America and Dr. Franklin—Maurice, author of "Indian Antiquities"—Welch bards—A religious boy—Doctrine of self-preservation—A walk from Ramsgate to Brighton—Character of a liver at inns—A devout landlord—Inhospitality to the benighted—Answers of rustics to wayfarers—Pedestrian exploits—Dangers of delay—The club of elders. *Playgoing and Volunteers:* Threatened invasion by the French—The St. James's Volunteers—Singular debut of their Colonel—Satire of Foote—A taste of campaigning—Recollections of the stage at the beginning of the present century—Farley, De Camp, Miss De Camp, Emery, Kelly and Mrs. Crouch, Catalani, Mrs. Billington, Madame Grassini, Braham, Pasta and Lablache, female singers in general; Ambrogetti, Vestris the dancer, Parisot; singing and dancing in former times and present; Jack Bannister, Fawcett, Munden, Elliston, Mathews, Dowton, Cooke, the Kembles and Mrs. Siddons, and Mrs. Jordan—Playgoing in youth—Critical playgoing—Playgoing in general not what it was—Social position of actors in those times—John Kemble and a noble lord at a book sale—Earl Spencer. *Essays in Criticism:* Acquaintance with the British classics, and contribution of a series of articles to an evening paper—Colman and Bonnell Thornton—Goldsmith again—Reading of novels—Objections to history—Voltaire—Youthful theology—The News—Critical essays on the performers of the London theatres—John Kemble and his whims of pronunciation. *Suffering and Reflection:* Nervous illness and conclusions therefrom—Mystery of the universe—Hypochondriacal recreations—A hundred and fifty rhymes on a trisyllable—Pastoral innocence—A didactic yeoman—"Hideous" sight of Dr. Young—Action the cure for sedentary ailments—Boating; a fray on the Thames; magical effect of the word "law"—Return of health and enjoyment.

Vol. 2. *The Examiner:* Establishment of the *Examiner*—Albany Fonblanque—Author's mistakes in setting out in his editorial career—Objects of the *Examiner*, and misrepresentations of them by the Tories—*Jeu d'esprit* of "Napoleon in his Cabinet"—"Breakfast Sympathies with the Miseries of War"—War dispassionately considered—Anti-Republicanism of the *Examiner*, and its views in theology—The Author for some time a clerk in the War Office —His patron, Mr. Addington, afterwards Lord Sidmouth—Poetry and accounts. *Literary Acquaintance:* Du Bois—Campbell—Theodore Hook—Mathews—James and Horace Smith—Fuseli—Bonnycastle—Kinnaird, &c. *Political Characters:* Ministry of the Pittites—Time-serving conduct of the Allies—Height and downfall of Napoleon—Character of George the Third—Mistakes and sincerity of the *Examiner*—Indictment against it respecting the case of Major Hogan—Affair of Mrs. Clarke—Indictment respecting the reign of George III.—Perry, proprietor of the *Morning Chronicle*—Characters of George Canning, Lord Liverpool, and Lord Castlereagh—Whigs and Whig-Radicals—Queen Victoria—Royalty and Republics—Indictment respecting military

flogging—The Attorney-General, Sir Vicary Gibbs. *Literary Warfare:* The *Reflector* and the writers in it—"Feast of the Poets"—Its attack on Gifford for his attack on Mrs. Robinson—Character of Gifford and his writings—Specimens of the "Baviad and Mœviad"—His appearance at the Roxburgh sale of books—Attack on Walter Scott, occasioned by a passage in his edition of Dryden—Tory calumny—Quarrels and recriminations of authors—The writer's present opinion of Sir Walter—General offence caused by the "Feast of the Poets"—Its inconsiderate treatment of Hayley—Dinner of the Prince Regent—Holland House and Lord Holland—Neutralization of Whig advocacy—Recollections of Blanco White. *The Regent and the Examiner:* "The Prince on St. Patrick's Day"—Indictment for an attack on the Regent in that article—Present feelings of the writer on the subject—Real sting of the offence in the article—Sentence of the proprietors of the *Examiner* to an imprisonment for two years—Their rejection of two proposals of compromise—Lord Ellenborough, Mr. Garrow, and Mr. Justice Grose. *Imprisonment:* Author's imprisonment—Curious specimen of a jailer, and under-jailer, and an under-jailer's wife—Mr. Holme Sumner—Conversion of a room in a prison into a fairy bower—Author's visitors—A heart-rending spectacle—Felons and debtors—Restoration of freedom. *Free Again—Shelley in England:* Dignified neighbour and landlord—Visits from Lord Byron and Mr. Wordsworth—Infernal conduct of the angels in "Paradise Lost"—Return of Hypochondria—Descent of Liberty—"Story of Rimini"—United States—Visits to Lord Byron—History of Shelley while in England. *Keats, Lamb, and Coleridge:* Charles Cowden Clarke—Keats and Shelley—Mr. Monckton Milnes's Letters and Remains of Keats—"Other-worldliness"—Armitage Brown—Keats and Lamb—Wordsworth on Shakespeare—Milton on dining—Keats and Byron—Keats in Italy—His death and personal appearance—"Foliage"—The *Indicator*—Tasso's "Aminta"—Foolish ignorance of business—Mr. Lockhart—Personal appearance of Lamb; Character of his genius: His bon-mots and imaginary notices of his friends—Person of Coleridge; Character of his genius Coleridge and Hazlitt—Coleridge's conversation and daily habits. *Voyage to Italy:* Reasons of the Author's voyage to Italy—Desiderata in accounts of voyagers—Gunpowder—Setting off—Noisy navigation of small vessels—Cabin and berths—Sea-captains—Deal pilots and boatmen—Putting in at Ramsgate—Condorcet's "Progress of Society"—A French vessel and its occupants—Setting off again—Memorable stormy season—Character of the captain and mate—Luigi Rivarola—Notices of the sailors—Watching at night—Discomforts of sea in winter—A drunken cook—A goat and ducks—Hypochondria—Dulness and superstition of sailors—A gale of fifty-six hours. *Return to First Acquaintance with Lord Byron and Thomas Moore:* First sight of Lord Byron—Jackson the prize-fighter—Bathing at Westminster—Sympathy with early poems—More prison recollections—Lord Byron and the House of Peers—Thomas Moore and the *Liberal*—Mistaken conclusions of his—His appearance, manners, and opinions—Letters of Lord Byron.

Vol. 3. *Lord Byron in Italy—Shelley—Pisa:* Alamanni and the Emperor Charles the Fifth—Present feelings of the Author with regard to Lord Byron—Circumstances that modified his Lordship's character—Singular adventure at Monte Nero—Lord Byron and the Gambas—Leghorn and Smollett—Domicile in Pisa—Vaccà and consumption—Operatic scene in a drawing-room—Death of Shelley, and burning of his remains—Mirth most melancholy—Person and character of Shelley—Lord Byron's and Author's mode of life at Pisa—Exterior and interior of that city—Ever-young look of Italy—Italian mansions—Leaning Tower of Pisa. *Genoa:* Removal to Genoa—Shelley's House at Lerici—Earthquake at Lerici—Reputation of Englishmen in Italy for mad courage—Courage of Italians—Porto Venere—Fishy population—Maritime Apennines—Domiciles at Albaro—Account of the *Liberal*—Awkward mistake respecting two of its writers—Lord Byron and Dr. Johnson. *Florence—Bacchus in Tuscany—The Venus de Medici—And Italy in General:* Florence Music at night—Maiano—Boccaccio—May-day at Maiano—An English "snuggery" in the Convent of St. Baldassare—Landor—Mr. Kirkup—Lord Dillon—"Bacchus in Tuscany"—Tuscan and English Landscape—Proposed English magazine at Florence—"Christianism"—Maddalena de Medici—The Venus de Medici—Finger of Galileo—An involuntary bumper at parting with Florence—The cicala—The fire-fly—Trees of Italy—Manners and morals of the people—Alfieri—Maccaroni—The movement—The Pope. *Return to England:* Travelling by vettura—The driver—The Apennines—Le Maschere—Covigliaio—Pietra Mala—Poggioli—Story of the ants—Scepticism generated in postilions by travelling—Bologna—Modena—Contrasted character of their inhabitants—Parma—Piacenza—Asti and Alfieri—The Po and the Alps—Poirino—Prudent Friars—Turin—French and Italian Dancers—Sant-Ambrogio

Ancient and modern Italy—Passage of the Alps—Savoy—Lauslebourg—Chambéry and Rosseau—Lyons and Auxerre—Statue of Louis the Fourteenth—Mont Blanc—Paris—Place of the guillotine—Book-stalls—French People—French, Italian, and English women—Arrival in England. *At Home in England:* Highgate and Hampstead—Italian and English landscapes—Verses to June—Travelling domiciles—The "Parnaso Italiano"—Idealisms familiarized—The Arcadians of Italy—Spenser, Milton, and other cockney poets—"Graces and Anxieties of Pig-driving"—Exhausted and befriended fortunes The "Companion"—"Sir Ralph Esher"—Composition of verse—A poem with a commentary—Active molecules—Inaudible utterance—A poetical project. *Literary Projects:* The *Tatler*—"Chat of the Week"—M. Van de Weyer—The "Gentle Armour"—The *True Sun*—Laman Blanchard—Residence in Chelsea—Thomas Carlyle—The *London Journal*—The "Seer"—Egerton Webbe—His parodies of Martial—"Captain Sword and Captain Pen"—Paganini—*Monthly Repository*—"Blue-stocking Revels"—Lady Blessington. *Play-writing—Conclusion:* Difficulty of meeting the literary requirements of times and editors—Play-writing and present condition of the stage—Actors out of their place as managers—Reasons why their profession is not more esteemed—Delusions practised by them respecting the "Shaksperian," the "legitimate," and the "national" drama—Only remedy for such abuses—The "Legend of Florence," and four other dramas by the Author—Lord Melbourne and the Author's pension—Ideas associated in the latter's mind with the Queen—Amateur acting—Removal to Kensington—Author's latest productions and daily habits—Questions of the Laureateship—Political and Religious opinions. *Appendix:* Letters of Thomas Moore—Letters of Shelley.

SECOND EDITION OF THE "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

"This edition of the 'Autobiography' was revised by Mr. Leigh Hunt, and brought down to the present year by his own hand. He had almost completed the passages which he intended to add; but he had left some portions which were marked for omission in a state of doubt. From the manner in which the work was written, points of interest here and there were passed over indistinctly or omitted altogether, and some inaccuracies were overlooked in the re-perusal. In a further revision by the writer's eldest son, several obscurities have been cleared away, inaccuracies have been corrected, and omissions have been supplied. The interpolated passages, whether in the text or in notes, are distinguished by being included in brackets.

"In the Preface to the earlier edition, the author avowed that he felt a difficulty in having to retrace a life which was marked by comparatively little incident, and was necessarily, therefore, mainly a retrospect of his own writings. Another difficulty, of which he was evidently conscious only through its effect in cramping his pen, lay in an excess of scruple when he approached personal matters. In the revisal of this second edition, however, the lapse of time had in some degree freed him from restraint: and while the curtailments necessary to compress the bulk of the volume have been made principally in the more detailed portions of the literary retrospect, the additions have tended to increase the personal interest of the text. The work is relieved of some other portions, because they may be found in his collected writings, or because the subject-matter to which they refer is out of date. The result of the alterations is, that the biographical part of the volume is brought more closely together, while it is presented with greater fulness and distinctness. . . .

"No injury done to him, however inexcusable, however unceasing, or however painful in its consequences, could exhaust his power of forgiveness. . . The tenderness of his affection was excessive: it disarmed some of the most reckless; it made him throw a veil of impenetrable reserve over weaknesses of others, from which he suffered in ways most calculated to mortify and pain him, but which he suffered with never-failing kindness, and with silence absolutely unbroken. . . . Seldom have writers so conscientiously verified all their statements of fact. His constant industry has been mentioned: he could work from early morning till far into midnight, every day, for months together; and he had been a hard-working man all his life. For the greater part, even his recreation was auxiliary to his work. He had thus acquired a knowledge of authorities most unusual, and had heaps of information 'at his fingers' ends;' yet he habitually verified even what he knew already, though it should be only for some parenthetical use. No tenderness could shake him from sternly rebuking or opposing where duty bade him do so; and for a principle he was prepared to sacrifice everything, as he had sacrificed money and liberty. For all his excessive desire not to withhold his sympathy, not to hurt others' feelings, or not to overlook any possible excuse for infirmity, moral as well as physical, he never paltered with his own sincerity. He never swerved from what he believed to be the truth.

"In the course of his long life as a public writer, political and polemical animosities died away, and were succeeded by a broader recognition of common purposes and common endeavours, to which he had not a little contributed. Although some strange misconceptions of Leigh Hunt's character still remained,—strange, though, as we have seen, not difficult to explain,—the acknowledgment of his genuine qualities had widely extended. There had been great changes, some liberals had become conservative, more conservatives had become liberal, all had become less dogmatic and uncharitable. His personal friendships embraced every party; but through all, the spirit of his opinions, the qualities of his character, the unweariedness of his industry, continued the same. To promote the happiness of his kind, to minister to the more educated appreciation of order and beauty, to open more widely the door of the library, and more widely the window of the library looking out upon nature,—these were the purposes that guided his studies and animated his labour to the very last."—*From the Introduction by his Eldest Son.* (A description of his personal appearance, taken from the 'Introduction,' will be found at page 105 of this compilation.)

RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

"The reader will see how 'unorthodox' is my version of Christianity, when I declare that I do not believe one single dogma, which the reason that God has put in our heads, or the heart that he has put in our bosoms, revolts at. For though reason cannot settle many undeniable mysteries that perplex us, and though the heart must acknowledge the existence of others from which it cannot but receive pain, yet that is no reason why mysteries should be palmed upon reason of which it sees no evidences whatever, or why pain should be forced upon the heart, for which it sees grounds as little. On the contrary, the more mysteries there are with which I cannot help being perplexed, the less number of them will I gratuitously admit for the purpose of perplexing my brain further; and the greater the number of the pains that are forced upon my heart, the fewer will I be absurd enough to invite out of the regions of the unprovoeable, to afflict me in addition. What evils there are, I find, for the most part, relieved with many consolations: some I find to be necessary to the requisite amount of good: and every one of them I find to come to a termination; for the sufferers either are cured and live, or are killed and die; and in the latter case I see no evidence to prove, that a little finger of them aches any more. This palpable revelation, then, of God, which is called the universe, contains no evidence whatsoever of the thing called eternal punishment; and why should I admit any assertion of it that is not at all palpable? If an angel were to tell me to believe in eternal punishment, I would not do it, for it would better become me to believe the angel a delusion than God monstrous; and we make him monstrous when we make him the author of eternal punishment, though we have not the courage to think so. For God's sake, let us have piety enough to believe him better. I speak thus boldly, not in order to shock anybody, which it would distress me to think I did, but because opinions so shocking distress myself, and because they ought, I think, to distress everybody else, and so be put an end to. Of any readers whom I may shock, I beg forgiveness. Only I would entreat them to reflect how far that creed can be in the right which renders it shocking in God's children to think the best of their Father.

"I respect all churches which are practically good. I respect the Church of England in particular, for its moderate exercise of power, and because I think it has been a blessed medium of transition from superstition to a right faith. Yet, inasmuch as I am of opinion that the 'letter killeth and the spirit giveth life,' I am looking to see the letter itself killed, and the spirit giving life, for the first time, to a religion which need revolt and shock nobody.

"But it becomes me, before I close my book, to make a greater avowal; for I think it may assist, in however small a degree, towards smoothing the advent of a great and inevitable change.

"It seems clear to me, from all which is occurring in Europe at this moment, from the signs in the papal church, in our own church, in the universal talk and minds of men, whether for it or against it, that the knell of the letter of Christianity itself has struck, and that it is time for us to inaugurate and enthrone the spirit. . . . . Dogma, whatever may be the convulsive appearances to the contrary in certain feeble quarters, has ceased to be a vital European principle; and nothing again will ever be universally taken for Christianity, but the religion of Loving Duty to God and Man;—to God, as the Divine Mind which brings good and beauty out of blind-working matter; and to Man, as God's instrument for advancing the world we live in, and as partaker with his fellow-men of suffering, and endeavour, and enjoyment. 'Reason,' says Milton, 'is choice;' and where is to be found a religion better

to choose than this? Immortality is a hope for all, which it is not just to make a blessing for any less number, or a misery for a single soul. Faith depends for its credibility on its worthiness; and without 'works' is 'dead.' But charity, by which lovely Greek word is not to be understood any single form of moral grace and kindness, but every possible form of it conducive to love on earth, and its link with heaven, is the only *sine quâ non* of all final opinions of God and man.

"'Behold I give unto you a new commandment,—Love one another.' 'In this ye fulfil the law and the prophets.' 'By their fruits ye shall know them.' 'God is love.'

"Such, and such only, are the texts upon which sermons will be preached, to the exclusion of whatsoever is infernal and unintelligible. No hell. No unfatherliness. No monstrous exactions of assent to the incredible. No impious Athanasian Creed. No creed of any kind but such as proves its divineness by the wish of all good hearts to believe it if they might, and by the encouragement that would be given them to believe it, in the acclamations of the earth. The world has outgrown the terrors of its childhood, and no spurious mistake of a saturnine spleen for a masculine necessity will induce a return to them. Mankind have become too intelligent; too brave; too impatient of being cheated and threatened, and 'put off;' too hungry and thirsty for a better state of things in the beautiful planet in which they live, and the beauty of which has been an unceasing exhortation and preface to the result. By that divine doctrine will all men gradually come to know in how many quarters the Divine Spirit has appeared among them, and what sufficing lessons for their guidance they have possessed in almost every creed, when the true portions of it shall hail one another from nation to nation, and the mixture of error through which it worked has become unnecessary. For God is not honoured by supposing him a niggard of his bounty. Jesus himself was not divine because he was Jesus, but because he had a divine and loving heart; and wherever such greatness has appeared, there has divineness appeared also, as surely as the same sunshine of heaven is on the mountain tops of east and west.

"Such are the doctrines, and such only, accompanied by expositions of the beauties and wonders of God's great book of the universe, which will be preached in the temples of the earth, including those of our beloved country, England, its beautiful old ivied turrets and their green neighbourhoods, then, for the first time, thoroughly uncontradicted and heavenly; with not a sound in them more terrible than the stormy yet sweet organ, analogous to the beneficent winds and tempests; and no thought of here or hereafter, that can disturb the quiet aspect of the graves, or the welcome of the new-born darling.

"And that such a consummation may come slowly but surely, without intermission in its advance, and with not an injury to a living soul, will be the last prayer, as it must needs be among the latest words, of the author of this book."

THE END.

"The event which was anticipated in the last chapter was not long delayed. Leigh Hunt died on the 29th August, 1859; and he was buried in the place of his choice, Kensal Green Cemetery. He had for about two years been manifestly declining in strength. Although well aware of the grand cause, and more than content to meet the will of his Creator, he still retained a keen interest in life, and with characteristic cheerfulness constantly hoped that some new plan—some change of diet, or of place—would restore him for a few years more of companionship with surviving friends. Just two months before completing his seventy-fifth year, he quietly sank to rest. He had come to the end of the chapter which the reader has just perused: but the volumes were still awaiting one or two finishing touches, and it was left for other hands to close.

. . . "The sense of beauty and gentleness, of moral beauty and faithful gentleness, grew upon him as the clear evening closed in. When he went to visit his relative at Putney, he still carried with him his work and the books he more immediately wanted. Although his bodily powers had been giving way, his most conspicuous qualities—his memory for books, and his affection—remained; and when his hair was white, when his ample chest had grown slender, when the very proportion of his height had visibly lessened, his step was still ready, and his dark eyes brightened at every happy expression and at every thought of kindness. His death was simply exhaustion: he broke off his work to lie down and repose. So gentle was the final approach, that he scarcely recognised it till the very last, and then it came without terrors. His physical suffering had not been severe; at the latest hour he said that his only 'uneasiness' was failing breath. And that failing breath was used to express his

sense of the inexhaustible kindnesses he had received from the family who had been so unexpectedly made his nurses,—to draw from one of his sons, by minute, eager, and searching questions, all that he could learn about the latest vicissitudes and growing hopes of Italy,—to ask the friends and children around him for news of those whom he loved,—and to send love and messages to the absent who loved him.—*Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. New Edition, Revised by His Eldest Son.* 1860.

"'The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt' is now as perfect a book as care and love can make it. The picture of a father painted by a son, in Mr. Thornton Hunt's Introduction, is one of the most beautiful and tender things in literature."—*Athenæum, July* 4, 1860.

"His 'Autobiography' is delightful for many things; for its graceful sketches of old times and manners; for its happy and life-like pictures, of all sorts of interesting people, but, most of all, for the invincible gallantry of his long struggle with a hard fate. . . . . We wish we were warranted in publishing also what now lies before us,—Mr. Carlyle's opinion of the book in which, in the evening of his days, Leigh Hunt gave to the world a completer portrait of himself than was possible even for him, in any other work—'The Autobiography.' Neither party would be dishonoured by the widest publication of these tender and beautiful words; but we must not trespass on the private correspondence even of so great a man as Mr. Carlyle. We think we are guilty of no indiscretion, however, in recording that he finds chiefly in that good book—what the reader may find there also if he please—'the image of a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger: cannot be drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it."—*North British Review. Vol.* 33. *November*, 1860. *pp.* 365, 372. *Article*, "*Leigh Hunt.*"

"More than anyone else that we can call to mind, he has shown this generation what is meant by a literary man, and he showed it in a very good way. He not only exhibited the recklessness, the unsteadiness, and the purposeless vagueness, which we are taught to associate with the character, but he displayed all that is elevating in the class to which he belonged. His whole thoughts were absorbed in the writings of great writers. He tried to live among men whom he could not hope to rival. He judged of success, not by the standard of smart novels and dashing contributions to periodicals, but by the poems of Dante and Milton. He had an enjoyment of simple English scenery so intense that he was happy if he could but eat a crust of bread in the midst of a pretty landscape. He was full also of noble qualities, many of which are apparent, not only in the facts of his life which he records, but still more in his mode of writing. He was animated by a keen desire to do justice to everyone; and his scrupulous pride gave him a reserve that lends an air of delicacy and dignity to the chronicles of daily life and private friendship, into which, in telling his story, he was obliged to enter. It is, perhaps, the first charm of an autobiography that it should make us like the writer; and certainly this is a charm which the 'Autobiography of Leigh Hunt' possesses in an unusual degree."—*Saturday Review, January* 28, 1860.]

"A true and complete biography of the man himself, it contains notices of the remarkable persons whom he knew and influenced, or who influenced him; anecdotes of acquaintances; brief political and historical estimates; poetic and literary criticisms; views of religion, art, and life; delightful descriptions of English 'rus in urbe' landscapes, and equally well executed but less attractive paintings of Italian scenes. In its present form the work has new claims to public favour; a double revision, by the author and his eldest son, has removed inaccuracies and secured perspicuousness. The art of blotting also has been wisely and courageously applied; and the narrative acquires force and effect from the mere omission of garrulous comment and superfluous illustration. Fresh value, too, is imparted by the introductory essay, the object of which is the elucidation of moral and intellectual characteristics in Leigh Hunt, and the removal of misconceptions, originating with political enemies, and confirmed by the misinterpretation of a retreating self-defence or the spontaneous admissions of the accused. The loyal and affectionate spirit which animates this filial vindication, recalls the old knightly motto of the Douglas 'Tender and true.' . . .

"Before his death he had substantially completed his admirable autobiography. There are still, we think, some pages which might be omitted with advantage; but in its amended form, the book is one of the most graceful,

racy, and genial chronicles of the incidents and influences of a human life in the English language. The sweetness of temper, the indomitable love and forgiveness, the pious hilarity, and the faith in the ultimate triumph of good, revealed in its pages, show the humane and noble qualities of the writer. There is almost every variety of mental excellence in it that such a book can be expected to possess. There is a pungent vigour in some passages; a picturesque vividness in others; while a graceful negligence, a honey-dropping garrulity, or an earnest humanity, characterize many portions. The reminiscences of contemporaries are particularly striking, whether we are presented with a portrait of Lamb, with a frame and genius fit for thought, unfit for action, melancholy, apprehensive, humourous, bearding a superstition and shuddering at the old phantasm while he did it; or of Coleridge, with the invincibly young face, which was round, fresh-coloured, with agreeable features, and an open, indolent, and good-natured mouth,—strolling up and down, among flowers and birds, at Highgate, with his black coat and white locks, and a book in his hand, making friends with little children, reading old folios, or persuading a deist that he was a Christian, and an atheist that he believed in God; or of Keats, with his strong healthy sympathies and his mournful epitaph, chastising a blackguard, or celebrating 'lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon,' with his broad shoulders, eager face, sunken cheeks, and mellow glowing eyes, large, dark, and sensitive; or of Shelley, saving, as is probable, the life of a poor forlorn woman, or helping his friend with a princely generosity.—with his high weak voice, his brown hair tinged with grey, his drooping form, and his aspect that, when fronting you, 'had a certain seraphical character that would have suited a portrait of John the Baptist, or the angel whom Milton describes as holding a reed tipt with fire.'

"In addition to such reminiscences, we have a distinct avowal of Leigh Hunt's creed, political and religious. He was for a kind of chivalrous republic, surmounted with royalty; for peace and plenty for all, and exuberant wealth for none. He believed firmly in the victory of good over evil; in the acquisition by this beautiful planet of all requisite perfection; in the satisfaction of that craving for completness which marks our anxious and restless natures. He believed in God as love; he believed in individual immortality; with heaven for all. To the sterner thinkers he makes little or no concession. Though he, too, has 'seen the faces of the gods of wonder and melancholy,' he believes them to be useful phantoms of bad health, and 'thinks nothing finally potential but gentleness and persuasion.' Mr. Carlyle's philosophical puritanism and Dante's poetical retribution he maintains to be all a mistake, in language that the orthodox Christian who sees the shadow of the Cross over all life, or the sad-hearted unbeliever who feels the terrors of a creation that groaneth in pain, must alike think exceptionable. For, say that the strife shall not be eternal, that evil is evanescent, and that we shall all of us in a renewed earth or in the Paradise of God, attain ideal perfection and ideal happiness; yet must not long ages pass during which the fearful antagonism must continue, during which violated law shall avenge itself, and the Nemesis that is in the material and spiritual world, shall teach us that in some sense there is a hell for stupidity, sin, and even enforced misadventure? A more sceptical poet than Leigh Hunt recognized as facts, terror, madness, crime, remorse, 'pain whose unheeded and familiar speech is howling, and self-contempt bitterer to drink than blood.' Facts all too truly they are: and as long as they are facts and not phantoms, Carlyles and Dantes will be wanted to show the darker side of the world, as the Leigh Hunts are needed to show 'the side the sun's upon.' And thus, till the arrival of an era too remote for computation, our future poets and prophets, shall corporately announce the entire truth; the stoical and more sorrowful spirits adding their revelation of 'God the Terrible,' to that of the gentler and happier souls who, following the example of the wise and loving writer of this book, shall delight to dwell most on the revelation of 'God the Beautiful.'"—*Spectator*, *February* 18, 1860.

In the *Athenæum* of July 6th, 1850, appeared a letter from Douglas Jerrold, complaining of two passages in the "Autobiography," which, in his opinion, "singularly lack that toleration and charity which so very aboundingly distinguish that gentleman's last published account between the world and himself." Mr. Jerrold's letter is mainly a reply to the following words: "It is to be doubted whether even Douglas Jerrold, with all his popularity and all his wit to boot, would have found the doors of a theatre opened to him with so much facility, had he not been a journalist, and one of the leaders in *Punch*." The letter, after combating Mr. Hunt's theory of Jerrold's theatrical success, concludes thus: "It is a pity in the summing up of his literary life—a life that has been valuable to letters and to liberty—that Mr. Hunt should have sought the cause of his own stage disappointments in the fancied stage tyranny and

meanness of others. Pity, that his ink, so very sweet in every other page of his 'Autobiography,' should suddenly curdle in the page dramatic."

"Leigh Hunt is interesting to us in many ways, as the last of a good old school, as one of those founders of the present system of journalism, to whom we are also indebted for the conquest of the liberty of free writing, and for having made the profession what it is; as a fine and genuine type of the literary man; finally, as one whose writings, like his talk, are stored with rich memories of the celebrated personages among whom, during the earlier period of his life, it was his fortune to move. As a talker, Leigh Hunt was perhaps as superior to his friend and schoolfellow, Coleridge, as he was inferior to him as a writer. The bent of his talent was indeed eminently talkative. Coleridge preached, and even his most enthusiastic admirers, whether at the 'Salutation' or at Mr. Gilman's, must have wearied in time of his long sermons upon the objective and subjective: but of Leigh Hunt's chat, as he drew anecdote and quotation from the exhaustless stores of his memory, no one could ever weary."—*The Critic, January* 21, 1860.

"Those who are familiar with the writings of Leigh Hunt, will find much in this autobiography which has appeared before in various of the author's productions; but the present work carries this recommendation with it, that it presents in an accessible and consecutive form a great deal of that felicitous portrait-painting, hit off in a few words, that pleasant anecdote, and cheerful wisdom, which lie scattered about in volumes not now readily to be met with, and which will be new and acceptable to the reading generation which has sprung up within the last half-score years. Mr. Hunt almost disarms criticism by the candid avowal that the present work was commenced under circumstances which committed him to its execution, and he tells us that it would have been abandoned at almost every step, had these circumstances allowed. We are not sorry that circumstances did not allow of its being abandoned, for the book, altogether apart from its stores of pleasant readable matter, is pervaded throughout by a beautiful tone of charity and reconcilement which does honour to the writer's heart, and proves that the discipline of life has exercised on him its most chastening and benign influence:—

'For he has learned
To look on Nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of Humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue.'

"The reader will find numerous striking exemplifications of this spirit as he goes through these volumes. From the serene heights of old age, 'the grey-haired boy whose heart can never grow old,' ever and anon regrets and rebukes some egotism or assumption, or petty irritation of bygone years, and confesses that he can now cheerfully accept the fortunes, good and bad, which have occurred to him, 'with the disposition to believe them the best that could have happened, whether for the correction of what was wrong in him, or the improvement of what was right.'

"We envy the pleasure of those who, for the first time, read some of the reminiscences and sketches contained in these volumes; such, for instance, as the account of his imprisonment for two years in Horsemonger Lane Gaol, for a libel on the Prince Regent; when he converted one of the infirmary wards into a kind of fairy room, with flowers and busts, and books, and a pianoforte, the walls papered with a trellis of roses, the ceiling covered with clouds and sky, the barred windows screened with venetian blinds, a real grass-plot in the yard, and the earth filled with flowers and young trees, from one of which (an apple tree) he managed to get a pudding the second year of his confinement,—of the friends who came to see him while he was in durance—Hazlitt, and Charles Lamb and his sister, and Charles Cowden Clarke ('my now old friend with his ever young and wise heart')* bearing with him baskets of fruit, and C. S., with her veil and presents of flowers, 'coming through the portal like light,' and venerable Jeremy Bentham, who found the prisoner playing at battledore, in which he took a part, 'and who, with his usual eye towards improvement, suggested an amendment in the constitution of shuttlecocks."—*Manchester Examiner, June* 22, 1850.

---

* The compiler desires also to record, in this place, the following words of Leigh Hunt about Charles Cowden Clarke: they occur in a private letter:—"Out of my regard for that thorough and rightly mixed *earth-and-heaven*-ly richness of poetical sympathy with nature and all her lovers, for which I know no man more remarkable, and hardly one here and there so much so."

The following passages are from an article on Leigh Hunt, being one of a series on "The Authors of the Age," in the *Art Journal* (vol. for 1865, p. 307), by S. C. Hall and Mrs. Hall:—"In 1838 I saw him often, and saw enough of him to have earnest respect and sincere regard for the man whom I had long admired as a poet. He gave me many valuable hints for my guidance while I was compiling 'The Book of Gems of British Poets and British Artists.' All his 'Notes' concerning his contemporaries (I have some of them still) were genial, cordial, and laudatory, affording no evidence of envy, no taint of depreciation. His mind was indeed like his poetry, a sort of buoyant outbreak of joyousness; and when a tone of sadness pervades it, it is so gentle, confiding, and hoping as to be far nearer allied to resignation than to repining. Although his life was subjected to many heavy trials, especially had he to complain of the ingratitude of political 'friends'—for whom he had fought heartily—when victory was only for the strong, and triumph for the swift. . . . Perhaps there is no poet who so entirely pictures himself in all he writes; yet it is a pure and natural egotism, and contrasts happily with the gloomy and misanthropic moods which some have laboured first to acquire, and then to portray. Quick in perception, generous of impulse, he saw little evil destitute of good. . . . His generosity of thought and heart is conspicuous in all his writings. His 'Autobiography' is full of liberal and generous sentiments—rarely any other—evidence of the charity that 'suffereth long and is kind, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, thinketh no evil.' He who might have said so many bitter things, utters scarcely one: he who might have galled his enemies to the quick, does not stab even in thought.

"In a letter he addressed to me when, in 1835, I was writing a brief memoir of him for the book of 'Gems,' he says, 'you will not hesitate to add what objections you are compelled by impartiality to entertain against me;' and in a subsequent letter he writes, 'Had you said that five-sixths of my writings were worth nothing, I should have agreed with you, for I think so, and I would use stronger terms if there might not be vanity itself in so doing. My only excuse is (and it is, luckily, a good one, so far), that I have been forced to write for bread, and so put forth a good deal of unwilling nothingness.'

"With regard to the libel on the Prince Regent, which led to his imprisonment, in one of his letters to Mrs. Hall, he writes: 'The libel would not have been so savage had I not been warmed into it by my indignation at the Regent's breaking his promise to the Irish. It originated in my sympathies with the sufferings of the people of Ireland.' When Leigh Hunt met O'Connell, some years afterwards, the latter told him how much the article delighted him, but that he felt certain of the penalties it would bring upon its author.

"In Moore's 'Twopenny Post-Bag,' in the midst of political triflings, we come upon these earnest lines on the separation and imprisonment of the two brothers:

'Go to your prisons—though the air of spring
No mountain coolness to your cheeks shall bring;
Though summer flowers shall pass unseen away,
And all your portion of the glorious day
May be some solitary beam that falls,
At morn or eve, upon your dreary walls—
Some beam that enters, trembling as if aw'd,
To tell how gay the young world laughs abroad!
Yet go—for thoughts, as blessed as the air
Of spring or summer flowers, await you there;
Thoughts, such as he, who feasts his courtly crew
In rich conservatories, never knew!
Pure self-esteem—the smiles that light within—
The zeal, whose circling charities begin
With the few lov'd ones Heaven has plac'd it near,
Nor cease, till all mankind are in its sphere:
The pride that suffers without vaunt or plea,
And the fresh spirit, that can warble free,
Through prison bars, its hymn of liberty!'"

Speaking of his religious opinions, Mr. Hall says:—"I by no means, however, mean to convey an idea that Leigh Hunt was 'irreligious' in the ordinary sense of the term. I am quite sure he was not so. The New Testament was a book of his continual study, but it was read in a spirit that brought none of the light it has, happily, brought to other men. If he was a 'free-thinker,' he rendered profound respect to the Divine Author of the Christian faith, and therefore never sneered at those who accept it as a means of salvation, and never wrote with any view to sap or to weaken belief. If we

may not class him among the advocates of Christianity, it would be injustice to place him among its opponents. Some one who wrote a touching and very eloquent tribute to his memory in the *Examiner* soon after his death says: 'He had a child-like sympathy of his own in the Father, to whom he is gone, of which those who diverged from his path can only say that, ignorant of the direct line to the eternal sea, he took the sure and pleasant path beside the river.' . . . It is pleasant to know that the death-bed of the aged man was surrounded by loving friends, and that all which care and skill could do to preserve his life was done. There was no trouble, nothing of gloom about him at the last; the full volume of his life was closed: his work on earth was done. Will it seem 'far-fetched' if we describe him, away from earth, continuing to labour, under the influence of that Redeemer I am sure he has now learned to love, realising the picture for which, in the book I have referred to—'The Religion of the Heart'—he drew on his fancy—and finding it fact? This it is: 'Surely there are myriads of beings everywhere inhabiting the respective spheres, both visible and invisible, all, perhaps, inspired with the same task of trying how far they can extend happiness. Some may have realised their heaven, and are resting; some may be helping ourselves, just as we help the bee or the wounded bird; spirits, perhaps, of dear friends, who still pity our tears, who rejoice in our smiles, and whisper in our hearts a belief that they are present.'

"Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we sleep and when we wake!"]

A Saunter Through the West End. By Leigh Hunt. 1861. *(These papers originally appeared in the "Atlas" newspaper, in* 1847.*)*

[The volume includes Hyde Park Corner, Piccadilly, Bond Street, Regent Street and the Quadrant, Wardour Street, The Haymarket, St. James's Street and the Clubs, Pall Mall, &c.; with Anecdotes and Reminiscences of Celebrated Residents, Literary and Historical Associations, &c., &c.

"The last papers were written when Louis Napoleon was an adventurer in London. The book is ever fresh. Few men felt as Leigh Hunt did, the human poetry of the old memories that crowd upon the lettered and thoughtful rambler about London streets. His gentle genial humour shines always in a book like this—worthy companion to his 'Town' and 'Old Court Suburb'—with light that will not become dim through lapse of time. One extract shall speak for the whole. The saunterer is in Sackville-street, and thus he writes upon Mrs. Inchbald. . . . There is nothing in 'the Town' better than that sketch. Few men have ever written who could thus put heart and soul into a local memory."—*Examiner, July* 6, 1861.]

The Correspondence of Leigh Hunt. Edited by his Eldest Son. With a Portrait. In Two Volumes. 1862.

"What if some little payne the passage have,
That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave?
Is not short payne well borne, that brings long ease,
And layes the soule to sleep in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please."
SPENSER'S "FAERIE QUEENE."

"If there were anybody left who distrusted the simplicity, the honest kindliness, and the depths of a genuine religion in Leigh Hunt's nature, his eldest son has, by publishing his letters, wiped away the last stain of unkind thought from his father's memory. We do not like the publishing of private letters, least of all do we approve the publication when the correspondents are almost all of them living. But here the matter is, on the whole, so simple, the correspondents give living assent to the act of publication, and the purpose is so sacred, that the volumes can be no occasion of offence; their single purpose being, indeed, the removal of offence. How true a Christian speaks in this letter, written by Leigh Hunt, after the death of a child, to heal a family sore, the source of which had, indeed, been his intercession between suffering and wrath:

"'Highgate, 25th, September, 1827.

"'You know what took place on Saturday last with my poor little boy.

"'I think, if you could see his little gentle dead body, calm as an angel, and looking wise in his innocence beyond all the troubles of this earth, you would

agree with me in concluding (especially as you have lost little darlings of your own) that there is nothing worth contesting here below, except who shall be kindest to one another.

"'There seems to be something in these moments, by which life recommences with the survivors:—I mean, we seem to be beginning, in a manner, the world again, with calmer, if with sadder thoughts: and wiping our eyes, and re-adjusting the burden on our backs, to set out anew on our roads, with a greater wish to help and console one another. Pray, let us be very much so, and prove it by drowning all disputes of the past in the affectionate tears of this moment. We cannot be sure that an angel is not now looking at us, and that we shall not bring a smile on his face, and a blessing upon our heads, by showing him an harmonious instead of a divided family. It is the only picture we can conceive of heaven itself. He was always for settling disputes when he saw them. He showed this disposition to the last; and though in the errors and frailties common to us all, we may naturally dislike to be taught by one another, we can have no objection to be taught by an angelic little child.

"'For God's sake, let us say no more of these unhappy disputes, be the mistakes whose they may. I speak as one who am out of the pale of them, which enables me to be calmer than those who are in it: and if this will leave me without any merit in trying to put an end to them, compared with those who will agree to do so (as I am heartily sure it would), the honour which the others will do themselves will be only so much the greater. But what signify such words among friends and fellow-creatures? The question is, not who can have most honour, not even who has been most right, but who can agree that there shall be no more question at all. Nobody knows of this letter but Thornton and his mother. There has not been a hint of it; and I shall keep it a secret till the moment when I think you have received and considered it, at which moment I shall communicate the copy of it elsewhere; that nobody may be able to say they have been the first to agree to it. And so in the hope that it may turn to good (which is a hope, I confess, I strongly entertain), I remain your mourning but affectionate friend, "'LEIGH HUNT.'

. . . "'The only additional thing I have to say is, that while care be taken among ourselves that no allusion be made to past differences, unless to show our joy that they are over, so, among our other friends, nothing need be said but that the differences have been put an end to, and nobody remains in the wrong. And so, once more, God bless you! and keep us all in peace and charity. When a trouble takes place, of any sort, the best way is to try and turn it into a good, and make greater peace than there was before. The question is not of merit or demerit, on which, perhaps, all the circumstances of life being considered, all persons are equal; but we can be more or less kind to one another. "'L. H.'

"Such words never were meant to be printed, but there are none who may not be the wiser and the gentler for having read them. Letters from other men here and there illustrate Leigh Hunt's correspondence. His own easy and idiomatic English when he first became a contributor to the *Edinburgh Review* greatly alarmed the editor. A lecture from Macvey Napier on dignity of style was so wholly occupied with its subject, that some harshness of phrase was not observed, which wounded Hunt, as it would have hurt even a less sensitive man. The perplexed reviewer went for counsel to Macaulay, who replied with tact and kindness. We may quote the letter, as it bears upon the main question of style as directly as the letter we have just quoted illustrates personal character. . . .

"The volume is hardly one to discuss, or largely to quote from. Its place is beside Leigh Hunt's 'Autobiography,' to which it adds much of that personal colouring which was wanting to an autobiographer who talked more willingly of his friends than of himself."—*Examiner, March* 1, 1862.

"It is a significant feature in Leigh Hunt's career, that he never attained to any of the prizes of his profession. We mean even the *inferior* and ordinary prizes—the editorships of magazines and newspapers—which relieve a man at all events from the difficulties which Hunt experienced. Yet were it not for this circumstance, one of the most interesting, and in some respects most creditable, aspects of his character and career would be wanting. We mean the aspect under which he comes before us at the age of three score years and ten, still a working *litterateur* and journalist, as he had begun life at twenty-five. We find him in these letters still applying for work, still projecting articles, and still patching up republications with all the ardour and freshness of one who had never looked for better things. Nor do we find in these letters any expressions of discontent with his own position in the abstract, or any of those complaints, which men of letters are too prone to make, that his merits were neglected by the world. He seems to have been fully satisfied to remain a

literary man to the last, and to be quite happy, if he could see his way before him for a month. He does once record, with some degree of bitterness, that an execution was put into his house for forty shillings; but then his chief cause of complaint seems to have been that the bailiff interrupted him at dinner. We don't say that this easy way of taking things testifies to the highest kind of philosophy; yet there is something amiable in the life of uncomplaining toil which Hunt followed to the last, something admirable in the simple fidelity with which he clung to literature; and something very interesting to all literary men in the spectacle of a veteran of seventy-four going about the routine of his profession with all the freshness and hopefulness of youth."—*The Spectator, March 15th*, 1862.

"Three letters may be found in the first volume, placed consecutively, in the first of which Leigh Hunt gives his sister-in-law his impressions of the new country at which he had arrived; in the second, he conveys to her the tidings of Shelley's death; and in the third, dated three months later, he expresses the feelings which the death of his friend awakened now that the first shock of grief was over. In their different ways these letters are all excellent. They are full of sweetness and honest manly sorrow. He tells his correspondent, with a childish delight, how he had been outside of the three gates of Pisa, and 'they all step at once upon the country—roads of trees with vines hanging down from one to the other in festoons. Imagine my pleasure in realising the description in the "Story of Rimini."' Then, twelve days later, he writes, 'Good God! how shall I say it? My beloved Shelley, my dear, my divine friend, the best of friends and of men—he is no more;' and then, a little further down, 'Would to God I could see him—his spirit—sitting this moment by the table. I think it would no more frighten me than the sight of my baby—whom I kiss and wonder why he has not gone with him.' Afterwards, he removed to Genoa, and although some time had elapsed since Shelley's death, he thus writes, in the third of the letters we have mentioned:—'I try to do as he would wish me to do: and those wishes enable me to do pretty well: but it is hard to have hoped so much as I did from his company, and what I could have done for it, and to miss it all.' No one can be insensible to the depth and delicacy of the feeling these passages convey, and they explain why Leigh Hunt was so loved by his friends, and how it was that his writings had a tenderness and grace in them much more striking to his contemporaries than to another generation. . . .

"After Leigh Hunt returned from Italy, sorrows began to crowd upon him; and in the second volume at least half the correspondence is taken up with his bodily and mental distresses. It was not any slight trial to which he was exposed. He literally was without bread on more than one occasion, and he writes to friends to get his books sold, that he may have something to eat. Some alleviations of his sufferings were certainly granted him. He received through the kindness of Lord Macaulay a pension from the Crown, and Mrs. Shelley and her son gave him an annuity after the means of doing good had come into their hands. But it is altogether a sad story, and has none but a moral interest. The letters are for the most part very trivial in themselves, and generally have no more to do with literature than that they describe the works Leigh Hunt is intending to publish. But as the record of a mind patient and humble in adversity, clinging to honour and integrity under temptation, anxious to do its best rather than gain more by doing not so well more quickly, these letters have a great value. Leigh Hunt drank to the dregs the bitter cup of the career of what is termed a literary man—that is, of a man who, without private means, and without a power of securing immediate popularity, tries to bring up a large family on the proceeds of the books he makes and sells. All the humiliations and griefs of such a way of living are to be seen in these letters; but so also are the pleasures that may accompany it, and the virtues that may adorn it. Leigh Hunt never weakly blamed fortune or society for his own imprudences. He bore bravely what he had to bear, and tried to be cheerful and to retain his self-respect to the last. He never lost his belief in his fellow-men, or abandoned his hopes of being some day at peace with them all. There is a lesson to be learnt from the story of the gloomy evening of his life which may come home to many who scarcely know him as an author, and who would soon get wearied of these letters if offered as specimens of how a literary man can write."—*Saturday Review, March* 8, 1862.

DOMESTIC TROUBLES.

The following passages relating to his domestic troubles, written by his eldest son, will be read with painful interest. They occur in the narrative connecting the Correspondence:—"In 1834 the *London Journal* came forth in a partnership

with Chas. Knight. The publication promised to have a brilliant success, but, as so often happened with the works of Leigh Hunt, the success was not sufficient to reimburse the labour or the cost. Two very conspicuous reasons for this constantly partial result are so obvious as to speak for themselves. Although attracting the personal affection as well as the admiration of those readers who took to him at all, Leigh Hunt still spoke with so much speciality of idea and expression, that the circle always proved to be comparatively limited. The intensity of the fervour with which his writing was received invariably gave an idea of a wider success than was ultimately realised. Again, the immense amount of labour which he bestowed particularly in searching out every point to elucidate and to verify, involved an outlay of time and of money that could scarcely be returned even by a large and certainly not by a limited sale. The expenditure in time, exertion, and health was thus constantly in excess of the returns. For by far the largest proportion of the labour, all that which simply negatived or failed to elucidate, instead of verifying, remained unseen by the public, but was as conscientiously and arduously gone through as that similar portion which resulted in print. . . .

"It was unquestionably during this period of Leigh Hunt's life, however (1834 to 1840), that he experienced the greatest pressure of difficulty. His embarrassments had been increasing in 1832, while he was in the New Road: but bad as they were then, they became infinitely worse after he had moved to Chelsea. The friend who, of all others, had most actively worked to mitigate difficulties and surmount them, finally had too frequent occasion to know in detail the troubles and perplexities that seemed almost daily to increase in the face of efforts to diminish them. More than once Leigh Hunt seemed to feel the necessity of explaining the causes of those difficulties. For instance, on the 1st of May, 1832, he writes to protect himself from the charge of want of feeling and impudent pertinacity.

"'You know how many children I have. They are constantly beside me, without my having the least hope of leaving them a penny. All I pray for, is to be able to work for them till my last moment.

"'My state of health is so bad, that I do not tell my nearest connections how much I suffer from it. I have constantly a bad head, often a bad side, always a leg swollen and inflamed, in consequence (I am told) of the side, and often while I am entertaining others in company, such a flow of melancholy thoughts comes over me, that their laughter, if they knew it, would be changed to tears.

"'I never hear a knock at the door, except one or two which I know, but I think somebody is coming to take me away from my family. Last Friday, I was sitting down to dinner, having just finished a most agitating morning, when I was called away by a man who brought an execution into my house for forty shillings. It is under circumstances like these that I always write.

"'I have great *family* sufferings apart from considerations of fortune. One or two of my children, in temper and understanding unlike the rest, perplex me to a degree you have no conception of, and often make me ill and incompetent when other causes of trouble are giving me a respite.

"'And I have more troubles and great ones.

"'If you ask me how it is that I bear all this, I answer, that I love nature and books, and think well of the capabilities of human kind. I have known Shelley, I have known my mother. I know my own good intentions, which of course millions partake, and I have other friends who partake of Shelley's kindness, though they have not his means, and who console me for disappointments from others I thought such. And so, dear ——, pardon and think the best of me and my sorry letters, and come and advise me as soon as you can. Every truly, your obliged and affectionate "'L. H.'

"About a fortnight afterwards, on the 10th of May, alarmed at an actual suspension in the supply of bread, he writes suggesting a mode of meeting the immediate difficulty.

"'You know my collection of Italian poetry, the Parnaso. I gave, many years ago, £30 for it, at least—I am told several pounds more; and I understand its value has risen since. On the other hand, it does not look so fresh as it did then, and there is much of my handwriting in some of the volumes, which, however, might be no drawback upon it with one who liked the books for their own sake. For this collection, which at all events is complete, and contains a great body of poetry, including all the popular works, Dante, Tasso, Ariosto, &c., I ask half of the above sum—£15. Do you think you know of anybody who would buy it? or would you mind asking Moxon if *he* knows? The sum would take me out of this rabble of miseries, and enable me to work again as well as I am able.'

"Again, in December of the same year, he writes in allusion to a domestic calamity, which haunted him, and under which he suffered desperately for two months. He began to hope that he should receive a little more consideration.

"'So I *hope*. Oh! how valuable is hope? . . . The circumstances above alluded to have conspired to produce one of those *gaps* of extreme difficulty in which it is not to be wondered that a person in ill-health, with such cares as mine, is sometimes to be found. Of these, I have never distressed you with a complete notion, but they involve the most painful accessories of nervousness, inability sometimes to do anything for whole mornings but pace the room or go restlessly about the house, doubts whether I shall be able to have bread for my family from day to day, necessity to borrow shillings to get a dinner or a tea with, constant dunnings at the door, withholdings of the family linen by the washerwoman, the sight of my children in rags (except the one that I must send out), and twenty other mortifications and distresses *profound*.'

"Let it be remembered that Leigh Hunt was a very conscientious workman, who would state nothing that he had not verified, and would let no work leave his hands that he had not done his utmost to finish in his best style,—the success to that end being in many instances no measure of the effort. The plan of working, the varied and precarious nature of the employments, an inborn dulness of sense as to the lapse of time, conspired to produce a life in which the receipt of handsome earnings alternated with long periods that yielded no income at all. In these intervals credit went a long way, but not far enough. There were gaps of total destitution, in which every available source had been absolutely exhausted. Meanwhile, the work that would pay for all was making steady and certain progress, if it were not cut short by a break-down in health, which nothing was so likely to cause as anxiety. At these junctures appeals were made for assistance. In some instances, when they were successful, Leigh Hunt knew of the result; when they failed, the object would have been defeated if he had known the failure. He had a dim sense of the protection thus afforded to his weakness. The danger of any such separate council is obvious; and as time advanced, not only did he cease, while fortified by a passing prosperity, to hear of disappointments which ought not to have been courted, and certainly not multiplied, but he wholly ceased to be informed respecting a large proportion of the successes. It was not until after the lapse of many years that he learned either the extent of this veiled influence upon his life, or the injury which it had inflicted. . . . . Many years later, in 1843, a very illustrious literary friend, one of the most earnest and successful in serving Leigh Hunt, writes thus:—

"'But I cannot think that you have acted fairly either to Mr. Leigh Hunt or myself. It is not fair to him that applications for money should be made which are not sanctioned by him, which are indeed expressly disapproved by him, and which he feels to be highly indelicate. It is not fair to me that my letters should be kept back from him, and that I should be requested to join in keeping him in the dark. Mr. Leigh Hunt knows me well enough to ask of me anything that is proper to be asked; and you must feel that what it would be improper for him to ask, it must be still more improper for you to ask without his knowledge—nay, in opposition to his wishes.'

"Leigh Hunt's whole teaching of himself as well as others, inculcated the promotion of cheerfulness as a duty, not for the selfish gain of the one man himself, but for the sake of making the happier atmosphere for others, and of rendering the more perfect homage to the Author of all good and happiness. . . . Throughout his life, and at the close, Leigh Hunt's letters were written in a spirit of unbroken hopefulness, and of unbounded affection, without a single exception. It must not be supposed from what I have written, that grievously and painfully as these troubles influenced Leigh Hunt's life, that life is to be regarded only as one of grief and trouble. It was quite the contrary. The pains, cruel as they were, were really exceptional, and were redeemed by the habitual current of his thoughts. The sense of existence was to him a ceaseless perception of the beauty unfolded in the universe. He sat surrounded by his books, and while he paced the room, while he conversed or meditated, or allowed his eyes to wander upon objects within the house or without it, the contents of those familiar volumes were present to his mind as if the pages had stood open before him. In the same way he identified his friends with his own life, thought their thoughts, and shared existence with them. Animated by the strongest affections, but half conscious from his earliest to his latest years of a diffidence for which I know no more expressive name than a sort of intellectual coy[illegible]t, he acknowledged an unbounded gratitude towards those who sought out his heart, and gave him theirs in return. Such friends were many; and a life filled with the consciousness of affection, of art, and of beauty in nature, could not be otherwise than rich."]

The Book of The Sonnet. Edited by Leigh Hunt and S. Adams Lee. 2 vols, 1867. *Published simultaneously in London and Boston, U.S.*

[The 1st volume contains: An Essay on the Cultivation, History, and Varieties of the Species of Poem called Sonnet, by Leigh Hunt, extending to 91 pages: 1. On the Desirableness of Cultivating the Sonnet. 2. Of the Nature and Properties of the Sonnet, particularly the Sonnet called Legitimate. 3. Of Guittone D'Avezzo, and of the Sonnets of Dante and Petrarch. 4. Of the other principal Sonnet Writers of Italy. 5. Of other Legitimate but obsolete Forms of the Sonnet, particularly the Comic Sonnet. 6. Of English Sonnets, and of the Sonnet Illegitimate, or Quatorzen.—American Sonnets and Sonnetteers, by Samuel Adams Lee, extending to 31 pages. Specimens of English Sonnets, by Wyatt, Surrey, Sidney, Raleigh, Spenser, Shakespeare, Jonson, Drummond, Milton, Gray, Warton, Pratt, Smith, Seward, Williams, Robinson, Brydges, Bowles, Coleridge, Lamb, Lloyd, Burton, Wordsworth, Southey, Thurlow, Wilson, Mackay, Sotheby, Kirke White, Blanco White, Byron, Shelley, Keats, Leigh Hunt, Vincent Hunt, Blanchard, Hartley Coleridge, Hemans, Hood, Proctor, Whitworth, Doubleday, Green, Strong, Trench, Hanmer, Alford, Brooke, Peele, Aubrey De Vere, Richardson.

Volume 2nd contains: Specimens of English Sonnets (continued), by Ellison, Webbe, Monckton Milnes, Wade, Judkin, Thomas, De Wilde, Dalby, A. Tennyson, C. Tennyson, T. Tennyson, Aubrey T. De Vere, Ollier, Norton, Browning, Gray, Smith, Allingham, Dodds, Hunter, Blackie.

Specimens of American Sonnets, by fifty-two writers, extending to 230 pages.

"It may be thought by some persons who do not happen to be conversant with the particular form of verse denominated the SONNET, that, while making extracts from poets, we might have done better than confine ourselves to a species of composition not yet associated in the general mind with the idea of anything very marked or characteristic; but it will not be difficult to show that the Sonnet, while admitting of a greater and happier levity than those who think lightest of it imagine, is in reality connected with some of the most thoughtful, some of the most affecting, and some of the grandest events of the most exalted men.

"'Scorn not the Sonnet,' says one of its most dignified masters:—

> "'Scorn not the Sonnet. Critic, you have frowned,
> Mindless of its just honours. With this key
> Shakspere unlocked his heart; the melody
> Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
> A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
> With it Camoens soothed an exile's grief;
> The sonnet gathered a gay myrtle-leaf
> Round the cypress with which Dante crowned
> His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
> It cheered mild Spenser; called from Fairy-land
> To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
> Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
> The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
> Soul-animating strains,—alas! too few.'

. . . "Next indeed in enjoyment to the gratification which I experience, for my own sake as well as for that of your friendly zeal, in complying with your wish in regard to the present volume, is the indulgence of a hope that, as previous writers on the class of poetry which it illustrates have not exhausted the subject, and as the selection of the many beautiful specimens which it contains, proceed upon a plan combining personal with poetical interest, it may help to excite a disposition to the cultivation of the Sonnet in all poetical quarters, particularly those of the country in which the book makes its first appearance. Reasons for the pleasure and other advantages to be expected from so doing will be found, I trust, in the Essay which follows this letter."—*From the Introductory Letter to Samuel Adams Lee, Esq.*

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING AS A POETESS.

"I avoid speaking of the living. I have not done so in my time; and I can still speak of them now and then in cases where only a single writer is to be considered apart from others. I cannot help seizing at this moment the opportunity that seems afforded by the circumstance of her being the only poetess living, to indulge myself in an exception of this kind with regard to Mrs. Browning, and expressing my admiration, indeed wonder, at the marvellous beauty, dignity, delicacy, richness, the entire worthiness and loveliness

of her sonnets, particularly those professing to be from the Portuguese. It is little to say of a woman of such genius, that, for anything which survives to show the contrary, she is the greatest poetess that ever existed. She is great, whether among poetesses or poets' and the greatest might have claimed her for a sister."—*From the Essay to the Sonnet, &c.*

"We are content with the fact that he has some virtue which makes us read every book of his we open, and which leaves us more his friend at the end than we were before. Indeed, it would be hard not to love so cheerful and kindly a soul, even if his art were ever less than charming. But literature seems to have always been a gay science with him. We never see his muse as the harsh step-mother she really was: we are made to think her a gentle liege-lady, served in the airiest spirit of chivalric devotion; and in the essay in this 'Book of the Sonnet' her aspect is as sunny as any the poet has ever shown us. The essay is printed for the first time, and it was written in Hunt's old age; but it is full of light-heartedness, and belongs in feeling to a period at least as early as that which produced the 'Stories from the Italian Poets.' It is one of those studies in which he was always happy, for it keeps him chiefly in Italy; and when it takes him from Italy, it only brings him into the Italian air of English sonnetry,—a sort of soft Devonshire coast, bordering the ruggeder native poetry on the south. The essayist seems to renew himself in the draughts he makes from the immortal youth of the Italian sonnotteers,—he has so fresh and unalloyed a pleasure in them and their art, he is so generously tender of their artifice, and so quick to all their excellence. . . . In a tone equally joyous and affectionate the author gives the sonnet's English history, from the time of its introduction by Wyatt up to our own day. The rules which govern this species of composition are lightly but distinctly suggested before its history begins; and throughout it is championed with graceful earnestness."—*Atlantic Monthly, April*, 1867, *p.* 510.

"Among the most precious of ancient things that we are in danger of losing is the fine old-fashioned taste for literature proper and pure. We do not love literature as the Queen Anne men loved it, nor as some of the Johnsonian set loved it, nor as it was loved by a little group of men scarcely more than a generation back. We are all turned publicists and thinkers and æsthetic philosophers. There do not seem to be left, nor to be springing up, any men of the antique stamp, with a delicate enjoyment of all sorts of books for their own sake, just as men enjoy good wine for its own sake. We dash at a book to eviscerate it as swiftly as we may, and, having got out of it what nutriment we can, rush off pell-mell somewhere else. Where is the man who takes up his book daintily and caressingly, as he would take up a glass of good liquor, ancient and of a rare vintage, turning over here a page and there a page, enjoying a flash of its colour, and prolonging his delighted sense of its fine aroma and bouquet? The old heroes who lingered and brooded over a book as a bee lingers in the bell of a flower in the sunshine have nearly all gone, and none others step into their places. This perhaps is only one of the thousand signs that we are fast stripping ourselves of a capacity for pleasure, and that the rich gift of quaint and sober gaiety has passed away from us into space and emptiness. We may get compensation in some shape or other. Of course new books are all constructed on the principle of improving our minds, and make us ashamed of having anything to do with the genial old writers who were innocent of any desire either to improve their own minds or those of other people. Let us be careful only not to improve our very souls out of our bodies.

"One is reminded of all this by an edition of the 'Book of the Sonnet,' with Leigh Hunt's delicious preliminary essay. The genuine aroma of literature abounds in every page, and he writes about the sonnet as an eloquent epicure might talk about truffles, with a fine relish and sensibility as of the physical palate. The unctuous zeal with which he goes through the old Italian sonnet writers is quite glorious to behold, for it is a zeal full of refinement and delicacy and nice feeling. His mind shows itself imbued with a rich knowledge of his subject, and this, illumined by the evidence of a thorough and unaffected liking for it, makes him irresistible. And in the midst of graceful criticism he conveys all possible technical information as to the various ways, legitimate and illegitimate, in which the sonnet has been, and may be constructed. The reader acquires not only an increased sensibility to the music and sentiment of some of the best sonnets that have ever been written, but he is pleasantly initiated into the mysteries of its composition; the difference between the legitimate Italian sonnet—like 'Lawrence, of virtuous father, virtuous son,' for instance—where the two quatrains have only two rhymes, and the two terzettes three—and the illegitimate sonnet, such as Shakspeare's,

where there is a third quatrain, and a final rhymed couplet. Flippant persons have sneered much and bitterly at the bare idea of the effusive utterance of the poetic heart being forcibly confined within the scanty and inflexible bounds of just fourteen lines, neither more nor less. Let them learn that a sonnet ought to be 'a piece of music as well as of poetry; and as every lover of music is sensible of the division even of the smallest air into two parts, the second of which is the consequent or necessary demand of the first, and as these parts consist of phrases and cadences, which have similar sequences and cadences of their own, so the composition called a sonnet, being a long air or melody, becomes naturally divided into two different strains, each of which is subdivided in like manner; and as quatrains constitute the one strain, and terzettes the other, we are to suppose this kind of musical demand the reason why the limitation to fourteen lines became, not a rule without a reason, but an harmonious necessity.' After all, there is nothing more absurd, in the nature of things, in having a form of verse which is perfect in fourteen lines, than in having a form of line which is perfect in a fixed number of syllables, as the heroic couplet, for example. The rhythm, rhyme, and melody are more complex in the first than the second, and demand a finer ear for the subtle changes, interweavings, recurrences. It is not everybody who has a good enough ear for an Italian sonnet, any more than everybody has a good enough ear for all the interdependent harmonies of a quartet or an ottet or a great orchestral symphony. But anybody who is fortunate enough to have an ear does not need to have the sonnet vindicated. He feels, at the close of a sonnet composed with skill and just sentiment, as he might feel at the end of a very perfect melody. The melody has come to its own natural termination. He does not wonder why it was not made longer nor shorter And so with the sonnet. In the hands of a true composer, like Milton or Wordsworth, or Keats or Shakspeare, we never dream of asking why it should stop at the fourteenth line, or how it came to reach the fourteenth line. . . .

"We recommend anybody whose soul is weary of personal payment of rates, of Luxemburg, and of Trades Unions, to turn for an hour, or even half an hour, to this most pleasant book. There are, indeed, far too many sonnets in the collection. But then one can choose. And one advantage of a sonnet is that you can absorb it in a short time and at a short notice. It requires no previous reading or previous thinking. It is short, and yet it is perfect in itself. Brood for half an hour, for example, over Milton's sonnet on his own blindness, and you return to the Franchise Question or anything else with a mind soothed and renewed."—*Saturday Review, May* 4, 1867.

"This book was planned some time ago in America, and designed for English readers on both sides of the Atlantic. Mr. Leigh Hunt was to employ his knowledge of Italian and English poetry, his literary taste, and his keen relish for this form of composition in a preliminary essay on the cultivation, history, and varieties of the sonnet, and was to select the sonnets representative of English genius. Mr. Samuel Adams Lee was to add a descriptive essay upon American sonnets and sonnetteers, and provide a collection of the sonnets which best illustrate the genius of America. Leigh Hunt's part of the work was finished, we believe, a year or two before his death, but it was only in his last days that he found the work, which he had relished greatly and with which, for his own part, he had taken a good deal of pains, was not abandoned, but suspended in consequence of the ill health of his colleague. And after all, it is only now, in 1867, that the book appears, simultaneously published both in England and America."—*Examiner, May* 18, 1867.]

ADDENDA.

"*A Year of Honeymoons*," *in Bull's Court Magazine.* 1832-33.

[Vol. 1 (No. 6), pp. 273-277, contains: "A Year of Honeymoons. By Charles Dalton, Esq. Introduction." In which the writer, in dialogue with "9,465 of our readers," who are supposed to protest against his handling such a subject, convinces them that he does well in proposing to describe the "year of honeymoons," which he has experienced. His readers question the possibility of a honeymoon lasting through the month currently assigned to it—that one man, during one marriage, should have twelve of them is incredible the writer says he has been married nearly two years, and therefore has had nearly twenty-four honeymoons, but he only proposes to describe twelve of them. "I will tell you the secret: It consisted, first, in our being the sole additional advantage to

one another, in our change of life; and secondly, in our mixing up the pleasures of one another's society with such as were independent of vanity and fashion, and grounded in what is eternal." This he amplifies.

The subject is continued throughout vols. 2 and 3 (1833). Vol. 2, pp. 37-41, "January" describes the first enjoyments of the marriage, quoting freely from Spenser's "Epithalamium," Suckling's "Ballad on a Wedding," and others. The writer says he had planned some work for the new year, and Harriett (the wife) had her own work to attend to. "We were always going to begin; and did, in fact, do so; we began, and re-began; but I know not how it was, the time fled, and we found ourselves together again, almost as soon as we parted. . . . and so the days went round and round, and it required an effort of reflection to recollect that all the world was not made up of idleness, and happiness, and being grateful for it."

Vol. 2, pp. 91-94, "February," is in the same strain, and tells how the former pleasures were added to by Harriett beginning to learn Latin and Greek from her husband—visitors came to remind them that the honeymoon was over, and in so doing made them better understand that their life was still a honeymoon, "and thus grew our year of honeymoons, which I undertake to say were better and better, if possible, as the year advanced; for the more I knew of her heart, the more reason I had to love it, or, rather, the more it answered the expectations I had of it as a lover."

Vol. 2, pp. 174-179, "March," continues the picture of happiness. To it is this editorial note:—"This article has been delayed by the illness of the writer. As some of our readers have been perplexed by the doubt whether the present series of papers is or is not sheer matter of fact, it has been thought as well to state that they are a *fiction;* and that their object is partly to show how two young married persons, possessed of the comforts of life, may turn their happiness to the most lasting account; and partly to point out to lovers of Nature and Art some of the best enjoyments within their reach, as modified by the successive seasons of the year. The author is Mr. Leigh Hunt."

Vol. 2, pp. 250-253, "April" (and all the following), is avowedly by Leigh Hunt. It opens with a description of "the young, ingenuous, and most bridal writer, Charles Dalton"—then tells how Harriett makes him an April fool, by tapping him on the shoulder and asking what he thought of "this new honey she had brought me?"—the honey being a kiss. To this follows an account of their spring-time studies of nature and the like.

Vol. 2, pp. 304-309, "May and June," tell how the happiness grew both indoors and out—reading at home and reading abroad. "What a thing is a book,—that a man should have written it hundreds of years ago, perhaps in Italy or in Greece, and that by means of it we should have his immortal company with us on the grass in an English hay-field in June, doubling the delights of the landscape, and increasing those even of love itself!"

Vol. 3, pp. 33-35, "July," begins "July is a dumb, dreamy, hot, lazy, luxurious, delightful month, for those who can do as they please, and who are pleased with what they do," and tells how the writer and his bride took their full of idleness, especially as "Harriett was now in that condition which the eye of every gallant man respects, and the soul of love encircles with its tenderest protection."

Vol. 3, pp. 82-85, "August," begins with further description and praise of Harriett, and dwells on the joys of harvest time—joyful to all, but most to those experiencing "a year of honeymoons."

The papers here end. There is no note or explanation of their discontinuance.]

"Table Talk," in the "Atlas" newspaper. 1846.

[A "Table Talk" article, averaging about a column a week, begins in the *Atlas* for March 14, 1846. In its opening paragraph it says, "Table talk to be perfect, should be sincere without bigotry, differing without discord, sometimes grave, always agreeable, touching on deep points, dwelling most on seasonable ones, and letting everybody speak and be heard." On March 28, this column is said to be "by Adam Fitz-Adam, Esq." It was discontinued on June 13, 1846.

These are the chief articles:—March 14: Cæsar and Bonaparte—A Charming Creature—Duels—Mr. Cobden. March 21: Topics for Dinner—Ladies Carving at Dinner—Poland and Kosciusko—Parkins. March 28: The Five Pound Note and the Gentleman—Liston—April Fools. April 4: Anomalies of Dishes and Furniture—England and the Pope—The Duke of Wellington's Concert. April 11: War, Dinner, and Thanksgiving—Easter Day and the Sun, and English Poetry. April 18: Verbal Mistakes of Foreigners—Steeplechasing—Dyed Hair—Fires and Martyrdom. April 25: An Amateur Thief-taker—Wild Flowers, Furze, and Wimbledon. May 2: Pseudo-Christianity—

Self-Satisfaction — Eclipses, Human Beings and the Lower Creation. May 9: Mistakes of the Press—May-time. May 16: Malice of Fortune—Bishops and Brahmins. May 23: Eating. May 30: The "Blessed Restoration"—The Sun—Advice to Young Authors. June 6: Bon Mot of a Coachman—A Strange Heaven. June 13: Private War, which is the last.]

On July 20, 1844, commenced a series of articles in the *Atlas*, "Memoranda of Men and Things," which were continued weekly up to November 9 of the same year, then discontinued, and again appearing during two weeks (December 7 and 21). These articles are on all kinds of social, political, and antiquarian subjects. They are gossiping and satirical, and some of them read as if they were from Leigh Hunt's pen, but the compiler cannot speak with certainty as to their authorship.

Dramas.

[Besides "A Legend of Florence," Leigh Hunt wrote four other plays. "The four other blank-verse plays of which I have spoken, and one or two of which would have also come out at Covent Garden, had the management prospered, were called 'The Secret Marriage,' since called 'The Prince's Marriage,' which is the play I have mentioned as having endeavoured to propitiate my first manager's good-will. 'Lovers' Amazements,' in three acts. 'The Double,' the piece of mixed prose and verse in two; and 'Look to Your Morals,' the prose afterpiece, or petty comedy. 'Lovers' Amazements' has since made its appearance, as late as the year 1858, with a success equal to that of the 'Legend.'"—*The Autobiography of Leigh Hunt. Revised Edition, with an Introduction by his Eldest Son.* 1860. *p.* 391.

"Lovers' Amazements," the only one of these four plays which were published, first appeared in *Leigh Hunt's Journal*, a short-lived attempt to resuscitate the *London Journal*, in 1850-1. It is reprinted in the American edition of his poems, but not in any of the English editions.]

There are two articles in the "*Edinburgh Review*" which have not been reprinted in any of Leigh Hunt's Miscellanies, viz., "The Colman Family," vol. 73, October, 1841; and "George Selwyn, his Correspondents and Contemporaries," vol. 80, July, 1844. The articles in the *Edinburgh Review*, on "Pepys's Memoirs" and "Madame de Sévigné," are reprinted in "Men, Women, and Books," vol. 2, as also an article on Lady Mary Wortley Montagu; being an accouut of Her Life and Writings, from the *Westminster Review*, 1837.

In "Heads of the People," published in 1846, there are two sketches by Leigh Hunt, "The Monthly Nurse," and "The Omnibus Conductor." They have not been reprinted.

Articles on Leigh Hunt and his Writings have appeared in the following American periodicals:—

"North American Review." Boston. Vol. 3.
"American Whig Review." New York. Vols. 4, 6.
"American Eclectic Magazine." New York. Vols 5, 9, 12, 21.
"Analectic Magazine." Philadelphia. Vols. 4, 6.
"Southern Literary Messenger." Richmond. Vols. 7, 10.
"Museum of Foreign Literature." Philadelphia. Vol. 12.
"Little's Literary Age." Boston. Vols. 1, 8, 11, 12, 14, 15.
"Democratic Review." Boston. Vols. 7, 27.

THOMAS CARLYLE ON LEIGH HUNT.

MEMORANDA CONCERNING MR. LEIGH HUNT.

["1. That Mr. Hunt is a man of the most indisputedly superior worth; a *Man of Genius* in a very strict sense of that word, and in all the senses which it bears or implies: of brilliant varied gifts, of graceful fertility, of clearness, lovingness, truthfulness; of childlike open character; also of most pure, and even exemplary private deportment; a man who can be other than *loved* only by those who have not seen him, or seen him from a distance through a false medium.

"2. That, well seen into, he *has* done much for the world;—as every man possessed of such qualities, and freely speaking them forth in the abundance of his heart for thirty years long, must needs do; *how* much they that could judge best would perhaps estimate highest.

"3. That, for one thing, his services in the cause of reform, as Founder and long as Editor of the *Examiner Newspaper*, as Poet, Essayist, Public Teacher in all ways open to him, are great and evident: few now living in the kingdom perhaps could boast of greater.

"4. That his sufferings in that same cause have also been great; legal Prosecution and Penalty (not dishonourable to him; nay honourable, were were the whole truth known, as it will one day be): unlegal obloquy and calumny through the Tory Press;—perhaps a greater quantity of baseness, persevering, implacable calumny, than any other living writer has undergone. Which long course of hostility (nearly the cruellest conceivable, had it not been carried on in half, or almost total misconception) may be regarded as the beginning of his other worst distresses, and a main cause of them down to this day.

"5. That he is heavily laden with domestic burdens, more heavily than most men, and his economical resources are gone from him. For the last twelve years he has toiled continually, with passionate diligence, with the cheerfullest spirit; refusing no task; yet hardly able with all this to provide for the day that was passing over him: and now, after some two years of incessant effort in a new enterprise *(The London Journal)* that seemed of good promise, it also has suddenly broken down; and he remains in weak health, age creeping on him, without employment, means, or outlook, in a situation of the painfullest sort. Neither do his distresses, nor did they at any time, arise from wastefulness, or the like, on his own part (he is a man of humble wishes, and can live with dignity on little); but from crosses of what is called Fortune, from injustice of other men, from inexperience of his own, and a guileless trustfulness of nature: the thing and things that have made him unsuccessful make him in reality *more* lovable, and plead for him in the minds of the candid.

"6. That such a man is rare in a Nation, and of high value there; not to be *procured* for a whole Nation's Revenue, or recovered when taken from us: and some £200 a year is the price which this one, whom we now have, is valued at; with that sum he were lifted above his perplexities, perhaps saved from nameless wretchedness! It is believed that, in hardly any other way, could £200 abolish as much suffering, create as much benefit, to one man, and through him to many and all.

"Were these things set fitly before an English Minister, in whom great part of England recognises (with surprise at such a novelty) a man of insight, fidelity, and decision, is it not probable or possible that he, though from a quite opposite point of view, might see them in somewhat of a similar light; and, so seeing, determine to do in consequence? *Ut fiat!* "T. C."

ESTIMATE OF LEIGH HUNT'S "AUTOBIOGRAPHY."

"*Chelsea, 17 June*, 1850.

"Dear Hunt,—I have just finished your Autobiography, which has been most pleasantly occupying all my leisure these three days: and you must permit me to write you a word upon it, out of the fulness of the heart, while the impulse is still fresh to thank you. This good book, in every sense one of the best I have read this long while, has awakened many old thoughts which never were extinct, or even properly asleep, but which (like so much else) have had to fall silent amid the tempests of an evil time—Heaven mend it? A word from me once more, I know, will not be unwelcome, while the world is talking of you.

"Well, I call this an excellent good book, by far the best of the autobiographic kind I remember to have read in the English language; and indeed, except it be Boswell's of Johnson, I do not know where we have such a picture drawn of a human life as in these three volumes.

"A pious, ingenious, altogether human and worthy book; imaging, with graceful honest and free felicity, many interesting objects and persons on your life-path, and imaging throughout, what is best of all, a gifted, gentle, patient, and valiant human soul, as it buffets its way through the billows of time, and will not drown though often in danger; cannot *be* drowned, but conquers and leaves a track of radiance behind it: that, I think, comes out more clearly to me than in any other of your books;—and that, I can venture to assure you is the best of all results to readers in a book of written record. In fact, this book has been like a written exercise of devotion to me; I have not assisted at any sermon, liturgy or litany, this long while, that has had so religious an effect on me. Thanks in the name of all men. And believe, along with me, that this book will be welcome to other generations as well as to ours. And long may you live to write more books for us; and may the evening sun be softer on you (and on me) than the noon sometimes was!

"Adieu, dear Hunt (you must let me use this familiarity, for I am now an old fellow too, as well as you). I have often thought of coming up to see you once more; and perhaps I shall, one of these days (though there are such lions in the path, go whitherward one may); but, whether I do or not, believe for ever in my regard. And so, God bless you, prays heartily,

"T. CARLYLE."]

LEIGH HUNT'S MEMORY AND CONVERSATIONAL POWERS.

"His memory was marvellous; and to try him in history, biography, bibliography, or topography, was to draw forth an oral 'article' on the topic in question. Ask him where was the Ouse, and he would tell you of all the rivers so called; what were the books on a given subject, and you had the list; 'who was Colonel O'Kelly?' and you had a sketch of the colonel, of the horse 'Eclipse,' of Epsom, and of horse-racing in general, as distinguished from the racing of the ancients or the modern riderless races of Italy—where, as in Florence, may still be seen a specimen of the biga sweeping round the meta '*fervidis evitata rotis*.' His conversation was an exhaustless *Curiosities of Literature*. The

delighted visitor *read* his host,—but it was from a talking book, with cordial voice naturally pitched to every change of subject, animated gesture, sparkling eyes, and overflowing sympathy. In society Leigh Hunt was ever the perfect gentleman, not in the fashion, but always the scholar and the noble-minded man. But his diffidence was disguised, rather than removed, by his desire to agree with those around him, and to fall in with the humour of the hour. He was better known to his reader, either in his books, or, best of all, in his home, where familiarity tested his unfailing courtesy, daily intercourse brought forth the persevering goodness of his heart and conscience, and poverty did but fetch out the thorough-going generosity that not only '*would* share,' but did share the last crust."—*Cornhill Magazine*, 1860. *Vol.* 1, *p.* 95.

LEIGH HUNT'S LAST EVENING AT HOME.

In the *Dublin University Magazine* for November, 1861, there is an article, "Leigh Hunt's Last Evening at Home." The writer drank tea with him on the evening of the 9th of August, 1859, and gives an account of his interview. It was the last night Hunt spent in his own house, 7, Cornwall Row, Hammersmith. He had then decided to try a temporary removal in search of health. In the course of the evening a carriage came to to take him away to the opposite bank of the Thames, to the house of his old and valued friend, Mr. Reynell, under whose roof he died on the 28th of the same month.

SPECIMENS OF CRITICISMS ON LEIGH HUNT AND HIS WRITINGS, FROM "THE QUARTERLY REVIEW" AND "BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

"QUARTERLY REVIEW."

[. . . "we never, in so few lines, saw so many clear marks of the vulgar impatience of a low man, conscious and ashamed of his wretched vanity, and labouring, with coarse flippancy, to scramble over the bounds of birth and education, and fidget himself into the *stout-heartedness* of being familiar with a LORD."—*Quarterly Review, Vol.* 14, *p.* 481. *January*, 1816.

. . . . "Mr. Hunt's faults are a total want of taste, and of ear for metrical harmony; an indulgence of cant terms to a ridiculous excess, an ignorance of common language, a barbarous and uncouth combination of epithets, an affectation of language and sentiment, and what is a far more serious charge, though it occurs but seldom, an impurity of both. . . .

"Mr. Hunt is indeed a most pitiable man, and whatever he may think or say of us, we do pity him most sincerely. . . . he may slander a few more eminent characters, he may go on to deride venerable and holy institutions, he may stir up more discontent and sedition, but he will have no peace of mind within, he will do none of the good he once hoped to do, nor yet have the bitter satisfaction of doing all the evil he now desires; he will live and die unhonoured in his own generation, and, for his own sake it is to be hoped, moulder unknown in those which are to follow."—*Quarterly Review, Vol.* 18, *pp.* 329, 334. *January*, 1818.

. . . "It is the miserable book of a miserable man: the little airy fopperies of its manner are like the fantastic trip and convulsive simpers of some poor worn out wanton, struggling between famine and remorse, leering through her tears.

. . . "He was ere long known to the public as the editor and chief writer of one of the most profligate radical prints of the day, which was, moreover, distinguished above all the rest of its tribe, for the promulgation of opinions on the subjects of morality and religion, such as may easily be inferred from his juvenile admiration of the Philosophical Dictionary. He published, from time to time, little volumes of poetry, which, although they have all passed into utter oblivion now, exhibited occasional traces of feeling and fancy, sufficient to make good men lament, while they condemned, the vicious prostitution of the author's talents in his regular labours of the hebdomadal broadsheet; but all warning was in vain. Surrounding himself with a small knot of fantastic smatterers, he found immediate gratification of his overweening vanity in the applauses of this coxcombical circle; and lost, as a necessary consequence, all chance of obtaining a place in the upper ranks of literature.

. . . "the most ludicrous conceit, grafted on the most deplorable incapacity, has filled the paltry mind of the gentleman-of-the-press now before us, with a chaos of crude, pert dogmas, which defy all analysis, and which it is just possible to pity more than despise. . . .

"Between the hypochondriac reveries of a poet, and the smug petulancies of this cockney, there is, we take it, about as wide an interval as from the voluptuousness of a Sardanapalus to the geniality of a monkey; an illustration which we also beg leave to apply (where, indeed, it is all but literally in point) to the feelings of these two persons, on certain moral questions, to which we wish it had been possible for us to make no allusions.

. . . "it is by much too bad, that this great man's glorious though melancholy memory

> 'Must also bear the vile attacks
> Of ragged curs and vulgar hacks'

whom he fed;—that his bones must be scraped up from their bed of repose to be at once grinned and howled over by creatures who, even in the least hyena-like of their moods, can touch nothing that mankind would wish to respect without polluting it.

. . . "His vanity, a vanity to which it is needless to look for any parallel even among the vain race of rhymers, has destroyed all. Under the influence of that disease—for it deserves no other name—he has set himself up as the standard in every thing. While yet a stripling, most imperfectly educated, and lamentably ignorant of men as they are, and have been, he dared to set his own crude fancies in direct opposition to all that is received among sane

men, either as to the moral government of the world, or the political government of this nation, or the purposes and conduct of literary enterprise. This was 'the Moloch of absurdity' of which Lord Byron has spoken so justly. The consequences—we believe we may safely say the last consequences—of all this rash and wicked nonsence are now before us. The last wriggle of expiring imbecility appears in these days to be a volume of personal Reminiscences; and we have now heard the feeble death-rattle of the once loud-tongued as well as brazen-faced *Examiner*."—*Quarterly Review. Vol.* 37. *April*, 1828. *Article*: "*Lord Byron and some of his Contemporaries*." *pp.* 403, 409, 421, 422, 423, 425.

John Keats, the author of "Endymion," and Percy Bysshe Shelley are thus spoken of by the *Quarterly Review* in connection with Leigh Hunt:—

"We confess that we have not read his work, 'Endymion.' Not that we have been wanting in our duty—far from it—indeed, we have made efforts almost as superhuman as the story itself appears to be, to get through it: but with the fullest stretch of our perseverance, we are forced to confess that we have not been able to struggle beyond the first of the four books of which this Poetic Romance consists. . . .

"This author is a copyist of Mr. Hunt; but he is more unintelligible, almost as rugged, twice as diffuse, and ten times more tiresome and absurd than his prototype, who, though he impudently presumed to seat himself in the chair of criticism, and to measure his own poetry by his own standard, yet generally had a meaning. But Mr. Keats had advanced no dogmas which he was bound to support by examples; his nonsense therefore is quite gratuitous; he writes it for its own sake, and, being bitten by Mr. Leigh Hunt's insane criticism, more than rivals the insanity of his poetry.

. . . "He cannot indeed write a sentence, but perhaps he may be able to spin a line. . . .

"But enough of Mr. Leigh Hunt and his simple neophyte.—If any one should be bold enough to purchase this 'Poetic Romance,' 'Endymion,' and so much more patient, than ourselves, as to get beyond the first book, and so much more fortunate as to find a meaning, we entreat him to make us acquainted with his success."—*Quarterly Review, Vol.* 19, *pp.* 204, 205, 207, 208. *April*, 1818.

. . . "Our readers have probably forgotten all about 'Endymion, a poem,' and the other works of this young man, the all but universal roar of laughter with which they were received some ten or twelve years ago, and the ridiculous story (which Mr. Hunt denies) of the author's death being caused by the reviewers. Mr. Hunt was the great patron, the 'guide, philosopher, and friend' of Mr. Keats; it was he who first puffed the youth into notice in his newspaper."—*Quarterly Review, Vol.* 37, *p.* 416. *April*, 1828.

. . . "But of Mr. Shelley much may be said with truth, which we not long since said of his friend and leader, Mr. Hunt: he has not, indeed, all that is odious and contemptible in the character of that person; so far as we have seen he has never exhibited the bustling vulgarity, the ludicrous affectation, the factious flippancy, or the selfish heartlessness, which it is hard for our feelings to treat with the mere contempt they merit. . . .

"Scarcely any man ever set himself in array against the cause of social order and religion, but from a proud and rebel mind, or a corrupt and undisciplined heart: where these are, true knowledge cannot grow. In the enthusiasm of youth, indeed, a man like Mr. Shelley may cheat himself with the imagined loftiness and independence of his theory, and it is easy to invent a thousand sophisms, to reconcile his conscience to the impurity of his practice: but this lasts only long enough to lead him on beyond the power of return; he ceases to be the dupe, but with desperate malignity he becomes the deceiver of others. . . . for a short time, are seen his impotent struggles against a resistless power, his blasphemous execrations are heard, his despair but poorly assumes the tone of triumph and defiance, and he calls ineffectually on others to follow him to the same ruin—finally, he sinks 'like lead' to the bottom, and is forgotten. So it is now in part, so shortly will it be entirely with Mr. Shelley:—if we might withdraw the veil of private life, and tell what we *now* know about him, it would be indeed a disgusting picture that we should exhibit, but it would be an unanswerable comment on our text: it is not easy for those who *read only*, to conceive how much low pride, how much cold selfishness, how much unmanly cruelty are consistent with the laws of this 'universal' and 'lawless love.'"—*Quarterly Review, Vol.* 21, *pp.* 469, 471. *April*, 1819.

"BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE."

"His religion is a poor tame dilution of the blasphemies of the *Encyclopædie*—his patriotism, a crude, vague, ineffectual, and sour Jacobinism. His works exhibit no reverence either for God or man; neither altar nor throne have any dignity in his eyes. . . . How could any man of high original genius ever stoop publicly, at the present day, to dip his fingers in the least of those glittering and rancid obscenities which float on the surface of Mr. Hunt's 'Hippocrene?' His poetry resembles that of a man who has kept company with kept-mistresses. His muse talks indelicately like a tea-sipping milliner girl. Some excuse for her there might have been, had she been hurried away by imagination or passion; but with her indecency seems a disease, she appears to speak unclean things from perfect inanition. Surely they who are connected with Mr. Hunt by the tender relations of society, have good reason to complain that his muse should have been so prostituted. In 'Rimini' a deadly wound is aimed at the dearest confidences of domestic bliss. The author has voluntarily chosen a subject—not of simple seduction alone—one in which his mind seems absolutely to gloat over all the details of adultery and incest. . . . For the person who writes 'Rimini,' to admire 'The Excursion,' is just as impossible as it would be for a Chinese polisher of cherry-stones, or a gilder of tea-cups, to burst into tears at the sight of the Theseus or the Torso. . . . The shallow and impotent pretensions, tenets, and attempts of this man,—and the success with which his influence seems to be extending itself among a very numerous, though certainly a very paltry and pitiful set of readers,—have for the last two or three years been considered by us with the most sickening aversion."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol. 2, pp. 39, 40, 41. October, 1817.*

"You may unblushingly expose yourself and your name to the scorn and disgust of the wise and the good—you may endeavour to sap the foundations of civil society and of social life—you may, as you have often done in prose, eulogise prostitutes and kept-mistresses, and sneer at that dull thing, a wife—you may, as you have done in something that is not prose, hold up to the love, and pity, and admiration, and worship of virgins, the incestuous and adulterous wretch, who took to her polluted embraces her husband's brother. . . . . You are like some puny drunkard at a village-wake, 'shewing fight' to a sober man; and, in the midst of all his vapouring, well aware, first, that the muscular object of his slavering curses would be satisfied with merely holding up his fist. . . .

"You alone, of all the writers in verse of the present day, of any pretensions, real or imaginary, to the character of poet, have been the secret and invidious foe of virtue. No woman who has not either lost her chastity, or is desirous of losing it, ever read 'The Story of Rimini' without the flushings of shame and self-reproach. A brother would tear it indignantly from a sister's hand, and the husband who saw his wife's eyes resting on it with any other expression than of contempt or disgust, would have reason to look with perplexing agony on the countenances of his children. . . . Your vulgar vanity, your audacious arrogance, your conceited coxcombry, your ignorant pedantry—all the manifold sins and iniquities of Cockneyism lie spread before me as in a map. . . .

"I shall probe you to the core. I shall prove you to be ignorant of all you pretend to understand. I shall shew that you have written verse for these ten years without ever having had one glimpse of what true poetry is: that you have been a weekly babbler about patriotism and freedom, and yet, all the while, the most abject slave that ever bowed himself to clear the path before the idol-chariot of anarchy. I shall shew the world to what a low pass the spirit of England is reduced, when any of her children can stoop to be instructed by one who has not a single iota of the English character within him: one who is in his religion as base and cold as a second-hand sceptic of the *Palais Royal*; who, in his politics, mingles the vulgar insolence of a Paine with the weakness of a mountebank and theatrical *notable*; whose perceptions of moral truth have been embalmed in strains that might be cheered from a Venetian Gondola, but which have had no effect in England, except that of heaping an already contemptible name with the blackest infamy of voluntary panderism and coveted humiliation.

. . . "There is not a single mother of a seduced daughter, or a single father of a profligate son, or a single repentant victim of sophistical vice, that does not lavish the foulest of execrations on your devoted head. Even in those scenes of wickedness, where alone, unhappy man, your verses find willing readers, there occur many moments of languor and remorse, wherein the

daughters of degradation themselves, toss from their hands, with angry loathing, the obscene and traitorous pages of your 'Rimini.' In those who have sinned from weakness or levity, the spark of original conscience is not always totally extinguished. To your breast alone, and to those of others like you, the deliberate, and pensive, and sentimental apostles of profligacy, there comes no visiting of purity, no drop of repentance. Your souls are so hardened, that the harlot deity, who is worshipped by others with their senses alone, claims and receives from you the prostration and slavery of intellect."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol.* 3, *pp.* 198, 200, 201. *May*, 1818.

"Our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt as a writer, is not so much owing to his shameless irreverence to his aged and afflicted king—to his profligate attacks on the character of the king's sons—to his low-born insolence to that aristocracy with whom he would in vain claim the alliance of one illustrious friendship—to his paid panderism to the vilest passions of that mob of which he is himself a firebrand—to the leprous crust of self-conceit with which his whole moral being is indurated—to that loathsome vulgarity which constantly clings round him like a vermined garment from St. Giles'—to that irritable temper which keeps the unhappy man, in spite even of his vanity, in a perpetual fret with himself and all the world beside, and that shews itself equally in his deadly enmities and capricious friendships,—our hatred and contempt of Leigh Hunt, we say, is not so much owing to these and other causes, as to the odious and unnatural harlotry of his polluted muse. We were the first to brand with a burning iron the false face of this kept-mistress of a demoralising incendiary. We tore off her gaudy veil and transparent drapery, and exhibited the painted cheeks and writhing limbs of the prostitute. . . .

"Leigh Hunt is delivered into our hands to do with him as we will. Our eye shall be upon him, and unless he amend his ways, to wither and to blast him."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol.* 3, *pp.* 453, 456. *July*, 1818.

. . . "Wordsworth and Hunt! what a juxta-position! The purest, the loftiest, and, we do not fear to say it, the most classical of living English poets, joined together in the same compliment with the meanest, the filthiest, and the most vulgar of Cockney poetasters."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol.* 3, *p.* 520. *August*, 1818.

"To be done with our objections at last—few of these sketches are, the writer has so little sense of propriety, so little feeling, that he more than once lets out that he is a Deist, and seems to hug and pat himself upon the back for being so liberal as to speak flatteringly—of what? Of the Christian Religion and its Divine Author. This is something in the same taste and spirit with Mr. Hazlitt, who pronounced an eulogium on his Saviour, in a lecture at the Surrey Institute, on the 'Literature of the Age of Elizabeth.' Coxcombs behind the Cross!"—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol*, 10, *p.* 517. 1821.

"When Mr. Hunt thinks of a church (for of course he never goes to one on a Sunday), it is only as of a place constructed for the mutual accommodation of the sexes, when inclined for love. . . . Here the odious Cockney again stops short; and finishes his picture, which seems painted by an eunuch, with a parenthesis manifestly written by a fool. . . . You exquisite idiot! was not one episode about printers' devils sufficient, but you must, sensualist as you are, turn the small, mean, twinkling eyes of your mind away from the sight on which they had just been floating, to enjoy the still more beastly gratification of contemplating your own cockney charms? You deserve, sir, for this parenthesis, to be hung up by the little finger till you are dead! . . . It is gross impertinence in any Cockney to write about—love. Love, correctly speaking, is a tender affair between a lady and a gentleman; whereas, King Leigh and his subjects imagine it to be merely a congress between a male and a female. There is the mistake, and it is a very gross one. In writing about love, such as is made by us and our fair readers—ladies and gentlemen, to wit—considerable delicacy of mind is required, much grace, liveliness, gentleness, and good breeding; but the Cockneys have none of these things, and write as if their passions were excited by very weak gin-twist, many tumblers of which are necessary to kindle anything like a flame which, indeed, they are very apt at the same time to extinguish. We have no doubt that Leigh supposes he can *make love*;—not he—any more than he can *write grammar*.—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol.* 12, *pp.* 775, 779, 780. 1822.

"Mr. Hunt, who to the prating pertness of the parrot, the chattering impudence of the magpie—to say nothing of the mowling malice of the monkey—adds the hissiness of the bill-pouting gander, and the gobble-bluster of the bubbly-jock,—to say nothing of the forward valour of the brock or badger, &c."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol.* 23, *p.* 397.

"We denounced to the execration of the people of England the man who had dared to write in the solitude of a cell, whose walls ought to have heard only the sighs of contrition and repentance, a leud tale of incest, adultery, and murder, in which the violation of Nature herself was wept over, palliated, justified, and held up to imitation, and the violators themselves worshipped as holy martyrs. The 'Story of Rimini' had begun to have its admirers; but their deluded minds were startled at our charges; and on reflecting upon the character of the poem, which they had read with a dangerous sympathy—not on account of its poetical merit, which is small indeed, but on account of those voluptuous scenes, so dangerous even to a pure imagination, when insidiously painted with the seeming colours of virtue—they were astounded at their own folly and their own danger, and consigned the wretched volume to that ignominious oblivion which, in a land of religion and morality, must soon be the doom of all obscene and licentious productions."

"The 'Story of Rimini' is heard of no more. But Leigh Hunt will not be quiet. His hebdomadal hand ☞ is held up, even on the Sabbath, against every man of virtue and genius in the land; but the great defamer claims to himself an immunity from that disgrace which he knows his own wickedness has incurred,—the Cockney calumniator would fain hold his own disgraced head sacred from the iron fingers of retribution. But that head shall be brought low—aye, low 'as heaped-up justice' ever sunk that of an offending scribbler against the laws of Nature and of God. . . . The public voice has lifted up against Hunt, and sentence of excommunication from the poets of England has been pronounced, enrolled, and ratified."—*Blackwood's Magazine, Vol.* 3, *pp.* 453, 454. 1818.

PROTEST OF THE "ATHENÆUM" AGAINST REPRINTING THE SCURRILOUS PASSAGES IN THE "NOCTES AMBROSIANÆ."

["There is but one condition imposed on all who enter the lists and engage in this kind of satirical warfare,—the weapons employed must be the weapons of gentlemen.

"'Christopher North,' and the literary free lances of his school did *not* fight with the weapons of gentlemen. They knew nothing of chivalry, generosity, forbearance, kindliness, courtesy. The qualities of heart and imagination which noble natures carry into literary and political strife were wanting in these men. Their contests were the contests of the streets.

"Against this misuse of literature, we, as journalists, have never ceased to protest. When noticing the death of Prof. Wilson [*Athen.* No. 1380], we dwelt on the disastrous influence he had exercised over a certain portion of the press; and now that the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ'—in which he scattered far and wide his squibs and sarcasms—are formally before us claiming introduction to new race of readers, we shall not hesitate to renew our protest, and to indicate in a few words the reasons on which we ground it.

"Readers whose memories do not travel back so far as twenty-five or thirty years ago will not easily recall the features of a time when works like the 'Noctes Ambrosianæ' could find a public. England has never known a time to equal that period. Not that our controversies have ever been wanting in a certain coarse vitality and vigour. Prelatist and Puritan, Jacobite and Hanoverian, had each known how to call names. Milton had not always been golden-mouthed, and Butler had called 'a spade—a spade.' Swift was not nice, Churchill was sometimes vulgar. But in the worst days of controversy, party rancour had generally spared the weak, left modest merit in the shade, respected household sanctities, and turned its shafts aside from unoffending women. In the revolting period when certain monthly and weeky organs of the Tory press assumed the right to vindicate the principles of loyalty and religion—when Theodore Hook, Professor Wilson, and Dr. Maginn offered themselves as the avenging furies, no man's honour—no woman's good name—was safe. Neither rank nor obscurity shielded the victim from their malice. No life was too blameless for reproach. No career was too noble for scandal. The men of this school invented foul anecdotes; and their delight was to blast generous characters. Writers whom these men encouraged by their example were not content with honest differences. They thought it nothing to denounce a public servant as incapable, if they could not add that he had probably robbed the treasury. If a bishop offended them, they not only described him as a bad preacher and a heretic, but also as a lover of drink and a frequenter of evil places. If they reviewed a poet out of their own clique, they said, by way of wretched smartness, that his verses were bad and his morals worse—that he took liberties with the muses and neglected his children. And so it ran throughout. Poetic injustice never contented their revenge; and an enemy seldom escaped from under their hands until he had been made to violate every precept in the Decalogue. In this bad school 'Christopher North' was a master.

"We put it to that chivalric party for which 'Christopher North' professed to undertake dirty work, whether any good is likely to arise from the republication of these 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' The Tory party contains no small section of the gentlemen of England,—and even when passion was

hottest, there were many in that party who rejected with abhorrence the aid of 'Christopher' and his associates. Times have since mended, passions have cooled. Is it possible that any man of good feeling can find pleasure in these days in hearing the Rev. C. Colton, author of 'Lacon,' described as 'a clergyman and bankrupt wine-merchant, and E. O. player, dicer, &c.'—the philanthropist Martin referred to as 'that Irish jackass, Martin,'—Lord Brougham compared with a 'Billingsgate fish wife,'—Mr. Leigh Hunt described as 'holding his stinking breath,'—the aged Jeremy Bentham talked of as 'Grey Jerry, the old shrew,'—Mr. Mc.Culloch, our celebrated political economist, pourtrayed as 'an obscure and insolent lout,' and 'an infuriated dunce,'—Mr. Henry Coleridge described as 'a conceited mannikin,'—Mr. Disraeli as 'an obscure person,'—Mr. Mudie as not 'absolutely a blackguard,'—Cobbett as the 'old ruffian,'—Northcote, the painter, as 'a wasp,'—Hazlitt as 'a loathsome dunce,'—Hume as 'a poor creature in mind, soul, and heart,'—and Dr. Paris, now President of the College of Physicians, as 'a stick?'—Can it be agreeable to the Toriest of Tories in this age to have the scandals of a violent and vulgar time revived—printed—annotated with minute diligence? Can it be pleasant to anybody to read of some anonymous writer in the *Times* newspaper, not merely that he was 'a liar,' but also that he was 'a mean eunuch?' These beauties of style, with many more of like character, occur in the first volume of this reprint of 'Noctes Ambrosianæ.' Surely, the day for such language—not to speak of its absurd injustice—is gone, in spite of Prof. Wilson's precept and example."—*Athenæum, Sept.* 1, 1855.

A. Ireland & Co., Printers, Manchester.

00065597

Digitized with financial assistance from the
Government of Maharashtra
on 07 April, 2016